Feb. 12, 1972

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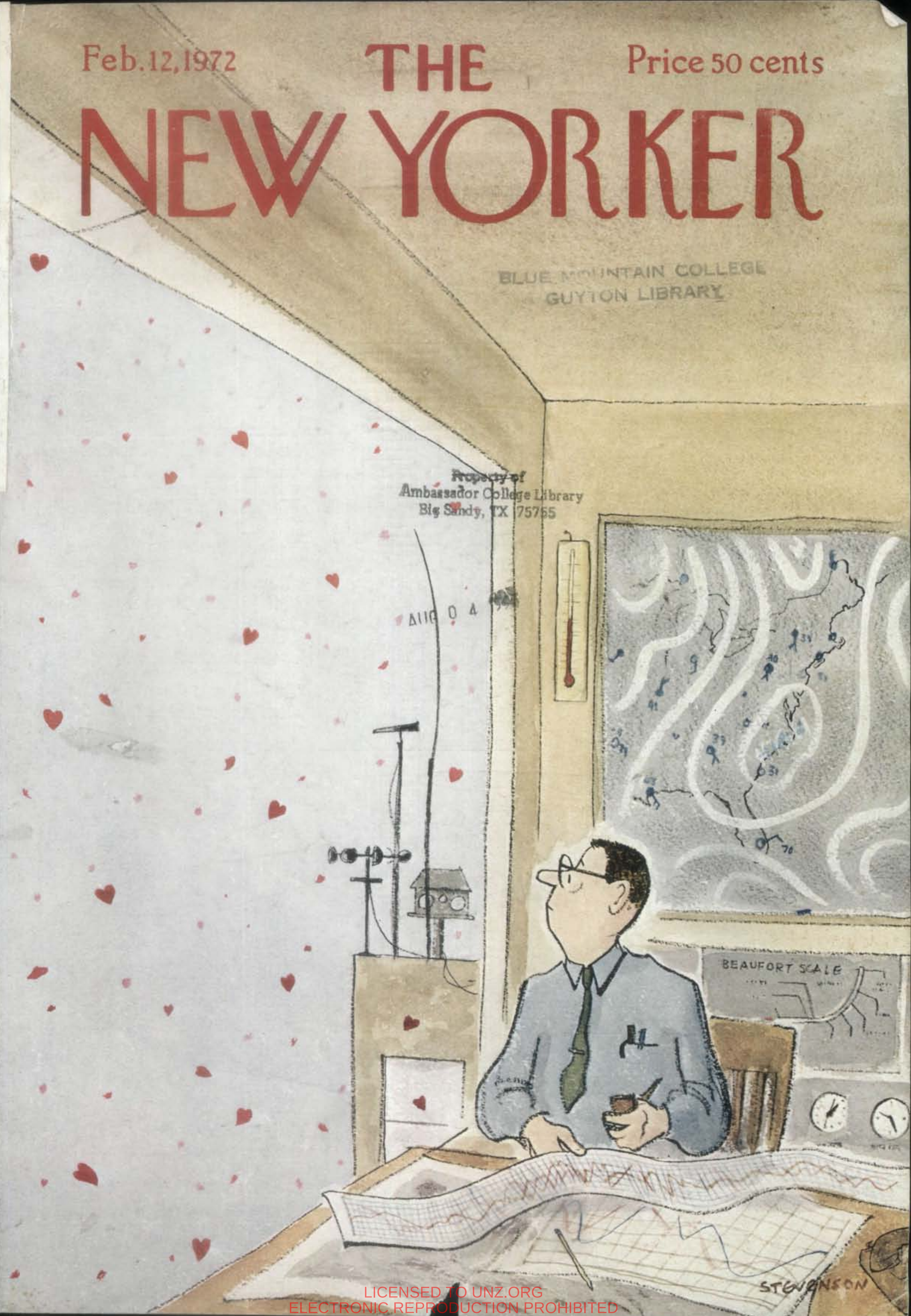
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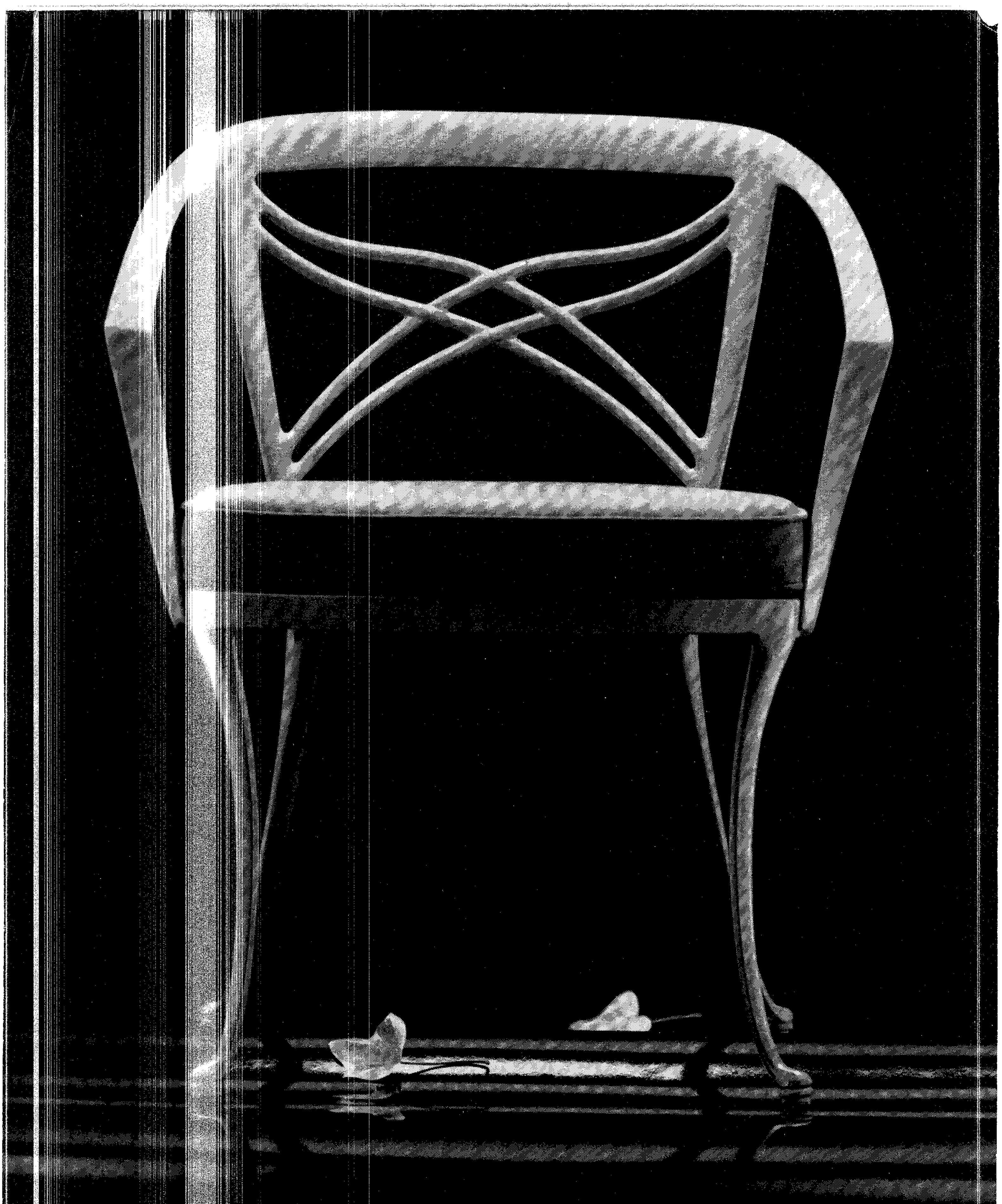

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death—A bitter, funny, and affecting musical by Melvin Van Peebles. The cast is all black and superb. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays, except Feb. 15, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday evening, Feb. 13.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed, and it is matched by Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—Will Hare in a revival of the Sidney Michaels play. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ETC Company/La Mama New York—**the only jealousy of emer** and **renard**, adapted by Wilford Leach and John Braswell, the first from a William Butler Yeats play, the latter from a "grotesque" by Igor Stravinsky: Thursday, Feb. 10, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, at 7:30. . . . **gertrude** and **demon**, two plays by Mr. Leach, the first devoted to Gertrude Stein and the second derived from a Japanese *no* play: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12, at 7:30. . . . **carmilla**, a play adapted by Mr. Leach from a novel by J. V. LeFanu: Sunday, Feb. 13, and Thursday, Feb. 17, at 7:30. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Inner City—A musical that sputters and screams but rarely sings. Directed by Tom O'Horgan, with a wonderful set by Robin Wagner. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

Kaddish—Allen Ginsberg's dramatization of his own poem. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Lenny—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Love Suicide at Schofield Barracks—A play by Romulus Linney, with Mercedes McCambridge. John Berry directed. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 9. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nightride—A trashy melodrama about a homosexual middle-aged playwright. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 243-8900. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Old Times—An early critic of Ibsen complained of one of his plays that it was a series of conversations terminated by an accident. "Old Times," by Harold Pinter, is a single conversation terminated by the lights going up and then out—no accident—and it is fascinating. With Robert Shaw, Mary Ure, and Rosemary Harris. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

Only Fools Are Sad—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon writes the funniest lines in the world, and Lee Grant and Peter Falk deliver them superbly. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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much of it mysterious and remote but with moments of humor and fun. The dancing of the all-black company is fascinating, as is the soft, compelling jazz that accompanies it. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—An extremely capable production of Edward Bond's NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH, a thin little parable about good and evil. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 12.)

Sleep—A play by Jack Gelber. Opens Thursday, Feb. 10, and will run through Saturday, March 11. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Tuesdays at 6:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 1.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Idiotic. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

To Live Another Summer—An Israeli musical. Bouncy and aggressive and ho-hum. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—A play about four women (all of them played by the incomparable Sada Thompson) and the men who live with her/them, not always equably. The author is George Furth and the director Michael Bennett. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Two If by Sea—A musical with a score by Tony Hutchins, a book by Priscilla B. Dewey and Charles Werner Moore, and lyrics by Miss Dewey. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vivat! Vivat Regina!—A brisk and often witty and yet disappointingly thin scenario of the turbulent days of Elizabeth I and Mary Queen of Scots. Written by Robert Bolt, and starring Claire Bloom and Eileen Atkins. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Wanted—Al Carmines has written a tuneful, spirited score for this try at a satire, and the cast is good, too, but the facetious, unfunny, preachy book, by David Epstein, spoils the show. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Wedding of Iphigenia plus Iphigenia in Concert—This musical adaptation doesn't do much for the Euripides originals ("Iph. in Aulis" and "Iph. in Tauris"), but there is charm here as well as foolishness, and Peter Link's rock score is a pleasure. The performances are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—APPLAUSE: A musical descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Anne Baxter, Janice Lynde, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS: What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... FOLLIES: Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: 1,685 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... THE FANTASTICKS: 4,903 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: 3,081 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... HAIR: 1,588 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... NO, NO, NANETTE: A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST: Dale Wasserman's hack and adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sunday at 3.)... THE PROPOSITION: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... 1776: A musical misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Jay Garner as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)... SLEUTH: Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8: "PAMTGG," "Pas de Deux," "Chopiniana," and "La Valse."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Swan Lake" and "The Goldberg Variations."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2: "La Source," "Watermill," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "PAMTGG."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 13, at 1: "Watermill" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 13, at 7: "Printemps," "Allegro Brillante," and "Dances at a Gathering." ... DON QUIXOTE: Thursday and Friday, Feb. 17-18, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 20, at 1 and 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—Final performances of a two-week engagement by a company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

National Ballet—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 17-18, at 8: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 20, at 7:30: "Les Sylphides," "Variations for Four," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Three Preludes" (New York première), and "Witch Boy" (New York première).... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2: "Cinderella" (New York première). (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—Final performances—Wednesday evening, Feb. 9: "Canfield."... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 11: "Landrover" and "Borst Park."... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 12: "Landrover," "Signals," and "Borst Park."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 13: "TV Rerun," "Landrover," and "Borst Park." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

José Molina Bailes Españoles—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The benches haven't got any softer, but Merry Clayton's voice is both soft and tiger-tough—the real thing. She sings through Monday, Feb. 14. On the same bill is Bobby Gosh, who has a gleaming scalp and a persuasive, corduroy voice. On Wednesday, Feb. 16, Curtis Mayfield, who established himself as a single after leaving the Impressions some time ago, will arrive, along with a Haitian outfit named Exuma. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats.

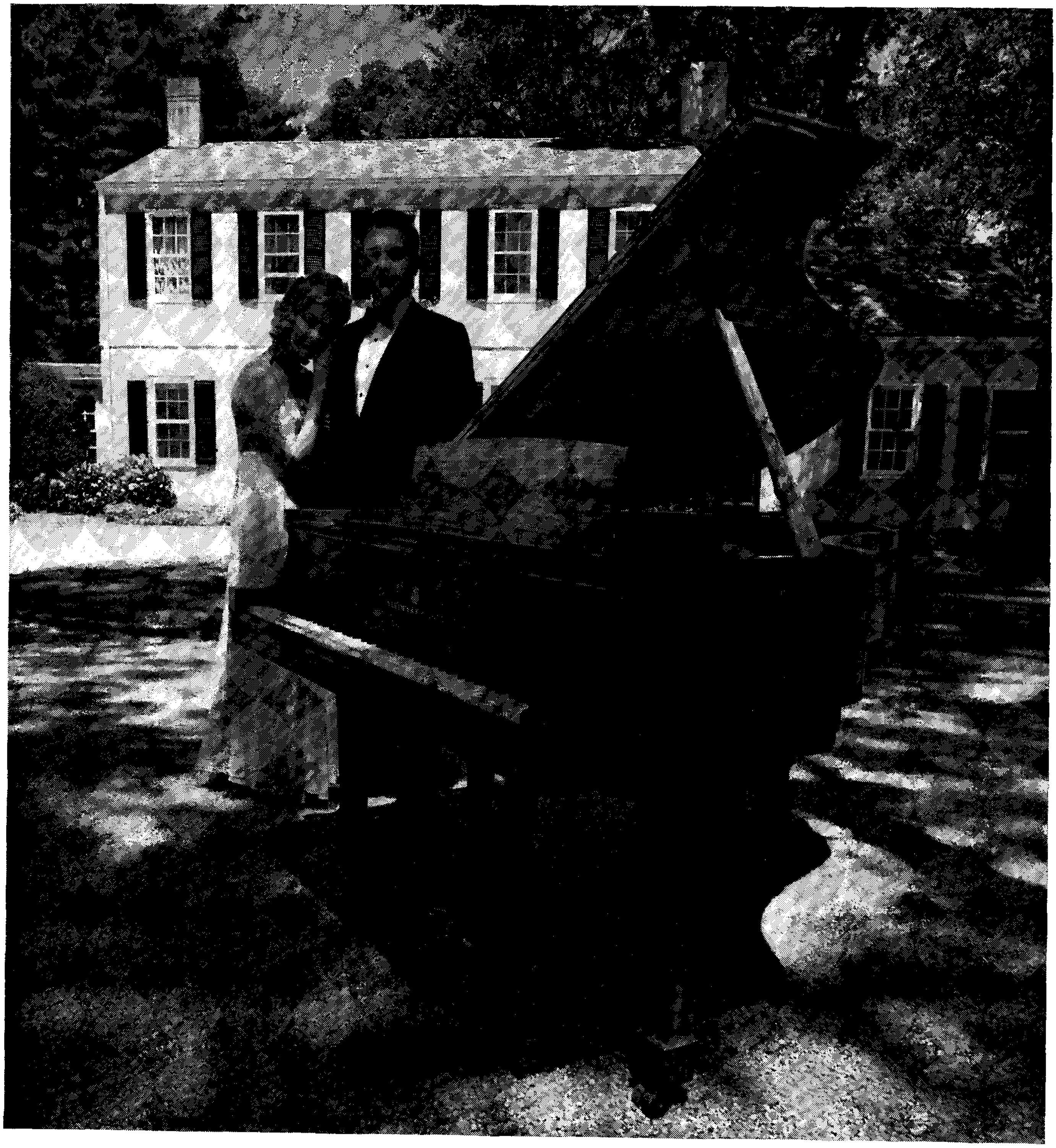
Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 10-13, guitarist Joe Beck will lead a trio, and Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 17-20, pianist Kenny Barron will lead one. Mondays, there are jam sessions from eight until twelve. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. A jazz combo plays from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player sub for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A softly lighted restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a quartet that builds long disquisitions on standard tunes. Sundays, guitarist Gene Bertoncini plays with a bassist. Mondays, Larry Willis, a strong and healthy now-jazz pianist, leads a duo. Ten until four every night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One of those *rarae aves* where the music begins reasonably early. Six nights a week, from eight until one, Teddy Wilson—venerable, swinging, and technically faultless—plays from his old hit parade. Al Bruno helps out on bass. Sundays, from seven until midnight, Ralph Towner wanders around on piano and guitar while Glen Moore investigates a bass. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Cof-



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feehouses have their ups and downs, but so far this one has had more of the former. Jazz, rock, and folk are all heard at one time or another. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Through Sunday, Feb. 13, Carl Thompson will be on guitar and Bob Cranshaw on bass. Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 16-20, the Atkinson brothers, Leon and Lisle, will perform on guitar and bass, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds here, and sometimes there is brilliance, too. The J.P.J. quartet is currently resident, with Budd Johnson on tenor sax, Dill Jones on piano, Bill Pemberton on bass, and Oliver Jackson on drums. On Fridays and Saturdays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim *boîte* where fresh popcorn is sold. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 9-10, Mike Moriarty will be at the piano. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12, pianist Mike Abene will be assisted by bassist Lyn Christie. On Mondays, Lance Hayward takes over the keyboard.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Fridays through Sundays, Feb. 11-13, and Feb. 18-20, Sandi Hewitt sings with warmth and skill. Thursdays, from eight to two-thirty, Nina Sheldon plays like a dynamo and sings like the chick next door. Sunday afternoons, from four to eight, the scene switches to folk. Soul-food dinners.

Philharmonic Café, Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. (TR 4-7000)—After the final curtain—or if you just happen to be passing by—this main-floor eatery and drinkery offers sounds from ten until midnight every night but Sunday. Bill Matthews, the present sound-maker, is in full command of his guitar, which is quite classical.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Jazz and soul food, together, are thought to generate a whole greater than the sum of its parts. On Wednesday, Feb. 9, Danny Mixon, a fairly astonishing young pianist, will lead his trio through the looking-glass and back. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 10-13, a group called Catalyst will be on the spot. Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 14-16, singer-pianist Patti Wicks will head a trio. On Thursday, Feb. 17, the Quintet Noire begins a gig. Music from nine-thirty until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Larry Coryell, a versatile if puzzling guitarist, will be in charge of a quintet through Sunday, Feb. 13. Lee Morgan, an experienced and often interesting trumpeter, brings in a quintet on Tuesday, Feb. 15. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Ahmad Jamal, who lately has taken to an electric piano, heads a threesome. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp has charms, alternates with the regulars. On Monday, Feb. 14, the Lee Morgan quintet and singer Irene Reid will entertain. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Without this little cellar, the history of jazz would have to be rewritten. Herbie Hancock is here with his heavy sixsome: Eddie Henderson, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Benny Maupin, tenor; Buster Williams, bass; and Billy Hart, drums. Freddie Hubbard, a trumpeter to reckon with, comes in with his quintet on Tuesday, Feb. 15. Mondays are reserved for the powerful seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from six-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: mugs of beer, days of old.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Reservations are needed for dining.

Nico's, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—A little of this, a little of that. Randy Crawford, a talented young girl vocalist, fills the room with life several times a night, with the George Benson quartet behind her. In between, records spin. Supper. Nine to two every night but Sunday. In an earlier time slot (five-thirty to eight-thirty), Carlo Fiesta does the cosmopolitan-guitarist bit, singing in Spanish and English.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago (during the making of that cinematic pound cake "Cleopatra," for example), some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times nightly, some people known as The Gentlemen and Their Lady do pop songs. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other funny dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dinner, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara will be doing their skits about the pitfalls and deadfalls of holy wedlock through Saturday, Feb. 12. On Monday, Feb. 14, Irwin Corey, professor emeritus of iconoclasm, will become artist in residence; Weeden & Finkle, a pair of singer-composers, will arrive the same night. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—A revue christened "Look Me Up" (because it is built around songs of another era) is in service at eight and eleven every night but Monday.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—At nine and eleven-thirty, Wednesdays through Saturdays, composer Al Carmines presents a program of his own show tunes along with some blues numbers.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth, too. Incomprehensible and cluttery, but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The small yet furioso Spaniard named Marcelo and his troupe of flamencans are taking turns with a Cuban soprano named Luisa Maria. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week; the customers can dance, too. Sundays begin with tea dancing from four to eight and end with a show at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Singer Dick Jensen departs on Wednesday, Feb. 9. The following evening, the Wilson Pickett Revue will be sworn in. No silent nights, under any circumstances. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

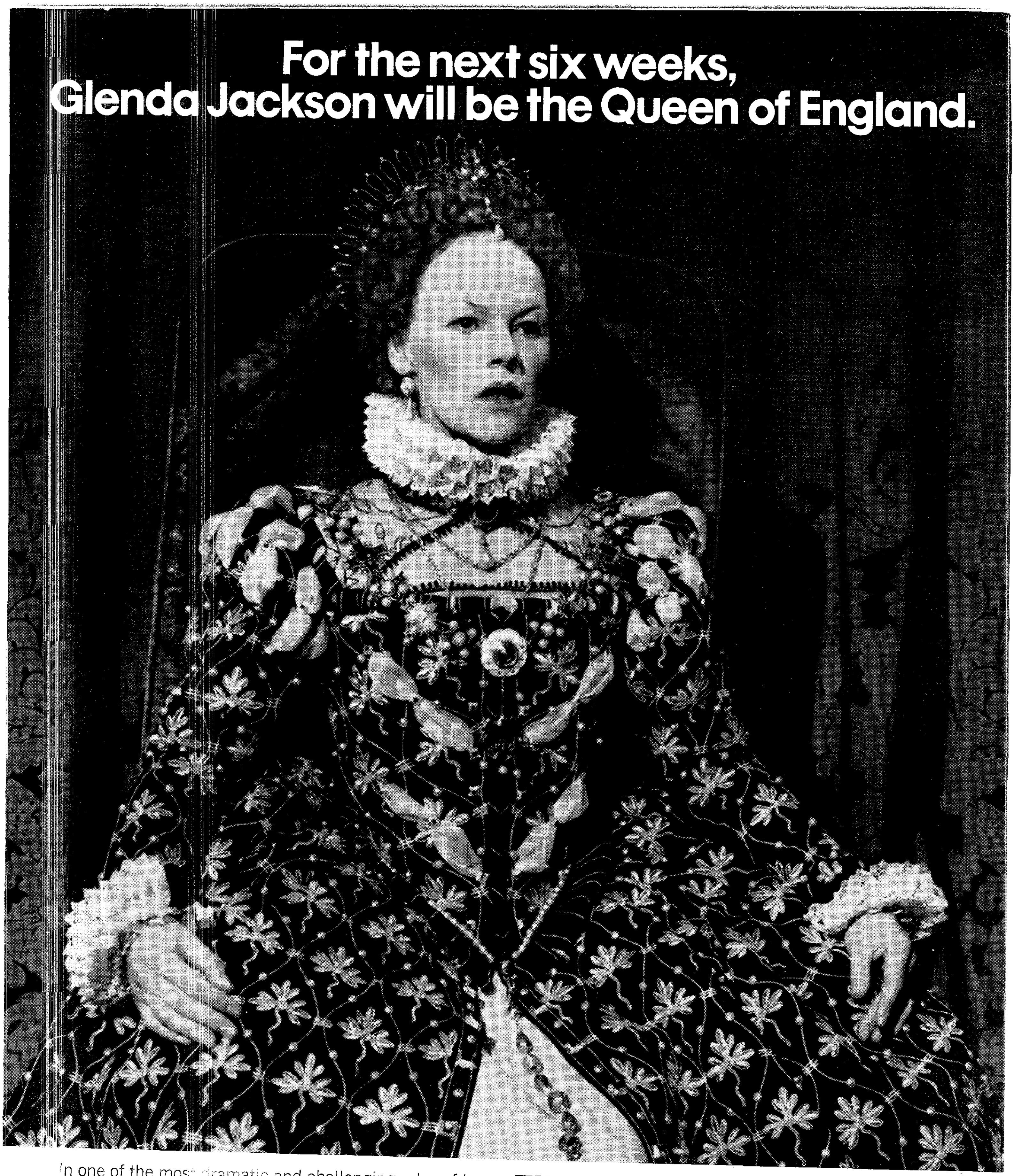
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season again, to the tunes of the Peter Duchin orchestra (the young maestro himself is at the moment an absentee landlord). Merely Tuesdays through Saturdays, however, for this enterprise. But the **CAFÉ,** equally de rigueur, has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** there are recitals of song by Ed Ames, quite an expert in his particular field of Pop Art. At ten Mondays through Thursdays, at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band fill in all the coffee breaks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP,** which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, two musicians, cryptically entitled Sig and Gary, tiptoe through the tulips from dinner through supper, but only for dinner on Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** it's tea for two to the violin of Sandu Marcu, four-thirty to seven-thirty, and cakes and ale to Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano, eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Morgana King, bearer of many a torch, concludes her series of dinner and supper songs on Saturday, Feb. 12. Fran Jeffries will be singing from Monday, Feb. 14, on. The dance music starts at eight. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—It's showtime for sure in the **MAISONETTE** when, during dinner and supper, Buddy Greco's voice starts improving the breed of America's pop tunes. The new arrival on Monday, Feb. 14, will be songbird Barbara McNair. The band run by George Cort provides the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of **LA BOITE,** across the way from the Maisonette. Gunnar Hansen, whose violin

For the next six weeks, Glenda Jackson will be the Queen of England.



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is part of the history of New York supper-club life, shows up for dinner and supper every night but Sunday.... ¶ Many hands make light the work load and the sound—a fact demonstrated by the four-handed guitar that spruces up the already spruce **ST. REGIS ROOM** from nine-thirty on. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DIONYSOS, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays... **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (vistors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays.... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week.... **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays.... **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and music in the bar after six. (After nine-thirty, the pianist is Jacques Kayal, who sings French, the second language of Casablanca.) Closed Sundays.... **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of dinner and supper to chirrup the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. On a lower deck, and one that is distinctly not steerage, a dance triad inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Signor Palermo has been known to visit this, too, on his rounds. Closed Sundays.... **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive,* but the restaurant is always *piano.* ... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano is Ronny Whyte, whose course runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty every night but Sunday.... **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the intricately architectural piano of Ray Onley, from seven-thirty to eleven). Closed Sundays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): There is piano music in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until two every evening but Monday.... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F. B. I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays.... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE,** 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): The second edition of the foregoing, bound in a summer-gardeny green and white, with voice and piano, done troubadour fashion, by Jerry Scott, from nine until two through the week, ten to three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays.... **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of the pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol.... **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be post-prandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CARL ANDRE—Floor pieces in metal; through March 1. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

HORST ANTES—Paintings featuring magnified profiles; through March 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Color-area paintings; through March 1. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BEAL—Figurative paintings that stress patches of light and color; through March 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Freely handled paintings of fantasy, incorporating nudes, horses, monkeys, and fruits; through Thursday, Feb. 17. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)... ¶ Also drawings; through Feb. 29. (Dain, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARNOLD BELKIN—A series of sixteen paintings, each seventy-seven inches by fifty-five, on the theme of "The Death of Marat" by Jacques-Louis David; through Feb. 26. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

OSCAR BLUEMNER (1867-1938)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by an artist who was an early member of the Stieglitz gallery group; through Feb. 26. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)... ¶ Small watercolors and crayon and charcoal drawings; through Feb. 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL BOLLINGER—Wooden constructions; starting Saturday, Feb. 12. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BOSSON AND ANNE DUNN—Lyrical abstractions by the former, and paintings and collages of landscapes with figures by the latter; through Thursday, Feb. 17. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FERNANDO BOTERO—Twenty-five recent paintings, drawings, and pastels of this Latin-American artist's balloonlike figures of generals, church officials, and ladies, plus still-lifes; through Feb. 26. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE CASTORO—Free-standing constructions, and wall pieces of masonite or wood cut into the shape of brush strokes; through Feb. 24. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KEN DANBY—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by a Canadian close-focus realist; through Feb. 26. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALAN DAVIE—Emblematic compositions by a leading British painter; starting Tuesday, Feb. 15. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

BRUCE DORFMAN—Abstract paintings that disclose female figures; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Twenty-one paintings covering the entire range of this pioneer American abstractionist's career from 1917 to his death; through Feb. 26, (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIMMY ERNST—Complex abstractions; through Feb. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX ERNST—Four large paintings, seven sculptures, and some *frottages* by this leading Surrealist; through Feb. 26. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK GALLO—Fifteen new sculptures, plus screen prints and lithographs, by this artist known for his realistic female figures; starting Tuesday, Feb. 15. (Danenberg Contemporaries, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MOSHE GAT—Paintings and drawings of Spanish bullfighters and old Israelis by an Israeli artist; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

LEE GATCH (1902-68)—Compositions of colored stones set into painted canvas; through Feb. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI—Eight sculptures, two paintings, twenty drawings, plus graphics; through Feb. 29. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Patterned rectangles by this veteran experimentalist; through Wednesday, Feb. 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD HAAS—Tableaux of New York settings in shadow boxes and prints of buildings; starting Saturday, Feb. 12. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

AGNES HART—Abstract paintings featuring textures produced through the use of sand; starting Tuesday, Feb. 15. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

MARTIN JOHNSON HEADE (1819-1904)—Luminist landscapes and flowers by a nineteenth-century itinerant American; through Feb. 26. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

CARL HEIDENREICH (1901-65)—Oil paintings and watercolors by a German abstractionist who came to the United States in 1941; starting Tuesday, Feb. 15. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Mondays, Fridays, and Sat-

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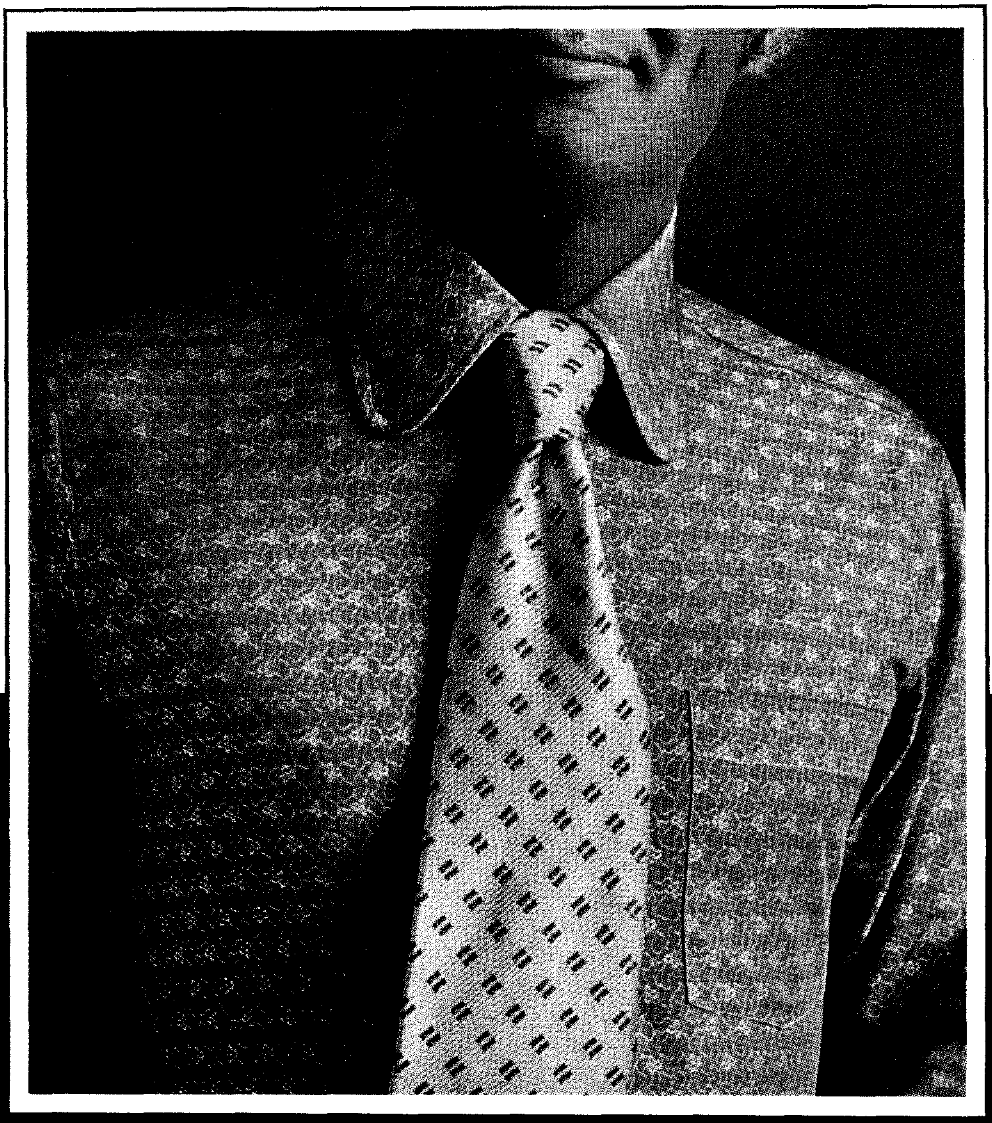

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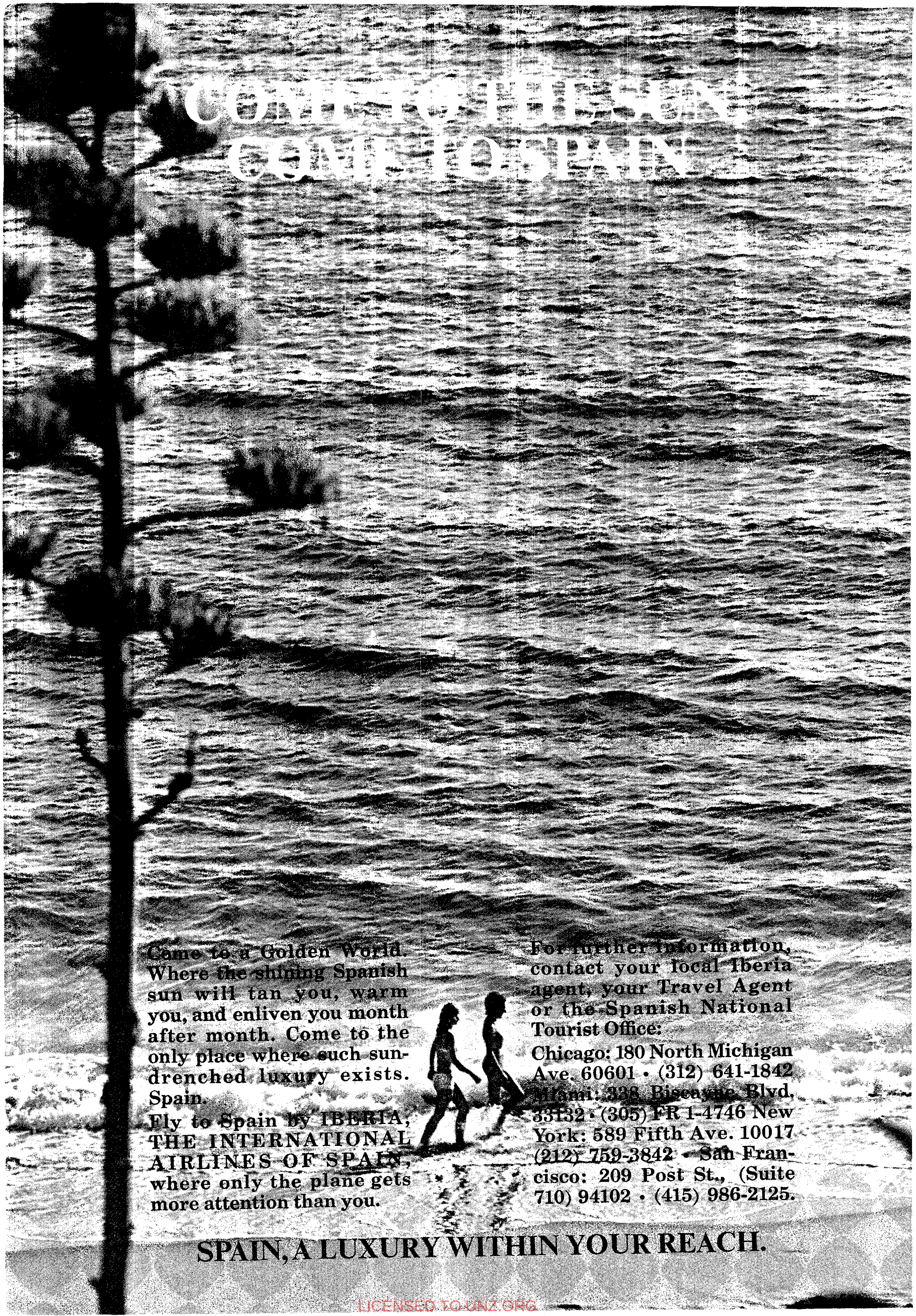

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urdays, 9:30 to 5; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 1 to 8:30.)

JEROME HILL—Interiors and still-lifes; through Feb. 29. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG AND ERIC H. OLSON—Abstract Expressionist landscapes containing suggestions of cities and industrial plants by the first, a veteran New York artist, and strips of film between sheets of glass that respond to changing lights by the second; through Feb. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD KIRSCHENBAUM—Steel and cast-iron abstract sculptures; starting Saturday, Feb. 12. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL KNATHS (1891-1971)—Fifty years of painting by this American abstractionist; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRY KRAMER—White geometrical paintings; through Feb. 27. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.)

LE CORBUSIER (1887-1965)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings, predominantly in the Constructivist mode, by the celebrated architect; through Feb. 26. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

LÉGER—Late oils, gouaches, and drawings, also lithographs; through March 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

NICHOLAS MARSICANO AND ROGER JORGENSEN—Freely handled paintings of the figure in oil on paper by the first, and one large abstract sculpture by the second; starting Saturday, Feb. 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—Landscapes with figures; through Thursday, Feb. 17. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WILLIAM MEYEROWITZ—Paintings of musicians, landscapes, and horses, plus still-lifes, by a member of the National Academy; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Chase, 31 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

RUS MICHELSEN—Abstract sculptures, some large, in bronze; first one-man show here. Starts Tuesday, Feb. 15. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

EDGAR NEGRET—Metal constructions, a number of them quite big, by a Latin American; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EMIL NOLDE (1897-1956)—Watercolors by a leading German Expressionist; through March 18. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT PERR—Six large abstractions; through Thursday, Feb. 17. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Four oils, one sculpture, and twenty-six drawings; through March 17. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—"Portraits" of exotic birds and beasts; through Feb. 26. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

MURRAY REICH AND GARRY RICH—Large color paintings by Mr. Reich, and dynamic abstractions by Mr. Rich; through Feb. 23. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

MARIANNE SCHNELL AND ESTHER GENTLE—Abstract Expressionist paintings by the former, and wire sculptures on a philosophical theme by the latter; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

WILLIAM SCHWEDLER—Paintings and drawings of philosophically suggested images; through Thursday, Feb. 17. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL SECTER—Constructions, some motorized, in Plexiglas of various hues; through Thursday, Feb. 17. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL STRAND—Forty photographs, most of them recent, plus twenty photogravures of a Mexican portfolio done in 1933 by this dean of art photographers; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANNE TABACHNICK—Paintings and drawings by a younger New York figurative Expressionist; through Feb. 29. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

RICHARD TUTTLE—Octagons made of stretched wire; through Feb. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEVE URRY—Bright-surfaced welded-aluminum sculptures in twisted and curved forms; through March 4. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL VÁZQUEZ—Large figurative oils in vibrant colors; through Feb. 23. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

JOYCE WEINSTEIN—Abstract paintings; through March 4. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

ANN WILSON—Paintings on silk of boats and water scenes, some on the wall, some free-standing, also a sculpture of a stag in a rowboat; through March 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1972 annual exhibition of paintings, graphics, and sculptures by members of this organization of professional artists, numbering over seven hunderd; through Sunday, Feb. 13. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BENEDEK**, 380 West Broadway: Young artists, ranging from "New Realists" to Minimalists, in a new gallery; through Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An exhibit of posters done in the period from the eighteen-nineties through the First World War in the United States, England, and Europe; through Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures and paintings of mythological and fabulous creatures, from sixth-century Etruscan to the present; through Saturday, Feb. 12. . . . **GREEN MOUNTAIN**, 17 Perry St.: An assembly of works by Alex Katz, gallery painters, and others considered by the gallery to be "metaphysical;" through Feb. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: American paintings of the late nineteenth century and the early twentieth by Prendergast, Luks, Bellows, Chase, and Bluemner, to name several; through Feb. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and the like; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Works by leading Abstract Expressionist and Pop artists; through March 4. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: American naive and folk art consisting of paintings, watercolors, chalkware, pen-and-ink drawings, and needlework from the eighteenth and early nineteenth century to half a dozen works from this one; through Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings by faculty members of New York University's School of Continuing Education; through Feb. 25. (Weekdays, 9 to 11.) . . . **MENDOLA**, 341 Madison Ave., at 44th St.: Works by illustrators, past and present, among them Steven Dohanos, Bernie Fuchs, Rockwell Kent, Howard Pyle, Norman Rockwell, Andrew Wyeth, and N.C. Wyeth; through Feb. 29. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: An anniversary exhibit of gallery artists (Thon, Peirce, Vickrey, Sepeshy, and many others); starting Tuesday, Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Archipenko, Chagall, Maillol, Pascin, and Rouault; through March 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sixty-five paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings executed abroad by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries; through March 25. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Four women painters and sculptors; through March 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WOMEN'S INTERART CENTER**, 549 W. 52nd St.: An exhibition, growing into the hundreds, of work by women, many of them militants of liberation; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 10; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About thirty portraits and self-portraits of artists, in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints, along with photos of artists in their studios by Arnold Newman; through

SOUTHERN STRATEGY . . . turtle'd jump to solo in the sun, show up later under a soft skirt shape with some pretty interesting southern points of its own. White with red and black nylon, 6 to 14, $85. Country & Casual, Third Floor

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 7. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-five photographs of China during the last thirty-five years by Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Marc Riboud, and René Burri; starting Tuesday, Feb. 15. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by Picasso in all mediums and spanning every phase of his career, assembled from the Museum's collection and promised gifts; through May 1. . . . ¶ New acquisitions, consisting of a construction and a painting from the early twentieth century by two Russians, Vladimir Baranoff-Rossine and Ivan Puni, and paintings by Lichtenstein, Christensen, Ryman, and others; through March 5. . . . ¶ Naïve art from the Museum's collection; through April 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty sculptures and ten paintings by John Chamberlain, best known for constructions made of crushed automobile parts; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Examples of their own works selected by ten American artists—Bearden, Beauchamp, Frank, Grooms, Johnson, Kriesberg, Kurhajec, Maryan, Westermann, and Schumann; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The nationwide biennial survey of current painting by Americans; through March 19. . . . ¶ Paintings, sketches, and tiles by Jay Van Everen (1875-1947), identified with the Synchromist movement during the twenties; through Sunday, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Paintings by Adja Yunkers, a well-known Abstract Expressionist painter and printmaker; starting Tuesday, Feb. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A new addition to the Museum's American period rooms, the Worgelt Study, embodies the Art Deco style in every detail, from furniture to bar decanters. . . . ¶ The newly installed Schenck House Gallery focusses on the Jan Martuse Schenck House, a Brooklyn miller's dwelling and one of the most important surviving examples of seventeenth-century architecture. . . . ¶ The recently opened Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Galleries contain furniture and decorations of the principal artists, designers, and craftsmen of the period. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W., at 79th St.—Over four hundred and fifty specimens of birds of the New York area are shown in a completely reconstructed exhibit. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Works constructed at the Museum by six artists, among them D'Arcangelo, Indiana, LeWitt, and Warhol, with the method used by each photographed and documented in the gallery; through March 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

LOW MEMORIAL LIBRARY, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—A hundred paintings, sketches, drawings, watercolors, lithographs, and book illustrations spanning the career of Rockwell Kent; through March 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A refreshing showing of eighteenth-century French paintings of flowers (some enlivened by the presence of insects), all thought to be the work of pupils of Madeleine Basseporte, professor of flower painting at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris; through April 1. . . . ¶ French paintings of the late Medieval period; starting Thursday, Feb. 10. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show surveying the Museum's collection of wood and stone carvings (including a large flock of decoys), paintings, weathervanes and trade signs, quilts, and other of its specialities; through Feb. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—An international exhibit of fibre sculptures, indicating new directions in weaving; through April 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures constituting a retrospective of the visionary works of de Chirico from 1911 to 1971; through April 2. Wednesdays through Sundays, at 4 and 6, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing of films related to the artist. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Seventy-two new additions to the print collection, ranging from an anonymous Swiss woodcut of 1502 to a Lee Bontecou lithograph; through April 29. (Weekdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Work by eleven black artists from Southern California, in a variety of mediums; through March 5. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Theo Adam, John Macurdy, Benno Kusche, Loren Driscoll, and William Walker; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Barry McDaniel, Thomas Stewart, and Giorgio Tozzi; Colin Davis. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Nedda Casei, Carlo Bergonzi, Kostas Paskalis, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Jeannette Pilou, Evelyn Lear, Justino Díaz, Thomas Stewart, and Paul Plishka; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Teresa Stratas, Frederica von Stade, Cesare Siepi, Thomas Stewart, and Paul Plishka; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Carlo Franci. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8: A new production of Donizetti's "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Ljuba Welitch, Luciano Pavarotti, and Fernando Corena; Richard Bonynge. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Barry McDaniel, Thomas Stewart, Giorgio Tozzi, and Adam Klein; Colin Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Carlo Franci. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm; Alain Lombard.

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Benefit performances of Puccini's "La Bohème." Staged by Michael Cacoyannis, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by James Conlon. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 10, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 12-13, at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 11, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 14, at 7:30 (all with Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano); and Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 18, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 21, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano). . . . **NOTE:** An hour before the concert on Saturday, Feb. 19, the

Galimir Quartet will give a performance of Berg's "Lyric Suite."

Boston Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 9, and Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, both with Ralph Gomberg, oboe. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2424. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30, with Laurence Lesser, cello.) . . . ¶ Colin Davis conducting, with Stephen Bishop, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Monday, Feb. 14, at 8: Daniel Barenboim conducting, with Radu Lupu, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8: Alexander Gibson conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8: Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Roberto Szidon, piano.

Mannes Chamber Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting, with Antonia Lavanne, soprano, and Jane Gunter, mezzo-soprano. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets will be available, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

Munich Chamber Orchestra—Hans Stadlmair conducting, with Lukas David, violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Eastman Philharmonia—Walter Hendl conducting, with Felicja Blumental, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra da Camera—Mathias Bamert conducting, with Marsha Heller, English horn. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Leon Barzin conducting a program of concertos, with soloists. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting and acting as piano soloist in the second in a series of four-and-a-half-hour concerts, this one an all-Mozart program, with Susan Belling, soprano; Paul Zukofsky, violin; Abba Bogin and Gilbert Kalish, pianos; the Janus Chorale of New York; the Oratorio Society of New York; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 6.)

I Solisti Veneti—Claudio Scimone conducting this chamber orchestra in a program of Venetian music, with Bert Lucarelli, oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the third in a series of four all-Haydn programs, this one with Jean Hakes, soprano; Jane Gunter, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and Richard Westenburg, organ. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, Feb. 11, at 7:30. For tickets, call 920-5563.)

St. Olaf Choir—Kenneth Jennings directing a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Oscar Shumsky—A program of works for unaccompanied violin and viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Charles Treger, Hiroko Yajima, and Romuald Tecco, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Alvin Brehm, contrabass; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 12, at 9.)

Irma Costanzo—Classic guitarist. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:40.)

William Masselos—Piano, in a two-part program. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 4, Part I, and at 8, Part II.)

Sonya Monosoff and Stoddard Lincoln—Violin and pianoforte, in an all-Mozart program played, in part, on instruments from the Museum's collection. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Betty Jones—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 3.)

Karen Phillips—Viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Renata Scotto—Soprano, in a recital postponed from Jan. 16. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The second in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Idil Biret—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Sanford Allen—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 5:30.)

Composers in Performance—The Sonic Arts Group in a program of electronic music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Stefan Wolpe Seventieth-Birthday Concert—A program of his music, performed by vocal and instrumental soloists, including Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Arthur Bloom, clarinet; the Zamir Chorale; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a concert by the Manhattan Wind Symphony, conducted by David Simon, plus the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble, conducted by Paul Price, with Peter Vinograde, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 3. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 5:45: Marian McPartland. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 5:45: The Orpheon Singers.

Attila Zoller Quartet—Maisonette, St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Friday, Feb. 11, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Kris Kristofferson—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 3.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The third in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Irving Caesar) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Chris Connor—With her trio. (Maisonette, St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel. Friday, Feb. 18, at noon.)

Maynard Ferguson Orchestra—Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.

Don McLean—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden**: Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum**, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Nets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Floridians, Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:15.

Boxing—Floyd Patterson vs. Oscar Bonavena, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 11. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10:30.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madi-

Lunch bunch

Supered-up checks eased into a dress with a sleeveless, tweed-ish top and shiny belt, a jacket that's collarless and cropped at the waist. Deep brown and sparkling white in a cotton-and-acetate brocade, for 6 to 14 sizes, $95. Dress Collections.

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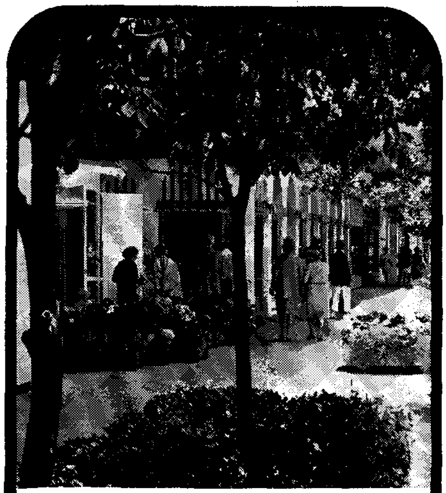

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 14-15.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 13, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Los Angeles.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 11. The Barbara Fritchie, Saturday, Feb. 19.

Track Meet—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 18, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Feb. 29.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 4.) . . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with Ann Gardner, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **BLUE PEACOCK PLAYERS:** "Genji and the White Jewels." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Sunday, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Feb. 19. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Afternoons at 2:30.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "The Princess and the Pea." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY:** "The World We Live In." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Hot Feet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturdays at 3.) . . . **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE:** "Young Abe Lincoln." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 2. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "Pied Piper." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 1:30.) . . . **YOUNG WORLD FOUNDATION:** "Who Am I?" (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2993. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Children's Paintings from Five Continents," a show of forty paintings from such diverse areas as American Indian reservations, Tanzania, Austria, Honduras, and South Vietnam. Through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Fridays, 10 to 2; Thursdays, 10 to 5; and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "By the Stars of Gitche Gumee." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ An hour before the shows, the Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30. On Saturday, Feb. 12, at 10, there will be an ice carnival with skating races and an exhibition of figure skating.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—Richard Howard reading from his own works and from the works of Robert Browning, plus chamber music by the West End Chamber Ensemble. (Finch College Auditorium, 52 E. 78th St. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 288-8450.) . . . ¶ Nancy Milford reading from her own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Audre Lorde and Adrienne Rich reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 7:30. Admission is free.)

Flower Show—The Winter Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, Feb. 16, from 12 to 4.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2: English, French, and Continental furniture, decorations, and rugs; from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 10:15 and 2: Books, including art reference works, miniature books, press books, and modern illustrated books; the property of several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 2: English and Continental silver, from the estate of Consuelo U. Ford and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 11.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 9 at 2: "Those Damned Savages" (1971), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 5:30: "Q-Bec My Love" (1969), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 2: "A Question of Life" (1970), in French, directed by André Théberge. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 5:30: "On Est Loin du Soleil" (1970), in French, directed by Jacques Leduc; no English titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 8: "My Childhood in Montreal" (1970), in French, directed by Jean Chabot; no English titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 2: "River Schooners" (1969), in French, directed by Pierre Perrault. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 5:30: "Un Pays Sans Bon Sens" (1971), in French, directed by Pierre Perrault. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at noon: "Spanish Earth" (1936), "Listen to Britain" (1942), and "Le Retour" (1945). . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 3: "My Childhood in Montreal" (1970). . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 5:30: "River Schooners" (1969). . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 12:30: "Elephant Boy" (1937), directed by Robert Flaherty and Zoltan Korda, with Sabu. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 3: "Un Pays Sans Bon Sens" (1971). . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 5:30: "On Est Loin du Soleil" (1970). . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at noon: "A Question of Life" (1970). . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 5:30 and Feb. 15 at 2: "The Set-Up" (1949), directed by Robert Wise, with Robert Ryan and Audrey Totter. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5:30: "Fritz the Cat," a full-length animated cartoon (1971; X-rated). . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at noon: "The Land" (1941), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2: "Moana" (1926), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5:30: "Louisiana Story" (1948), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 2: "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1971), in Portuguese, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 5:30: "The Heirs" (1969), in Portuguese, directed by Carlos Diegues. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 8: "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1971). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Dreyer, Eisenstein, Flaherty, Frampton, Griffith, Hanoun, Kubelka, Jacobs, Markopoulos, Jordan, Keaton, Murnau, and others. Showings at 6, 8 (except Feb. 9), and 10 (except Feb. 11-12). No Mondays. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—Feb. 9: Films by West Coast filmmakers. . . . ¶ Feb. 10-16: "One P.M." directed by Jean-Luc Godard and D. A. Pennebaker. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 17: A program of animated shorts by independent filmmakers. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

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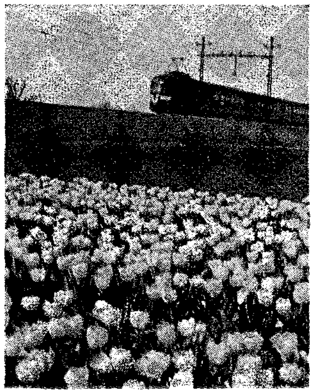

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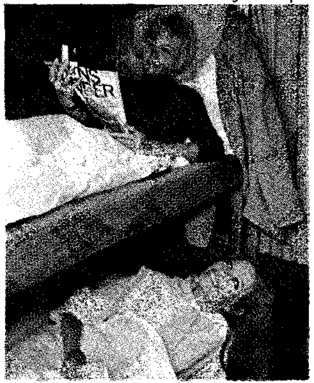

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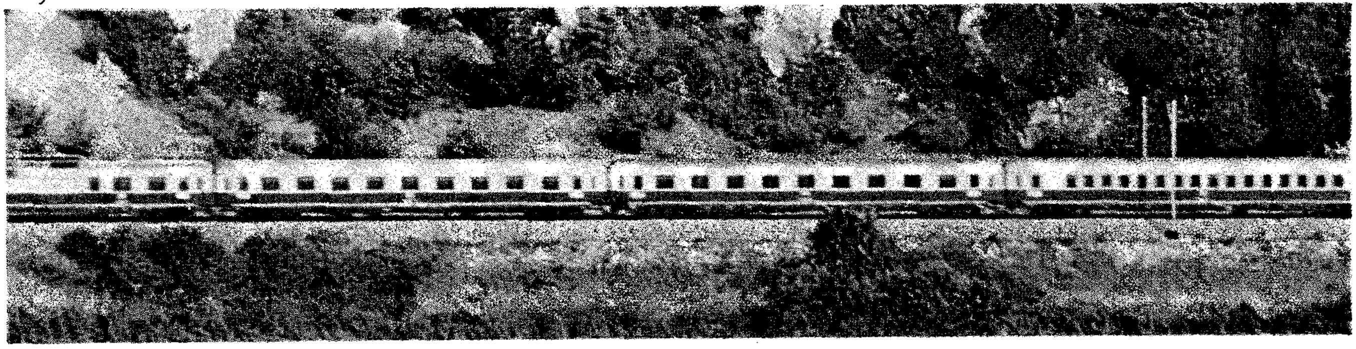

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

Through Feb. 12: "Woman of the Year" and "Adam's Rib."

Feb. 13-15: "Morning Glory" and "Sylvia Scarlett."

From Feb. 16: "Murder She Said" and "Murder at the Gallop."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Feb. 12: "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

Feb. 13-15: "Cuban Love Song" and "Student Tour."

From Feb. 16: "I Could Go On Singing" and "Blues in the Night."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)

Through Feb. 10: Three Russ Meyer films.

Feb. 11-16: "Woodstock."

From Feb. 17: "Point Blank" and "Shock Corridor."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

"The Go-Between" and "Claire's Knee."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through Feb. 15: "Such Good Friends" and "Loving."

From Feb. 16: "Diamonds Are Forever."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)

"Doctor Zhivago."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Dirty Harry."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"The Last Picture Show."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

"The Hospital."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)

"The Hot Rock."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)

"A Man for All Seasons."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Through Feb. 14: "Such Good Friends."

From Feb. 15: "The Nightcomers."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"El Topo."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

"The Jerusalem File."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

"The Boy Friend."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)

"A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)

"Minnie and Moskowitz."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

"To Find a Man."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

"Made for Each Other."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

"Le Boucher."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)

"Straw Dogs."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

Through Feb. 15: "Doctor Zhivago."

From Feb. 16: "Such Good Friends."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)

"The Trojan Women."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)

"The French Connection."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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13	14	15	16	17		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

"The Hot Rock."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Feb. 15: "Dirty Harry."

From Feb. 16: "King Lear."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

"X Y & Zee."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)

"$."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Diamonds Are Forever."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)

"The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)

Through Feb. 15: "Together."

From Feb. 16: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)

Through Feb. 12: "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna."

Feb. 13-15: "The African Queen" and "Faces."

From Feb. 16: "Children of Paradise."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

"Murmur of the Heart."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through Feb. 15: "The Hired Hand" and "Drive, He Said."

From Feb. 16: "The Wizard of Oz" and "Forbidden Planet."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

"The Trojan Women."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Through Feb. 15: "The Big Sleep," "Key Largo," "The Roaring Twenties," and "The Oklahoma Kid."

Feb. 16: A program of experimental films by Hollis Frampton, Stan Brakhage, and Michael Snow.

Feb. 17: A program of experimental films by Stan Brakhage and Michael Snow.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)

Through Feb. 15: "Kidnapped" and "Wuthering Heights."

From Feb. 16: "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)

"Nicholas and Alexandra."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)

"Tenchu" and "Bandits on the Wind." (No performances on Sunday, Feb. 13.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

Through Feb. 10: "The Go-Between" and "Claire's Knee."

From Feb. 11: "Long Ago, Tomorrow."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)

"Mary, Queen of Scots."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through Feb. 12: Theatre closed.

From Feb. 13 at 7:15: "Cabaret." (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)

"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

"Macbeth."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"The Visitors."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)

"Modern Times."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Bartleby."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through Feb. 15: "In the Heat of the Night" and "Cotton Comes to Harlem."

From Feb. 16: To be announced.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Through Feb. 15: "Doctor Zhivago."

From Feb. 16: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"The French Connection."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)

Through Feb. 15: "Kidnapped" and "Wuthering Heights."

From Feb. 16: "Carnal Knowledge" and "Promise at Dawn."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Feb. 9: "Persona" and "Throne of Blood."

Feb. 10: "Throne of Blood" and "My Night at Maud's."

Feb. 11: "My Night at Maud's" and "Last Year at Marienbad."

Feb. 12: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "Marat/Sade."

Feb. 13: "Marat/Sade" and "Pierrot le Fou."

Feb. 14: "Pierrot le Fou" and "Lola."

Feb. 15: "Lola" and "Belle de Jour."

Feb. 16: "Belle de Jour" and "Picnic on the Grass."

Feb. 17: "Picnic on the Grass" and "Seventh Heaven."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through Feb. 15: "Doc" and "Lawman."

From Feb. 16: "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

Through Feb. 10: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana."

Feb. 11-14: "Rider on the Rain" and "The Sicilian Clan."

Feb. 15-17: "The Devils" and "Wait Until Dark."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Feb. 11: "Performance" and "Petulia."

Feb. 12-14: "Gigi" and "Ninotchka."

Feb. 15-16: "Wind from the East" and "Breathless."

From Feb. 17: "Right On!" and "The Great White Hope."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adam's Rib (1949)—George Cukor directed this ingenious, often witty battle-of-the-sexes comedy in which Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy are married lawyers pitted against each other in the trial of Judy Holliday, who is accused of shooting her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell. Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and *maddeningly sane. The script (by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin) stoops to a few easy* laughs, but it's lively, and it provides some sensational supporting roles. David Wayne almost walks off with the picture. Jean Hagen is around, too, and Polly Moran, and Hope Emerson. (Art; through Feb. 12.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn, as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of the director, John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt. (Garrick; Feb. 13-15.)

Bandits on the Wind (1961)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, Feb. 13.)

Bartleby—With Paul Scofield and John McEnery, directed by Anthony Friedmann. (Paris.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 15-16.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters: the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Elgin; through Feb. 15.)

Blues in the Night (1941)—Jazz and melodrama, in a fermented mixture. Directed by Anatole Litvak and written by Robert Rossen, this self-serious, overheated Warner Brothers picture about the life of travelling musicians was released just before Pearl Harbor. Richard Whorf is the tormented pianist who cracks up, and Betty Field is the bad, bad girl who not only leads him astray but kills Lloyd Nolan, and is herself killed in a car crash with Wallace Ford. Whorf's band includes Elia Kazan; the vocalist is Priscilla Lane. The songs are by Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 16.)

Le Boucher—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Boy Friend—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience *might have had. The glittering,* joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Olympia; Feb. 15-16.)

Cabaret—With Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; directed by Bob Fosse. (Ziegfeld; starting Feb. 13 at 7:15.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 16.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Garrick; starting Feb. 16.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Guild; through Feb. 10.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem (1970)—Two New York City police detectives (Raymond St. Jacques and Godfrey Cambridge) on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hard-boiled detective story and very broad farce, directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novel by Chester Himes. With Calvin Lockhart (as a very fancy crook) and Redd Foxx. (Paramount; through Feb. 15.)

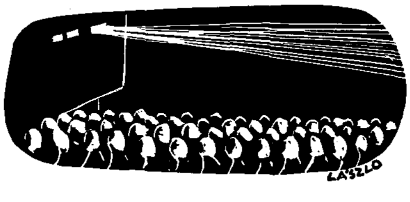
Cuban Love Song (1931)—There was a brief period in the thirties when some of the most presentable opera singers were turned into movie stars, with generally disastrous results, as in this Lawrence Tibbett film. The great dramatic singer was not very dramatic when he sang songs by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh and, in obvious discomfort, stared down Lupe Velez's bodice. With Jimmy Durante. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 13-15.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Thalia; Feb. 15-17.)

Diamonds Are Forever—Tired Bond picture that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery. His Bond is less lecherous now and less foppish—and he's better this way: Bond the mock hero has become the one stable, unalienated fantasy hero of modern movies. (86th St. East. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Feb. 16.)

Dirty Harry—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Feb. 15.)

Doc—Frank Perry directs a screenplay by Pete Hamill, with Stacy Keach as Doc Holliday, Harris Yulin as a Wyatt Earp who looks like Baudelaire, and Faye Dunaway as Doc's whore (she can't exactly seem blowsy, nor can an expensive film bring itself to make her look as grubby as the script wants of her). The film tries to be about everything: the drive of American history, the American need for heroes (as shown in Westerners who are clearly meant to represent politicians), the fraudulence and hope of the frontier spirit. Well acted, but sometimes afflicted by an organ-loft cast of mind. (Symphony; through Feb. 15.)



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Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Kips Bay. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse and Cinema Studio; through Feb. 15.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Brutality and tension are a poor substitute for pleasurable suspense. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Loew's Ciné.)

Drive, He Said—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. You can leave your head at home if you go to see this one. (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 15.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Garrick; Feb. 13-15.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Forbidden Planet (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifts its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue; the language is flat. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 16.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Juliet 2 and Regency.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; starting Feb. 16.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza.)

Gigi (1958)—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan. Vincente Minnelli directed, in a confident, confectionery style. (Olympia; Feb. 12-14.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Guild; through Feb. 10.)

The Great White Hope (1970)—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (Olympia; starting Feb. 17.)

The Hired Hand—Peter Fonda's first piece of direction, set in an Old West that is already changing. He and Warren Oates play great friends who turn up at the home of Fonda's ten-years-older wife (Verna Bloom) after he has left her on her own to run a farm and a life for six years. She gives him a guarded welcome, with a feminine skepticism that is truly caught. (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 15.)

The Hospital—George C. Scott is at his most hammily brilliant in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself, it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Sutton.)

The Hot Rock—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

I Could Go On Singing (1963)—Dreadful, but often fascinating: Judy Garland in the sort of movie that is usually made about a performer long after the events, and with some-

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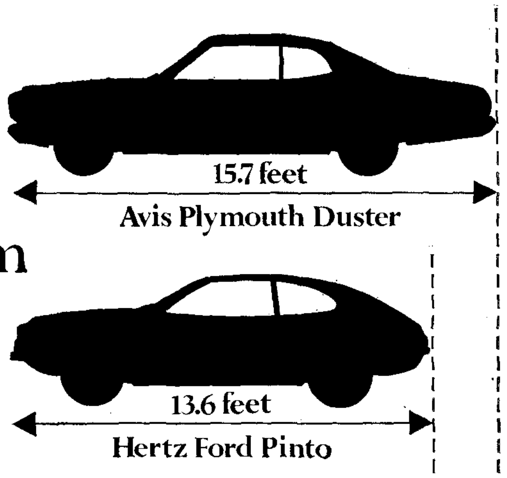

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one else playing the lead. Her face puffy, her manner distressed, she goes through a sort of "Madame X" version of a selfish singer's life, in which she belts out numbers at the Palladium. Made in England and directed by Ronald Neame. With Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 16.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (Paramount; through Feb. 15.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion (1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Thalia; through Feb. 10.)

The Jerusalem File—With Bruce Davison and Nicol Williamson, directed by John Flynn. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is throughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for the Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Elgin; through Feb. 15.)

Kidnapped—Jack Pulman has drawn a trim, craftsmanlike screenplay from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped" and its sequel, "David Balfour." The director, Delbert Mann, keeps everything comprehensible, though he doesn't seem to know how to make the narrative stirring. Fortunately, Michael Caine, who gets better all the time, acts Alan Breck with a mixture of swagger and intelligence that keeps the movie alive. Caine is assisted by Trevor Howard as the Lord Advocate, Lawrence Douglas as David, and Donald Pleasence as old Ebenezer, a Scrooge if ever there was one. Not as exciting as the best swashbuckling adventure movies, but the feeling behind the whole production is so decent and affectionate that viewers may forgive the deficiencies. The exteriors were shot in Scotland. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 15.)

King Lear—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (U. A. East; starting Feb. 16.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (34th St. East and Columbia I.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 11-12.)

Lawman—With Burt Lancaster and Robert Ryan, directed by Michael Winner. (Symphony; through Feb. 15.)

Lola (1962)—Jacques Demy's graceful (and absurd in the pleasantest way) modern fairy tale about a cabaret dancer (Anouk Aimée) whose illusions come true. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 14-15.)

Long Ago, Tomorrow—Doomed love between paraplegics, who must go through considerable wheelchair wiggling even to kiss. For people who want to be turned on by the sadness of it. With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Guild; starting Feb. 11.)

Loving (1970)—An unusually intelligent film, with George Segal as an amiable failed artist who wriggles this way and that because he doesn't like his life. Irvin Kershner directed, and it's beautifully detailed and sustained. (Gramercy; through Feb. 15.)

Macbeth—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. The play is treated not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (Playboy.)

Made for Each Other—Renée Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes that there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renée Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Beekman.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (New Yorker; Feb. 12-13.)

Mary, Queen of Scots—With Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson, directed by Charles Jarrott. (Music Hall.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Cinema II.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg. (Art; Feb. 13-15.)

Murder She Said (1962)—Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, a maiden-aunt amateur criminologist, in an amiable adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. With Arthur Kennedy and Stringer Davis; George Pollock directed. (Art; starting Feb. 16.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Art; starting Feb. 16.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (Waverly.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 10-11.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Criterion. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Nightcomers—With Marlon Brando, directed by Michael Winner. (Baronet; starting Feb. 15.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicity omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Olympia; Feb. 12-14.)

The Oklahoma Kid (1939)—Whip McCord, splendidly named, is played by Bogart, and he is a gambler in a black hat. Jim Kincaid is played by James Cagney, in a white hat, and he is the Oklahoma Kid, the most notorious outlaw in the West. There is a terrific scene about taking over a jail. High-class bang-bang. Lloyd Bacon directed. (Elgin; through Feb. 15.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Garrick; through Feb. 12.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Olympia; through Feb. 11.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Garrick; through Feb. 12.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. Deeply alive to modern kinds of distress. (Olympia; through Feb. 11.)

Picnic on the Grass (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second-best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. Some sequences were filmed at Les Collettes, the home where Auguste Renoir spent his last years. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 16-17.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 13-14.)

Point Blank (1967)—A brutal, visually stunning account of a crook who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. With a superb performance by Lee Marvin. John Boorman is the director. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 17.)

Promise at Dawn (1971)—Jules Dassin has tried to turn Romain Gary's nostalgic celebration of his loving mother into a vehicle for Melina Mercouri. But she seems, as usual, to be playing a normal hearty, hot nymphomaniac. The different parts of the past run together in a blur in this generally unsatisfying film, but there are a few good satirical sequences with Dassin acting the role of a silent-movie idol. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 16.)

Rider on the Rain (1970)—René Clément's thriller has a beautiful heroine called Mélancolie. The picture is as much about that state of mind as about the plot, in which she murders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. Some of the details are gentle and ironic, but there are too many mechanical thriller ploys. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 11-14.)

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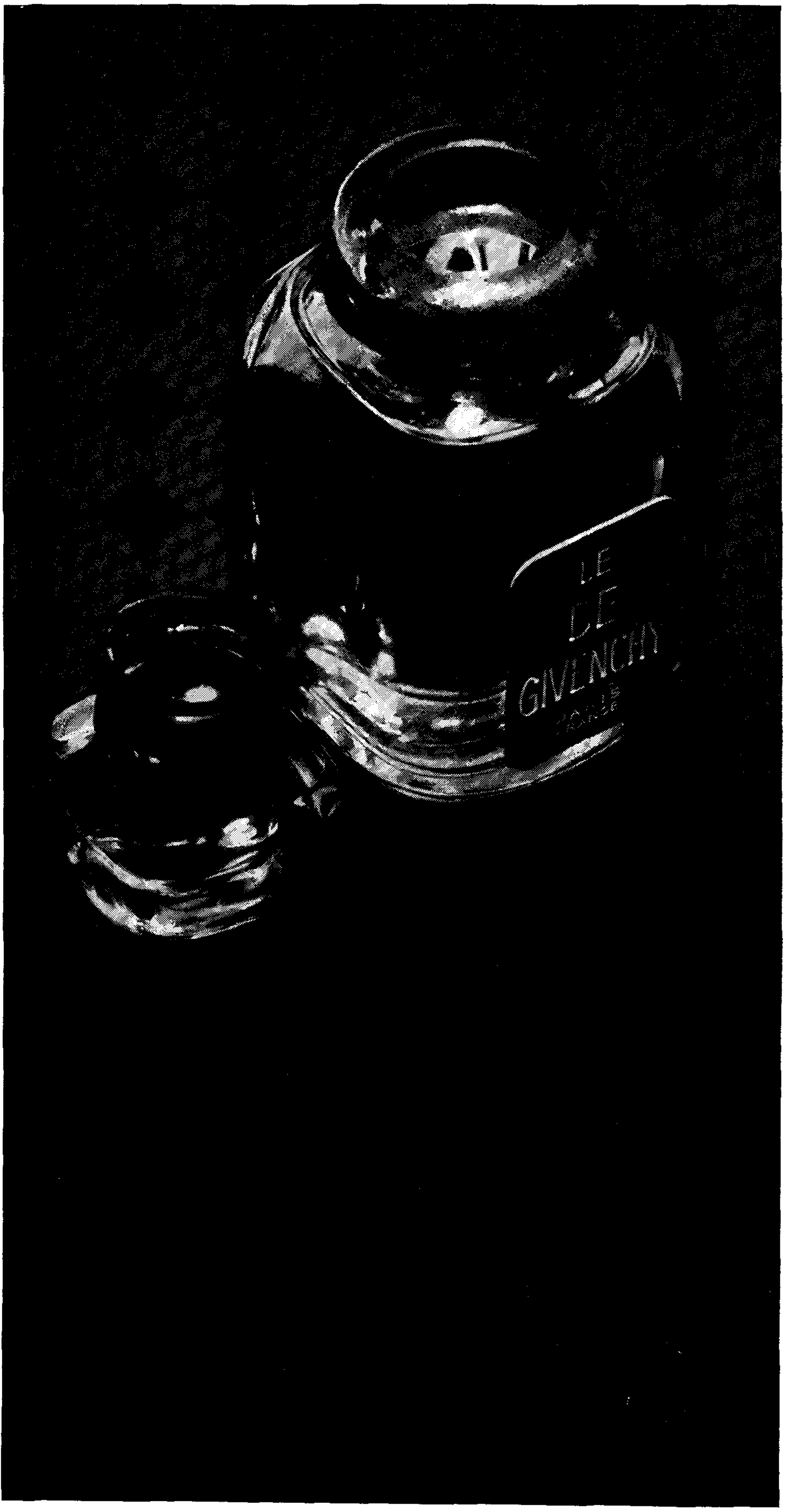

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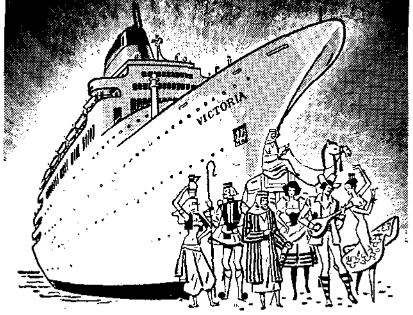

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film about three black poets—poets of revolution and infectious, lazy sarcasm. They incant on a roof in Harlem, accompanied by drums; the sunshine burns and wanes, the film is stirring and chilling. (Olympia; starting Feb. 17.)

The Roaring Twenties (1939)—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. Too mechanical a view of character; the whole thing is a little simple-minded. Raoul Walsh directed. (Elgin; through Feb. 15.)

Seventh Heaven (1927)—The first year Academy Awards were given, Frank Borzage took the prize for directing this tender, sweet (and silent) film starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. (New Yorker; Feb. 17.)

Shock Corridor (1962)—An action-packed film, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, that has acquired a considerable reputation. The hero is a reporter who has himself committed to a mental institution so he can investigate a murder there; his experiences include being attacked by a gang of nymphomaniacs, being put in a straitjacket, losing the power of speech, being subjected to shock therapy, etc. He gets a Pulitzer Prize, and he goes mad. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 17.)

The Sicilian Clan (1970)—An expert, glossy thriller by Henri Verneuil, with some good set-piece ideas, and holes in the plot that aren't noticeable at the time. Jean Gabin plays the patriarchal bastard who heads a Mafia family. Alain Delon joins the clan in a jewelry raid that is carried out with high style. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 11-14.)

Straw Dogs—A picture that will be talked about for many years. Sam Peckinpah, who is an artist, has made the first American film that is a Fascist work of art. Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative. (Tower East.)

Student Tour (1934)—A very minor M-G-M musical starring Jimmy Durante and featuring the singing cop, Phil Regan, as well as Betty Grable, Charles Butterworth, and Maxine Doyle. The songs, including "A New Moon Is Over My Shoulder," are by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown; Charles Reisner directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 13-15.)

Such Good Friends—Otto Preminger is not a director who bothers much with interior emotional states, and without that, this movie is not about anything. One detects that it is meant to deal with the self-abasement of the mistreated heroine (Dyan Cannon), but Preminger plays for cheap laughs—and fails to get most of them, at that. It's a sour, crude movie, with another atrocious performance by James Coco. (Baronet; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 16.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Greenwich and Festival.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and one can certainly see why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn as her con-man father and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall

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version of "By the Beautiful Sea." (Art; Feb. 13-15.)

Tenchu—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, Feb. 13.)

Thank Your Lucky Stars (1943)—Wartime patriotic musical, featuring the Warners stable—somewhat livelier than the others of this ilk. The high point is Bette Davis complaining of the lack of civilian males in the song "They're Either Too Young or Too Old." With Humphrey Bogart, John Garfield, Dinah Shore, Ida Lupino, Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan, and Spike Jones and His City Slickers. David Butler directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 12.)

Throne of Blood (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, which is one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Feb. 9-10.)

To Find a Man—With Pamela Sue Martin and Darren O'Connor, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Columbia II.)

Together—With Marilyn Briggs and Maureen Cousins, directed by Sean Cunningham. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Feb. 15.)

El Topo—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—as head comics. (Coronet.)

Tristana (1970)—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Thalia; through Feb. 10.)

The Trojan Women—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Juliet 1 and 5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Visitors—Directed by Elia Kazan. (Little Carnegie.)

Wait Until Dark (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (Thalia; Feb. 15-17.)

Wind from the East—With Gian Maria Volonte, directed by Jean-Luc Godard. (Olympia; Feb. 15-16.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 16.)

Woman of the Year (1942)—The first of the films co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy—the chemistry is great but the plot and tone are wobbly. He's a sportswriter, and she's a celebrated political journalist (probably modelled on Dorothy Thompson) who doesn't know how to be a woman. The comedy goes sour whenever the movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperation. George Stevens directed, from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. With Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix. (Art; through Feb. 12.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 11-16.)

Wuthering Heights—Who would have guessed it was a story about incest? There's nothing quite like American International Pictures scholarship. With Anna Calder-Marshall as Cathy and Timothy Dalton as Heathcliff. Robert Fuest directed. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 15.)

X Y & Zee—With Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Caine, and Susannah York; directed by Brian Hutton. (Orpheum.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, most of the newsweeklies and newspapers were dominated by two stories: the Howard Hughes tangle and Henry Kissinger's surreptitious activities in Paris. In the Hughes story, it was obviously the secret trips, the fake identities, and the mysterious phone calls that held everybody's interest, and not anything that might be in the "autobiography" itself. In fact, the complexity of the story was so great that one could allow oneself the oddly pleasurable sensation that perhaps there *was* no reality behind the growing, shifting web of confusion; the prospective publication of the book actually seemed a threat to one's enjoyment, since it might rule out further episodes in the story, and one wanted this mystery to unfold forever. At first, the President's story of secret negotiations seemed more substantial than this, but on closer examination things appeared in a different light. A recent editorial in the Washington *Post* went to the heart of the matter. The *Post* managed to tear itself away from Kissinger's secret moves long enough to take a look at the public record, and it discovered that at the Paris peace talks fifteen months ago the United States had been offering *in public* a peace settlement that was substantially the same as the one the President now says we were offering in private. In other words, what's new here isn't the plan itself but the President's assertion of its newness and his manner of presenting it—first in secrecy to the North Vietnamese and then in a dramatic televised speech to all of us. So in this grim matter, as in the matter of Howard Hughes, we were beguiled by secrecy and its twin, publicity. And again, in our fascination with an elaborate tale of secret trips in shaded limousines and of secret proposals and counterproposals, we seemed willing to enjoy the temporary illusion that there was no reality (and perhaps no war). Some publications gave us Henry Kissinger first and then Clifford Irving; others did it the other way around. *Newsweek* put Kissinger on the cover but added a sticker promising the latest on the Hughes story inside. For the reader, it was a week in a house of mirrors. If anything real was happening, nobody seemed to be taking any notice.

Boom

CHESS, which has been played in something like its present form since at least the eleventh century, has lately been undergoing a renaissance as a result of the interest aroused by the forthcoming world-championship match between Bobby Fischer, of New York, and Boris Spassky, of the Soviet Union. However, Colonel Edmund B. Edmondson, the executive director of the United States Chess Federation, thinks that the Fischer-Spassky competition is merely a high point in an American "chess explosion" that began shortly after the Second World War and will continue well beyond the Fischer-Spassky match, which is scheduled for this summer. "Our Federation has been in existence since 1938, but by 1947 we hadn't acquired more than twelve hundred members," Colonel Edmondson told us. "Today, we have around thirty thousand—and these are people who are tournament players, as distinguished from people who just play chess. Perhaps Americans are simply getting tired of staring at television, but whatever the cause chess seems likely to keep growing. I expect we'll soon have a hundred thousand members."

Until 1968, the Federation had its headquarters in an old office building in the Village, but then, to facilitate the publication of a monthly magazine it puts out called *Chess Life & Review*, and to find room for its rapidly expanding files and a sizable inventory of mail-order chess sets, chess clocks, and chess books, it moved some sixty miles up the Hudson, to Newburgh. We drove there one recent Saturday to talk about the Fischer-Spassky match and about the state of the game in general. When we called to arrange for our visit, Colonel Edmondson invited us to stay for dinner and suggested that we arrive at "sixteen-forty-five hours," a military touch that interested us, so as soon as we arrived at Newburgh we asked our host—a youthful-looking man of fifty-one with a thatch of dark-brown hair—for a word about his military background. He told us he had retired from the Air Force in 1966, after serving as executive officer of a navigator-training school. He became interested in the Federation about ten years ago, he said, through his friendship with the late Jerry Spann, who was its president from 1957 to 1960.

"He was the man responsible for bringing in many of the state and regional organizations," the Colonel said. "I began to take an active part in the Federation myself between 1960 and 1963, when Fred Cramer, of Milwaukee, was president—Fred's now the American-zone repre-

sentative of the Fédération Internationale des Échecs, the international chess organization—and I was president myself from 1963 to 1966, while I was still in the service. Toward the end of my term, Jerry and Fred persuaded me to leave the Air Force and take over the executive director's job."

We asked Colonel Edmondson about his own chess game.

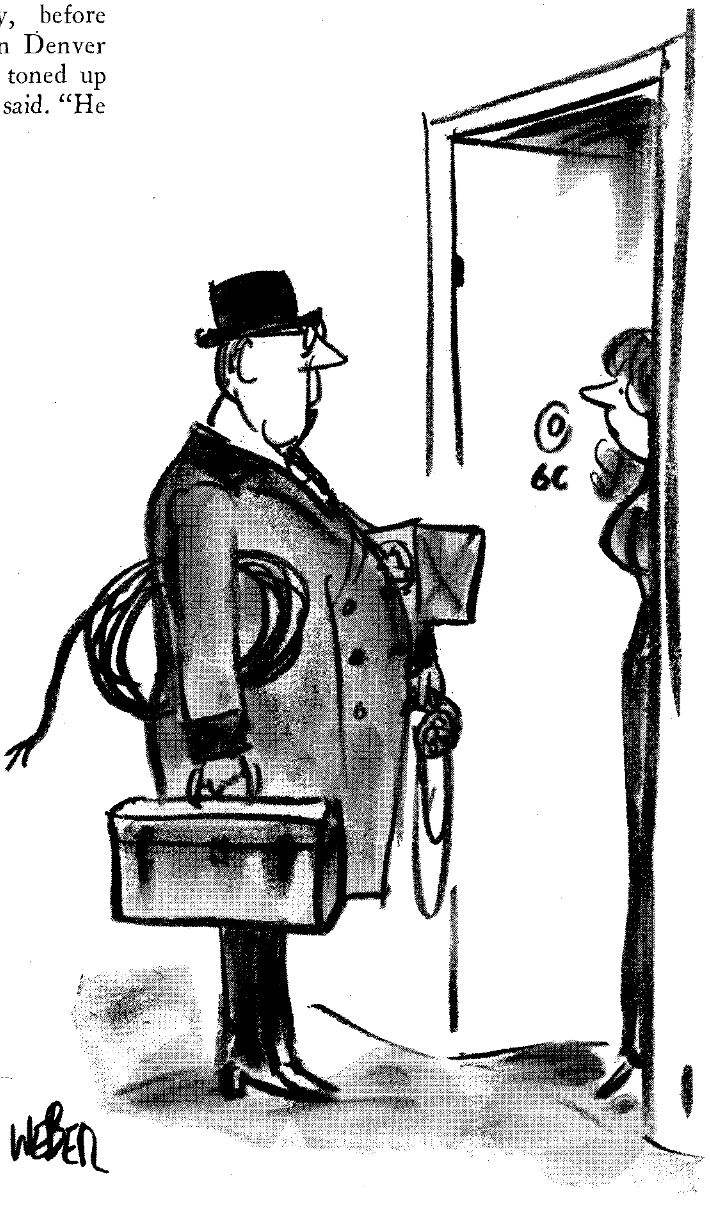
"It depends on your point of view," he said. "I'm better than the average player of the game, but I'm only about average as tournament players go. The top players quite rightly consider me a 'weakie,' even though I have an expert rating and am in the top ten per cent. In this game, the masters are really an exalted group. They constitute only a fraction of one per cent of our membership."

The Colonel may be a "weakie," but, as he told us with some pride, he is one of the few players—American or foreign—whom Fischer invites to play chess with him. "Recently, before Bobby played Bent Larsen in Denver in the candidates' match, he toned up on me," Colonel Edmondson said. "He would say, 'Come on, Ed, let's play some.' I'd say, 'Oh, Bobby, what's the use? You always win.' He would laugh and answer, 'Ed, you make me feel like a tiger, and afterward I go out and play like a tiger.' "

The Colonel introduced us to his wife, a dark-haired Hawaiian named Nancy, who is the Federation's office manager. We asked her about *her* chess game.

"I play," she said. "When you're married to a man who lives chess, you have to. However, I really prefer Scrabble or *hanafuda*, a Japanese card game."

"In case you're interested in talking to an international grand master, I've invited a weekend houseguest, Bill Lombardy, to join us," the Colonel said. "You've heard of Lombardy, of course. He was the world junior champion in 1957, and he won the United States Open in 1963 and 1965. Right now he's our fifth-rated American player."



"Ma Bell at your service, Madam."

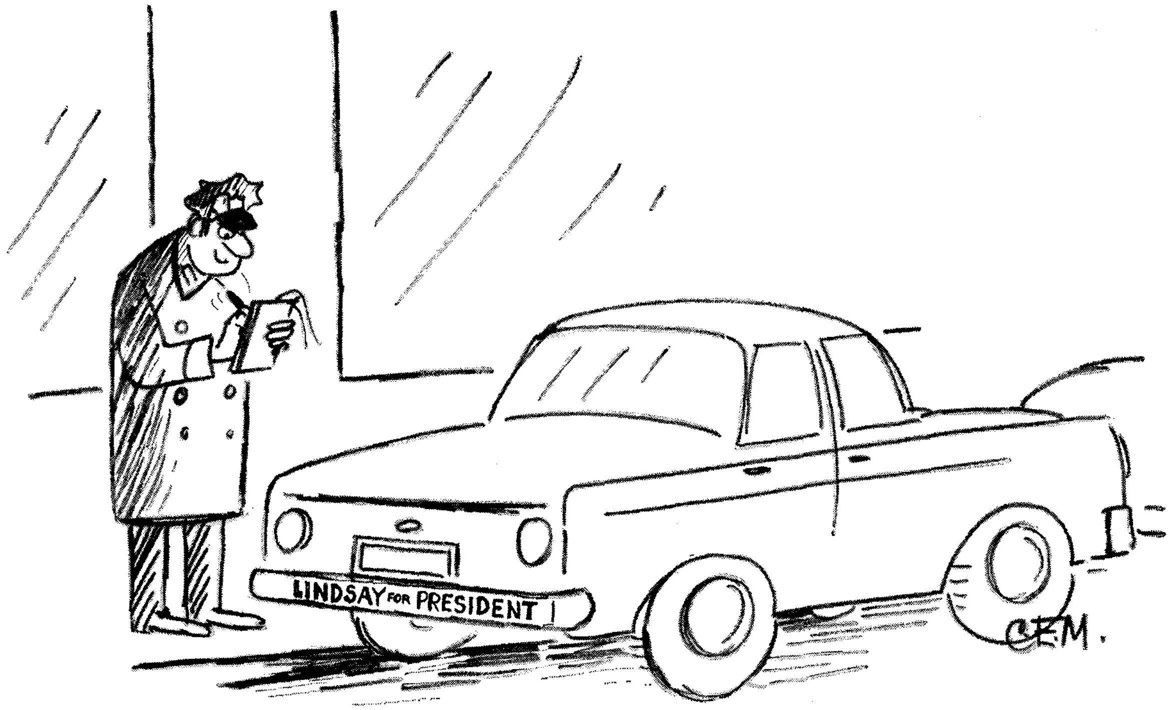
International Grand Master Lombardy proved to be a thirty-four-year-old priest who teaches English at Cardinal Hayes High School, in the Bronx, and we asked him for an expert's assessment of Bobby Fischer and his effect on the game.

"I was Bobby's second in the first international tournament he played in—in Yugoslavia, in 1958, when he became a grand master at the age of fifteen, the youngest grand master in history," Father Lombardy said. "Bobby combines the styles of Lasker and Capablanca. He is a tremendous positional player, with an encyclopedic knowledge of short-range tactics to reinforce his long-range positional strategy." He went on to say that the "chess explosion" that Colonel Edmondson had told us about had been accompanied by a deluge of books, articles, and reports, and that these had influenced the game more than any one player had. "For instance, Ed is rated an expert, which is a rank below master, but he can still give Bobby a battle, because he has studied the game enough to follow the grand-master openings," Father Lombardy said. "Actually, Fischer's greatest strength is that he can deviate from the book game. He'll throw in a totally unexpected move, and force his opponent off the book and onto his own."

Colonel Edmondson told us he hoped that in the coming week both a site and a schedule would be approved by the players and confirmed by the headquarters of the Fédération Internationale, in Amsterdam. He informed us that, at the rate of a game every three days, the championship could take as long as two months. "I don't know of any other match that has excited so much interest," he went on. "The highest bid was a hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars, from Belgrade, but even the lowest—forty thousand dollars, from Bogotá—was higher than anything that had ever been offered before. Reykjavík offered a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, which represents more than fifty cents for every man, woman, and child in the country."

Colonel Edmondson then told us he had been the American non-playing representative during Fischer's semifinal match with Tigran Petrosian, of the Soviet Union, in Buenos Aires last October, and we asked him what his duties had been.

"While the games are going on, the representative circulates in the theatre and tries to sense whether anything is about to go wrong," he replied. "Specifically, whether there might be any lighting problems, whether spectators are likely to make too much noise, or whether photographers could disturb the players. Mainly, though, a representative does his work not while the games are going on but between games. I can't begin to describe the number of little problems that arise. My principal purpose in serv-



ing as a representative last fall was to take such details off Bobby's mind and let him concentrate on chess."

We asked who the American players are who might succeed Fischer.

"Well, our next international grand master is probably going to be Andrew Soltis, who is twenty-four and a reporter on the New York *Post*," the Colonel said. "Then, there's Kenneth Rogoff, an eighteen-year-old from Rochester, who's now a freshman at Yale. He won the United States Junior Invitational Tournament."

"Don't forget Larry Christiansen, from California," said Father Lombardy.

"Yes," the Colonel said. "He's only fifteen, but he has had grand masters on the ropes in some of his games. And then there's Lewis Cohen, of the Manhattan Chess Club. He's tremendous at the age of eleven. It's terrifying to watch him push grownups around the chessboard. You know, some people think chess is an old man's game. I checked our rolls recently, and found that in 1968 eighteen per cent of our members were under twenty but by last June thirty-four per cent were under twenty. And the percentage of young people is going to keep on rising. I happen to think the game is wonderful for them. It develops the values of logic, of clear thinking under stress, and of deliberation in action, and it teaches the knack of profiting from defeat."

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OVERHEARD on a recent WQXR newscast (delivered in sombre, portentous tones): "Whether there will be rain or snow on Saturday depends entirely on the weather."

Italian Evening

HAVING been invited by the Brody Corporation, a hydra-headed association of restaurant operators whose responsibilities include L'Étoile, Gallagher's Steak House, and the Rainbow Room, to drop in at the last of these during a "Fortnight of Italian Gastronomy and Enology," each night of which would offer "a complete regional menu . . . featuring the specialties of one of Italy's eighteen regions," we appeared on an evening when Lombardia, or Lombardy, was being celebrated, with a bill of fare that journeyed from Antipasto di Nervetti alla Meneghina to Panettone di Milano con Salsa Caramellata. Before sampling these delights, we were graciously received by Anthony May, the Rainbow Room's general manager, who treated us to a Jack Daniels-sour-on-the-rocks—a Rockefeller Center regional specialty—and took us to a nearby *enoteca*, or wine library, its shelves, or bins, filled with bottles of Italian wine. "Italy produces some ninety wines, including seven hundred classified varietals," he said. "Its annual wine production is almost two billion gallons—five hundred million gallons more than France produces, although France, of course, is much bigger than Italy. And France produces only about three hundred varietal wines. But Italy exports only five per cent of the total."

We asked why.

"The Italians just drink wine," Mr. May said. "They take it for granted. They never think they can make money out of it. However, a tremendous awakening is at hand. Italian wines are probably the best values on the market today."

Mr. May, who hails from Naples, introduced us to Peppino Maiale, head bartender of the Ristorante l'Etichetta, in Rome, who served us some provolone cheese and a glass of Gropello Amarone, Frassine, 1965—ruby-red, and a nice switch from Jack Daniels. We presently followed Mr. May down an inner stairway to the Rainbow Room kitchen, which boasted a blackboard and the chalked words "Goodbye 71, Allo 72," great trays of antipasto, great loaves of homemade bread, and a woman who was rolling out a light-green, spinach-flavored pasta. "Signora Letitzia Dolce, the head pasta-maker of the Grand Hotel of Florence," our guide said. "She's one of six cooks—the rest are men—we've brought over from Italian hotels for the Fortnight. We've put them all up at the Pierre. We're offering over three hundred dishes, including fifty different pastas."

An array of pastas on a tray before the Signora looked like small yellow nests, and we asked her what they were.

"Taglierini alla Moda," she said, in *dolce* tones.

Mr. May said that most of the visiting cooks were here for the first time, and we asked Signora Dolce what she thought of New York.

"*Molto bella*," she said. "*Molto industriale e commerciale*."

"Lots of cordiality among our colleagues here," said Cavalier Renato Ramponi, *chef di cucina* of the Grand Hotel of Florence, who was in charge of the Fortnight, and who had just joined us. "So much hospitality! We have so many invitations we'd like to stay here for a year."

We turned to the Rainbow Room's *chef de cuisine*, François Simon Ricaud, and asked about the language problem involved in working with the Italian visitors, most of whom don't speak English. (Mr. Ramponi's remarks had been translated for us by Mr. May.)

"Everybody speaks French," he said. "That solves the problem. We have a staff of twenty-two cooks here normally, and we've put on eight more for the festival."

We inspected a *chitarra*—a pasta-cutting instrument that looked like a boxed-in guitar—and went upstairs for supper.

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THE credit-card application for the Humble Oil & Refining Co. allows three choices for its "Name of Head of Household" item: "Mrs.," "Miss," and "Other."

Jonelle Allen

WE had lunch the other day with Jonelle Allen, just possibly the most attractive woman in New York. Miss Allen wasn't alone. She brought along Nancy, the press agent she has had since last summer—when her portrayal of the very foxy lady in "Two Gentlemen of Verona" first attracted attention—and Lisa, her fur coat. "Lisa is lynx," said Miss Allen. "I'm not sure if that's an endangered species. I always name my coats. I had a raccoon coat named Rocky about three years before the Beatles had that song. I really did. Lisa was a step up. I got Rocky in a second-hand store on Twenty-seventh Street. Lisa came from the Ritz Thrift Shop. My next coat is going to be Minnie Mink. I already have her name." After Miss Allen took off Lisa Lynx and deposited her on a chair of her own, we saw that she was wearing a suède coat with a Teddy bear on the back, a purple turtleneck, a green felt hat, and a lot of rings.

"This is a Greek ring," said Miss Allen, "and this is a love ring from my agent, and this ring came from Saint Croix, and the bracelet came from my agent." Miss Allen has big eyes and a little nose and a big smile. "I have all my teeth," she said. "They're not capped. They're cricket."

We expressed admiration for her teeth.

"What do you want to know?" asked Miss Allen. "I think you should know that I'm a Cancer. I believe in astrology wholeheartedly. My astrologer's name is Evelyn Ray, and she's terrific. I'm going to mention all the people I think are important and you can write their names down. Evelyn Ray looks like everybody's grandmother. When I went the first time, I expected to see crystal balls and pointed hats with stars, but it was like going to Grandmother's house." Miss Allen lives in her grandmother's house, on Sugar Hill, in Harlem. Miss Allen has always lived on Sugar Hill.

"It was a warm morning—July 18, 1948—at Harlem Hospital when I made my début, crying, at six-thirty-five," she said. "I was named Jonelle by a friend of my mother's who had nothing but boys. From the beginning, I have lived with my mother and grandmother. My grandmother is the best cook in the world. I started school at the old P.S. 46. That school was burned down—by the students, I think. Then I went to the Willard Mace Professional School. I went to dancing school from the age of three, and a talent scout from 'The Merry Mailman' television program saw me, and then I worked with Ray Heatherton, the Merry Mailman. When I was six, I was in a revival of 'The Wisteria Trees,' with Helen Hayes. I had a lot of work until I was about eleven. Then things got very *slow*. That was the end of Career Number One. Then, when I was nineteen, I was in Joe Papp's production of 'Hair,' at the Public Theatre. *Look!*" Miss Allen pointed across the restaurant. "Someone has *cocoa!* Then, after 'Hair,' I was in a soap opera called 'Another World.' I played Georgia Mae, a runaway from St. Louis. I said lines like 'Yes'm' and 'No'm.' I *never* heard of anyone ever saying 'No'm,' so I left'm."

Miss Allen began to talk to a waiter. "I saw *cocoa*," she said. "Did you make that specially for someone?"

"We made it specially for *you*," said the waiter, giving her a kiss.

"Then why did you give me *tea*?" said Miss Allen.

We got back to Miss Allen's career. "After 'Another World,' I was in 'Cotton Comes to Harlem.' Ossie Davis's movie. I had a small part. I *blinked* a lot. I was the secretary in the part where they had the back-to-Africa rally. I said 'I'm sorry, but you don't have enough money,' and then I *blinked*. Then I said 'O.K., what's the name?' and then I *blinked*. Then I looked up at the camera and *blinked*. I wore a low-cut dress that made my *bosom* blink. I've worked with Vinnette Carroll, too. Vinnette Carroll has helped a lot of black actors and actresses. When I was working with Vinnette Carroll, we ran into financial difficulty. When you do things that are totally black, you run into financial difficulty. One step forward, two steps back."

We asked Miss Allen about Clayton Riley's review of "Two Gentlemen" in the *Amsterdam News*, which put the show down for exploiting black actors and the black experience for the amusement of downtown folk.

"There are people who are happy, and that's part of black experience, too," Miss Allen said.

"Jonelle is going to have a mountain range named after her," said Nancy, the press agent. "Somewhere in the Caribbean."

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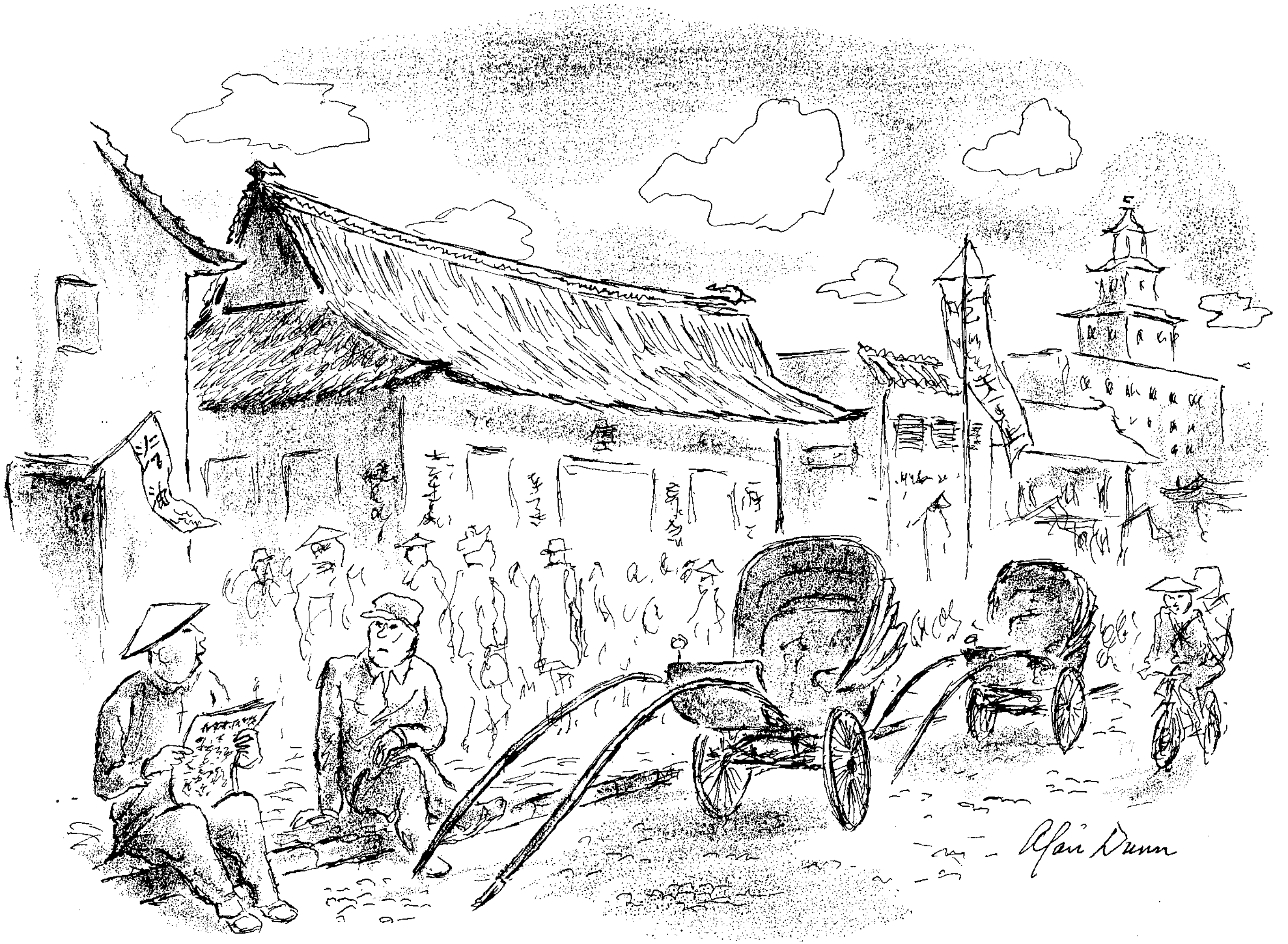
SIGNS along Massachusetts' heavily travelled Route 93, near Boston, which until a few weeks ago read "Trucks and Buses Prohibited in Left Lane," now read "Trucks and Buses Prohibited from Left Lane."

Meeting

IN an evening of agreeable features at the annual meeting of the New York Zoological Society, in Philharmonic Hall, one of the nicest was the display of Bronx Zoo and Coney Island Aquarium exhibits in the foyer. In one section, half a dozen young people—staff members of the Society and volunteers—were holding up and commenting on a group of Bronx imports that included a possum, a turtle, a skunk, a lizard, a ferret, and several snakes. "This is an indigo snake," a girl whose expression can best be described as maternal was saying as we approached the exhibit. "It's the kind of snake you'll see with most snake charmers. Non-venomous. He kills his prey by suffocating. Would you like



"*We may be an underdeveloped nation, but at least we don't have recalls.*"

to feel his tail? He's not slimy at all."

A small girl in her father's arms obliged, and we bent an ear to a black-tied man with an orange mustache who was cuddling, or trying to cuddle, a long, thin, wiggling beast with yellowish-white fur. "Domesticated European ferret," he said. "It's closely related to the American black-footed ferret. Also known as a fitch, and, in its wild form, as a polecat. The ferret hunts rabbits in their burrows, and is able to twist and turn in a remarkably small space. This one has been domesticated, just like a dog or cat. People keep ferrets as pets."

We walked past other attractions: cages of Rothschild's myna birds, white with black tail feathers and rather lively, and of Turquoisine parakeets, multicolored and rather quiet; a caged puma, *very* lively; and tanks containing a small beluga sturgeon, a small green turtle, and lots of tiny, bright-colored fish from a Pacific reef. In front of the puma, we took in a snatch of dialogue between two men:

First man: "Your brother still in the rubber business?"

Second man: "No, he's bumming around in Taos. He thinks he's D. H. Lawrence."

Presently, in the concert hall, we took a seat behind a chair that bore a plaque reading "The Julius Wile Foundation, Inc."

"I just saw Stephanie Gordon and her husband," its occupant was saying to her escort.

"Oh, I think I saw her, too," he said. "I tell you, whenever you go anywhere you see somebody you know."

We settled down to a speech by Robert G. Goelet, president of the board of trustees (great progress in the Society's work in conservation, education, and research; hail to the Lila Acheson Wallace World of Birds, which will open in the Bronx in June; hail to Laurance S. Rockefeller, chairman of the board, for his continuing interest); a talk by William G. Conway, general director of the Zoological Society (sixty-eight Thomson's gazelles born *in situ* since 1961; hail to President Goelet); and three excellent nature films. The first, "Vanishing Faces: The Story of Disappearing Wild Life," gave a rundown of threatened species—Père David's deer, the European bison, the dolphin, the polar bear, the timber wolf, the monkey-eating eagle of the Philippines. The second, "African Giants," showed the family life—very close, very good-humored—of the elephants in Manyara National Park, Tanzania. The third, "The Right Whale at Home" (home was the ocean off the coast of Patagonia), was a remarkably intimate and beautiful portrayal of whales courting and making love, otherwise disporting themselves, and nuzzling the boats of the Zoological Society and the National Geographic Society, which were invading their privacy.

"Isn't it nice to see nature pictures unaccompanied by *music*?" Mrs. John Pierrepont, the wife of the Society's treasurer, said to us as we walked up the aisle on our way out. It was.

In the foyer, the maternal indigo-snake girl was again holding up her exhibit. "Somebody like to feel his tail?" she was saying. "He's not slimy or *wet*. Would you like to touch him?"

We touched him. Dry.

PLEASE HANG UP—I'M EXPECTING A NUISANCE CALL

MALDEN, Mass.—Patrick (Packy) Saltonstall, 13, received help with his homework from a surprising source last week. Master Saltonstall, a student here at Blessed Monstrance Junior High, was at home in the evening when he received a person-to-person call from President Richard Nixon, in Washington. The Chief Executive told Packy that he wanted to congratulate him on the fine record achieved this year by the Blessed Monstrance football team, for which young Saltonstall served as manager and water boy.

Master Saltonstall thanked the President but told him that it had been a disappointing campaign for the Monsters, who finished with a 1–8 won-and-lost record. "Besides," he added, "the football season has been over for weeks and weeks around here, sir."

When asked by Mr. Nixon if he could be of any service in some other field, Packy admitted that he had been having some recent difficulties with algebra. The President offered assistance, stating, "I've always been an algebra nut, in my own small way," and within a matter of minutes Master Saltonstall had presented him with a challenging problem involving two rival canoeists paddling upstream at different rates in a rain-fed brook that is also threatening to run dry because of a mysterious underground leak.

Mr. Nixon copied down the question and then, after a pause, told Packy Saltonstall that he would call back shortly. The return call came an hour and thirty-seven minutes later, and the President cheerfully gave his young friend the answer: 7.2631 miles. "I've always been an algebra nut, in my own small way," the President said, chuckling, "but just to make sure, I got some help from the Bureau of the Budget."

Master Saltonstall included the President's answer in the math homework he handed in the next day, and was disappointed when it came back marked incorrect. The right answer, according to Packy's algebra teacher, Miss Grogan, should have been eleven gallons. Partly as a result of this error, Saltonstall received a D-minus on his homework paper, but he told reporters nonetheless that he would "probably never forget" Mr. Nixon's surprise call.

PHOENIX, Ariz.—A housewife, Mrs. Billy Bob Ybarra, revealed today that she had received a dessert recipe by telephone from the President of the United States. The dessert, a Mallomar Soufflé, was recommended "without reservation" by President Nixon, who also told Mrs. Ybarra that he often dreams up "scrumptious surprises" in off moments but rarely finds time to prepare and serve them at the White House.

Mrs. Ybarra, who is known among her friends as a gourmet cook, was preparing a dinner for eight last week when she received the startling telephone call from the Chief Executive. "I recognized his voice right off," she told reporters. "He told me he was sure his soufflé would knock my guests for a loop. He seemed to know all about soufflés and how risky they are, but promised that this one was just about foolproof."

Mr. Nixon told Mrs. Ybarra that her excellent reputation in the kitchen was well known in high government circles. He then gave her the list of ingredients and the cooking directions for Mallomar Soufflé, and wished her good luck with the dessert.

"If it doesn't work out, you can blame Dr. Kissinger," the President said, chuckling.

Here is the Presidential recipe, as copied down by Mrs. Ybarra on her telephone note pad:

MALLOMAR SOUFFLÉ

3 tblspns. butter.
3 " flour.
¾ cup milk.
4 egg yolks, lightly beaten.
2 squares semisweet chocolate.
1 tspn. brandy.
1 box Nabisco Chocolate Mallomars, well broken up.
6 egg whites.

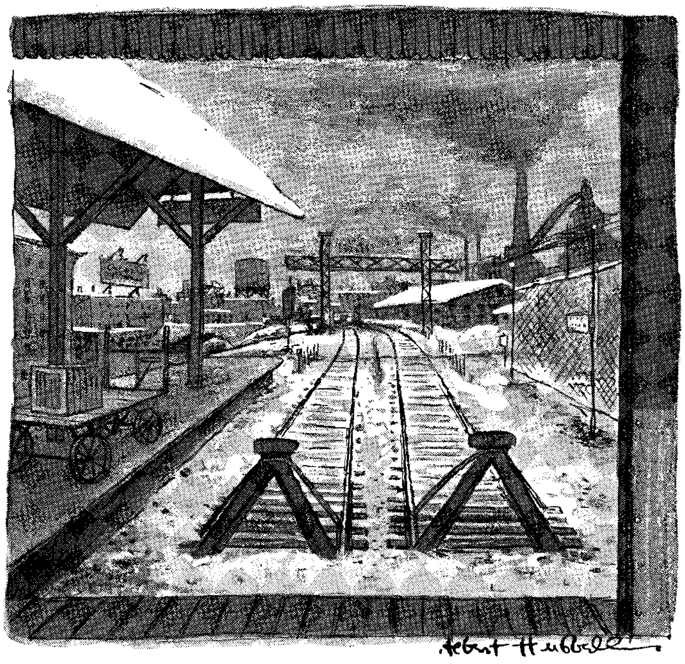
Preheat oven to moderate 375°. Melt butter in saucepan and add flour. Add milk and egg yolks, and heat, stirring with wire whisk. Add chocolate, brandy, and Mallomars. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold in. Bake 30-45 minutes.

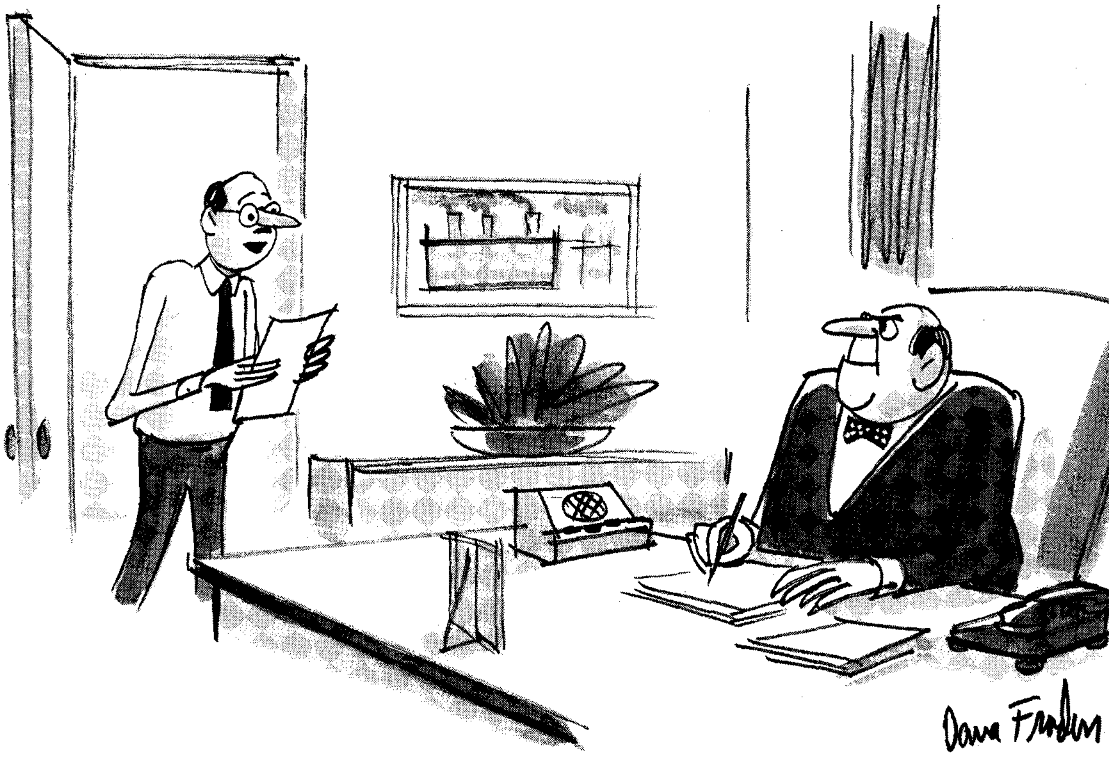
Mrs. Ybarra tried the soufflé that same night, and said that her guests had found it "interesting." Her husband, however, ventured the opinion that President Nixon may have left out a key ingredient of the soufflé by accident.

"I mean, it didn't rise at *all*," said Mr. Ybarra, who is a service-station manager. "It wasn't like Estelle's other soufflés. This one just lay there. It looked sort of like a big hockey puck in the bottom of the dish."

WAUSAU, Wis.—Olaf Bornqvist, the Midwestern writer, admitted to reporters today that he has recently received helpful communications from President Richard Nixon on the subject of poetry. A letter from the Western White House, it has been learned, contained several couplets written by the Chief Executive in the hope that they might be included in a major Bornqvist poem now nearing completion.

Mr. Bornqvist, who heads the Poetry Workshop at Albigensian A. & M. College, received a long-distance call from San Clemente shortly after Christmas, and was surprised to find himself in conversation with the President of the United States. Mr. Nixon told Bornqvist that he had learned from a recent issue of the *New York Review of Books* that Bornqvist had been experiencing difficulties in finding a proper concluding verse to his long-awaited work entitled "Frozen Perch," and said





"*Mr. Bentley, would you please tell me if you think this is an idea whose time has come?*"

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he would forward a few lines of his own, in ottava rima, in the hope they would be helpful.

Mr. Bornqvist, while expressing deep gratitude for this generous gesture, added that he had not been aware of the President's interest in his field. Mr. Nixon told him that poetry was as yet only a hobby, but admitted that he had always wanted to "sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

The lines from Mr. Nixon arrived by airmail a few days later. Mr. Bornqvist declined to release them to the press but said that Mr. Nixon, in the words of Chaucer, "coulde songes make and well indite." Pressed for one sample of Mr. Nixon's verse, Bornqvist at last quoted a Nixonian metaphor,

The fog comes in
On little puppy paws,

which he said was "calm and refreshing."

A subsequent letter from Mr. Nixon to Bornqvist contained some tentative recent translations by the President of parts of Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal" ("The Flowers of Evil"), including the familiar "Au Lecteur"—"*La sottise, l'erreur, le péché, la lésine,/ Occupent nos esprits et travaillent nos corps* . . ." etc., and "L'Héautontimorouménos"—"*Je te frapperai sans colère/ Et sans haine* . . ." etc.

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Zbigniew Filoon, the celebrated avant-garde film director sometimes known as the master of "auteur-eroticism," may list an unusual name among the credits of his new film, which is currently being shot on the lower East Side. Yesterday, Mr. Filoon was rehearsing his sultry star, Blaze Pascal, in a scene laid in an abandoned Turkish bath on Pell Street when he was summoned to a nearby pay phone and found himself talking to President Nixon.

The Chief Executive apologized for interrupting the director at work, and then modestly asked permission to mail him a few pages of script he had just dashed off in the hope they might form part of the current Filoon work, which is tentatively entitled "The Good, the Bad, and the Polish."

Mr. Filoon expressed deep gratitude for Mr. Nixon's interest but said that he was surprised to learn that the President was aware of his own particular *œuvre*. (Filoon has often been the center of critical controversy for his hard-hitting, unrestrainedly sensual movies, such as "Bridge of Thighs" and "La Straddle.")

The country's No. 1 moviegoer replied that he had always been a film nut, in his own small way. "You may notice that my main character is closely modelled after General Patton," he stated candidly, "but I think he'll fit into your game plan."

Today, Mr. Filoon received the expected envelope from the White House, but when he opened it he found a letter that read:

DEAR BOBBY:

The key to that King's Indian switcheroo is at the 29th move: Q-R6. White will probably jump to R-R1 (heh-heh!), but of course N-N5 (30 K-Q2, RxB ch, etc., or 30 R-Q5, R-N8 ch, etc.) will do the job, too. I think you can sucker him good.

Good luck!
R. N.

There was some speculation that a letter from the President to the American chess international grand master Bobby Fischer had inadvertently been placed in the envelope addressed to Mr. Filoon, but the filmmaker rejected this theory. "I'm putting the chess bit into the film tomorrow," he told reporters. "It's a real heavy conception, and it means that our President is right where it's at, cinematurgywise."

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Knute (Biff) Birdsong, the veteran football coach at Tecumseh (Okla.) Baptist, called his congressman in Washington today to see if the legislator could find out what had become of a letter he had sent to President Nixon seven weeks ago. The letter was said to contain a scheme, carefully worked out by the canny gridiron strategist, that would enable the United States to end the business recession, reverse the balance-of-payments deficit, cut unemployment, and make major inroads on the problems of pollution and urban blight while lowering federal income taxes by more than forty per cent.

The coach's congressman, Rep. Busby Villard (R.), called the White House and eventually got through to Presidential Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler. However, the Secretary denied knowledge of the Birdsong letter.

"We're always glad to hear from the grass roots," Mr. Ziegler said, "but frankly we're too busy to read the nut mail. We don't go much for amateurs around here."

—ROGER ANGELL

AROUND THE BEND IN EIGHTY DAYS

V—IN VISHNULAND I'LL TAKE NO STAND

THE first long shadows of dusk were just deepening over Jaipur's Rambagh Palace Hotel in north-central India when an elderly Chevrolet saloon wheezed up its driveway, coughed to a stop, and deposited two passengers under the porte-cochère. Those who had witnessed my departure from the Reform Club in London twenty-three nights earlier, attended by a female valet and bent on reproducing Phileas Fogg's supposititious circuit of the globe, would have derived a grim chuckle from my present appearance. Dehydrated by four hours' jouncing over the blistering, eroded moonscape of Rajasthan, I was a mirror image of Walter Huston in "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre"—dishevelled, sunken-eyed, temper honed to razor edge. Throughout the two-hundred-mile journey from New Delhi, the driver had given a virtuoso performance on his horn, tooting bullock carts, cyclists, and pedestrians out of his way, meanwhile delivering a FitzPatrick travel talk on India the Beautiful. Unfortunately, my sentiments about guided tours closely approximated those of Fogg. "Phileas Fogg had no desire for information," Verne's chronicle stated. "He was not travelling, he was merely describing a circumference. He was a solid body moving through an orbit around the terrestrial globe, in obedience to the laws of rational mechanics." My body was less solid because twenty-five years older than Fogg's, and the mechanics plainly irrational, for I had digressed widely from his route solely to include a ride on an elephant. To compound my irritability, moreover, Sally-Lou Claypool, my Passepartoute, looked as fresh as a daisy. Her lustrous eyes, her statuesque frame exuded rude health—a deliberate simulation of energy almost as if to proclaim the superior hardihood of her sex. It was pure women's lib in the middle of Nowheresville, and I didn't need it.

Providentially, the maxim that it's always darkest just before the dawn proved true. Before you could say "bo" to a goose—a formality demanded of everyone checking into the Rambagh Palace, whose lobby was crowded with geese—I was chambered in the very suite tenanted by the former Maharaja, the kind of spread Cecil B. De Mille used to conjure up at his most feverish. The bedroom, forty-five feet long and lit by twin crystal chandeliers, would have held a senatorial caucus; gold taps gleamed richly in the sunken marble tub and stall shower, ceiling fans revolved blessedly overhead. Recumbent in my bubble bath aromatic with the perfumes of Araby and Ind, I felt as sybaritic as Gloria Swanson in De Mille's version of "The Admirable Crichton;" in the ascending steam I saw the faces of Thomas Meighan, Lila Lee, Raymond Hatton, and Theodore Roberts benignly regarding me and healing my spirit. In such surroundings, one tends to become expansive, and when a fiercely bearded Sikh bowed in a bit later bearing the chotapeg I had ordered, I was tempted to fling him a lakh of rupees with a princely gesture. Not knowing how many rupees there were to a lakh, though, I had to content myself with the princely gesture, but he was deeply grateful nevertheless. Many of these fellows rarely receive more than a kick for their pains.

"Many of us fellows rarely receive more than a kick for our pains, Sahib," he said, cringing. "Did you know that, revered sir?"

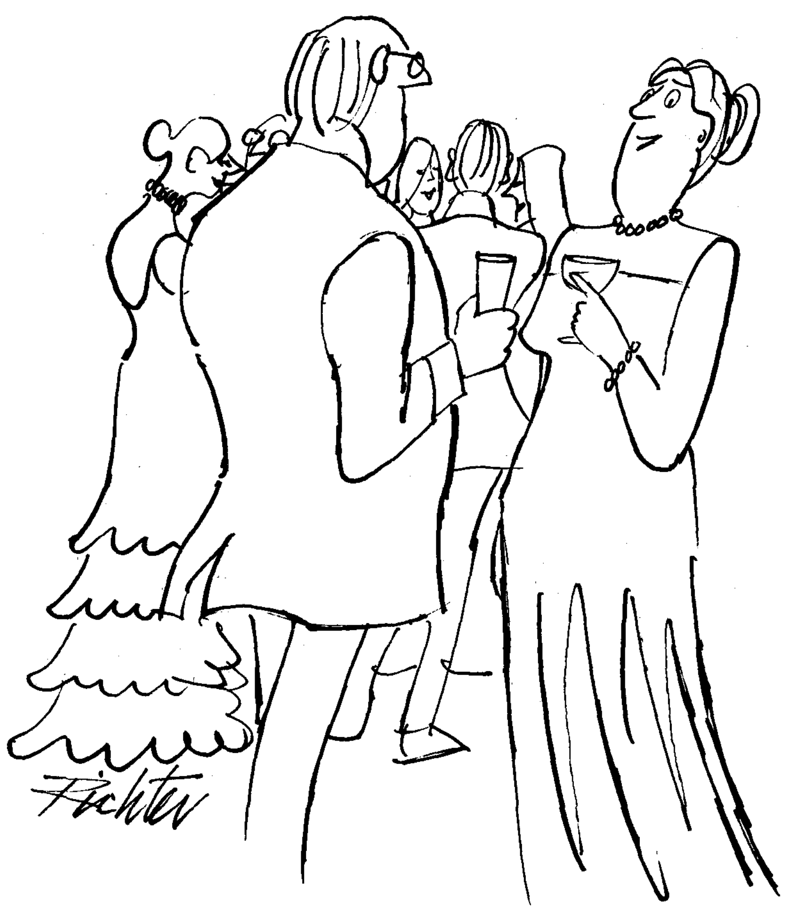
"So I am reliably informed," I said. "Watch out there—you're spilling the soda on the rug. Kurdistan carpets don't grow on trees."

"Forgive me, Your Highness," he stammered. "I forgot my lowly station. In my sottishness, I obtruded on your royal meditations—"

"Yes, yes," I cut him short. "Now buzz off and let me drink my whiskey in peace." Lucky for him he left when he did, else he might have got a kick for his pains. You have to know how to deal with these fellows.

A vague suspicion that we had fallen into one of Winsor McCay's Little Nemo fantasies began to haunt me shortly when Sally-Lou and I entered the dining room. Resonant as an armory and thirty feet high, it contained an infinity of tables, all deserted except for a trio of blue-haired Gorgons with plangent New Jersey accents. The pair of Indian youths in snowy white drill serving us appeared to be sunk in a cataleptic trance that nothing could penetrate. They twice brought us steaming apple roly-poly as hors d'oeuvres, and insistently plied the ladies with mulligatawny soup, though they had long since concluded their meal. At length, they and the entire kitchen staff, in fact, vanished, presumably into a state of karma that disdained bodily sustenance, and we were forced to fall back on some dispirited graham crackers and cashew nuts gleaned from our luggage.

The much heralded elephant trip took place next morning at the Amber Palace, another onetime royal abode, situated on a crag seven miles distant from



"I'm glad he's decided to keep Agnew. He's been a fun Vice-President."

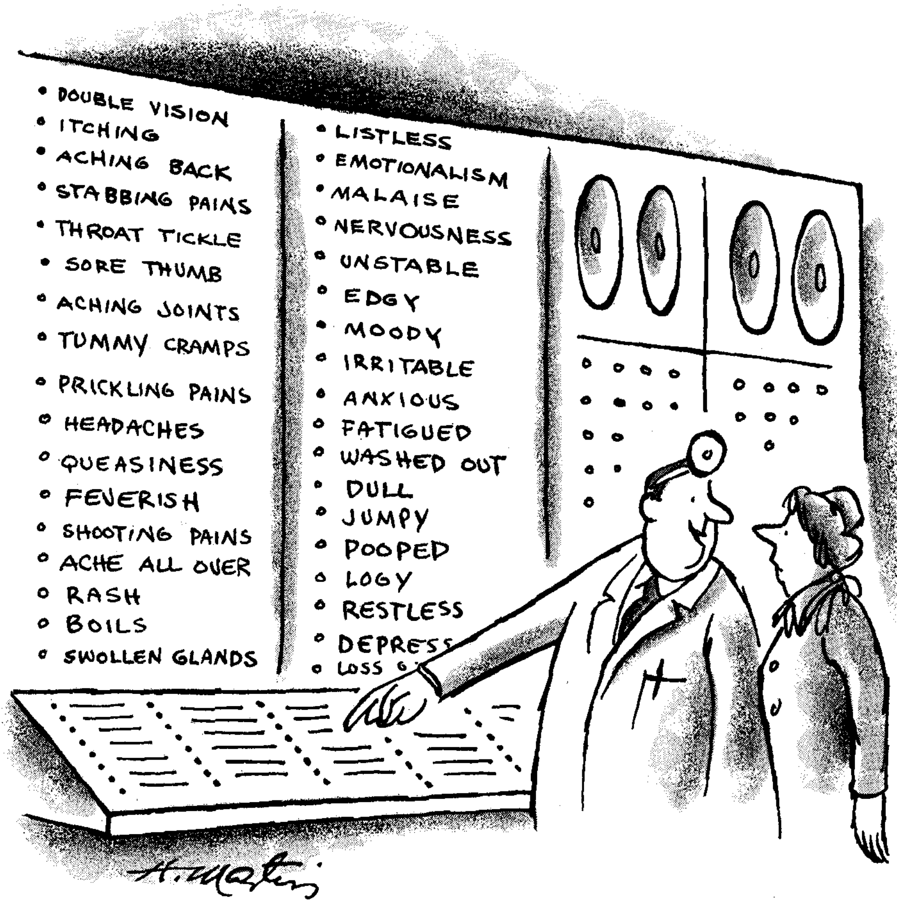
Jaipur. Far below, in a huddle of booths displaying postcards and souvenirs, four or five jumbos were somnolently munching a breakfast of sugarcane while their mahouts bargained with a dozen Australian and German tourists. Our beast, a female named Gulab-Kali, or Rosebud, was decked out with a fair degree of splendor. In contrast to the sleazy side curtains on her fellows, she sported a red velvet saddle blanket, an embossed silver headplate, chain anklets and earrings, and fake wooden tusks. Though she wore no mascara or eye liner, her trunk was rainbow-colored with various intricate designs, and altogether, from the tip of her howdah to her three-inch painted toenails, she was a gorgeous bit of elephanthood. To add further panache to the scene, her mahout and two bearers were attired in gold tunics and turbans, one of the latter holding aloft a gold umbrella, the other a silver sceptre. Impressive as all the panoply was, however, I was attacked by sudden misgivings. "Look here," I said to the overseer in charge of the troupe. "I don't mind a touch of Disneyland, but won't this gold fringe and stuff impede our progress through the bush?"

"What bush is that, gentleman?" he asked, blinking.

"Why, dash it all, whatever was laid on for us to traverse," I sputtered. "Mr. Mookerjee in Bombay promised us a first-class trip through impenetrable jungle as previously supplied to Phileas Fogg of No. 7 Savile Row, Burlington Gardens. Where is it, man? Speak up!"

He stifled a yawn. "No impenetrable jungles around here, Mister," he said. "This is Maharaja Special Pony Ride—two blocks up hill, five-minute tour through palace, two blocks down. A hundred fifty rupees, please, plus eight annas extra for popcorn."

Had my wattles not turned pink with rage and my voice become inarticulate, I daresay I could have hammered some sense into the rascal, but under the circumstances one had to accept the situation. We therefore ascended a stone upping block and disposed ourselves in the howdah, and, animated by a thrust from the mahout, Rosebud slowly shambled forward. She had hardly gone fifteen feet before I realized that of all the imbroglios I had ever got myself into this was the most terrifying. Each step involved a sickening circular lurch, exactly as though we were circus acrobats pinned to a sway pole. The sky was blotted out by a shimmering television test pattern, a vast nausea enveloped me, and I clung for dear life to the iron bar securing us in place.



"Just press the buttons here corresponding to your ailment, and the printout will give us the diagnosis, suggested medications, tips for a speedy recovery, and my bill."

• •

"Stop! Stop!" I shouted. The mahout spun around, overcome by alarm. "Your animal's run amok—she's fixing to shake this entire shooting match off her back!"

"Don't be ridiculous," Sally-Lou said impatiently. "She's a perfect pet—aren't you, Rosebud?" She craned over and cooed into the creature's ear. "Come on, honey, turn around—that's an angel."

Rosebud, responding to her soft endearments, emitted a sound between a whinny and a bray and executed a curtsy, tipping the howdah into an angle steeper than the deck of the Titanic. Dizzied by the abrupt plunge, I slid into the bottom of the litter, from whose depths I just managed to croak out an offer of another lakh of rupees to return me to terra firma. The bribe had its desired effect, and in jig time I was an earthling again, scarcely able to credit my deliverance. Sally-Lou, of course, felt obliged to demonstrate how pusillanimous I was, and proceeded on the junket with a great show of bravado. I wrapped myself in a mantle of dignity and watched her go, my lip curled in a cold, contemptuous smile. To me her silly little heroics were so much swagger, designed to impress a few credulous natives. Brief and costly though the experience, it was of inestimable value to me. Hitherto, three principles exposited by Nelson Algren had ruled my life: Never play cards with any man named Doc; never eat at any place named Mom's; and never sleep with anyone whose troubles are worse than your own. To these I now added a fourth. Never again would I be tempted aboard a quadruped of any sort, however seemingly docile—not even those on a merry-go-round.

DURING the endless trudge back to New Delhi, the sweltering overnight stop there, and the successive transit to Madras, I had ample opportunity to reflect on the sea journey ahead of us. The prospect did not whet my appetite: Eight days across the Bay of Bengal on the S.S. Moribunda—somehow it had an ominous ring, a forewarning of disaster. Headlines persistently formed in my imagination: "FIERY HOLOCAUST SWEEPS INDIAN VESSEL" . . . "GIANT SQUID ENGULFS CROWDED LINER" . . . "SURVIVORS SOUGHT IN BAFFLING SEA HORROR. Penang (Reuters)—In a mystery rivalling that of the Mary Celeste, the steamship Moribunda was today found floating . . .”

“Are you worried about something?” Sally-Lou queried as a taxi ferried us through the sprawling inner suburbs of Madras to our hotel. “You look—well, so subdued.”

“Not at all,” I said lightly. “I’m as happy as a lark. I was merely speculating how Houdini ever got out of that box.”

“Houdini?” She blinked at me. “I don’t get it. Who was he—a Yoga, like?”

“No, just somebody they used to handcuff and stuff into a box that was then flung into the ocean. He always escaped in less than two minutes.”

“What ever made you think of that?”

“Er—nothing, really. Just musing about the voyage tomorrow,” I said. “Gee, I can hardly wait for the food we’ll be given on board—mutton curry and cold, greasy chapatties. I never can get my fill of cold, greasy chapatties.”

“Listen,” she said, pursing her lips. “I *told* you to wear a hat back there in Jaipur. You’ve had too much sun.”

Oho, I thought to myself—more women’s lib. Yesterday she showed off her prowess with elephants, today she’s a world-famous brain surgeon diagnosing people’s ailments. Yet why should I be surprised? It confirmed what I had always noticed about women travelling in the East. Unable to withstand the crises, the hardships that men could, they took refuge in fantasy—became bossy, authoritative, self-pronounced experts—and thus lost all their femininity. A pity, because *au fond* they were decent creatures, and, if properly trained, as capable of loyalty as a good dog.

For those whose rarefied tastes thrive on the odor of imperial decay, there is much to savor in Madras—a museum stocked with cannonballs and tarnished uniforms from the days of the East India Company, an English department store the size of a mid-Victorian railway station where oatmeal and tinned pilchards are available, and a church containing the marriage certificate of Elihu Yale. Philistine that I am, however, such survivals act on me like a barbiturate, so strongly that when the Moribunda’s whistle sounded at last, signalizing our departure from India, I was still too benumbed to express my gratification. What an experience it had been to rub elbows with its colorful inhabitants, to observe their customs at work and at play, to bask, albeit hurriedly, in its age-old culture. And what an eternity it would be, I prayed as I had twice in the past, before I set foot on its shores again. Others had managed to escape with only one trip to India, but some monstrous quirk always brought me back. How could anyone be such a schlemiel?

“NAGAPATTINAM,” I said as I lay gasping in my stateroom that fearful second afternoon of the voyage. “Naga-pat-ti-nam,” I repeated, rolling the syllables over my tongue. I wanted to remember this place where, ever since daybreak, the Moribunda had stood offshore in the breathless heat loading onions from swarms of tenders tied alongside. Baskets and bundles of onions by the thousand were swung aboard in the nets; the shriek of the winches, coupled with the boatmen’s cries and overspread by the stupefying smell, boggled the mind. It was inconceivable that we should be piling up this avalanche of onions to discharge on Malaya, unless perhaps as an act of vengeance. But then, as I was soon to discover, everything about the ship was inconceivable—the roach-ridden cabins, the rats that nibbled the soap in the washstands, the total disregard for lifeboat drill, the Indian rock and roll that blared eternally from the public-address system. The premonitions I had had about the food, as it turned out, were unjustified. I *was* able to get my fill of cold, greasy chapatties, as well as of the handful of Westerners who clung together on the crossing. There were seven of them at our table—a honeymooning Canadian couple, two faceless Scottish spinsters bound for Australia, a pair of deracinated hippies, and a loose-wristed Illinois aesthete fresh from a *Wanderjahr* in Katmandu. Since we lacked any common bond except revulsion for our victuals, dialogue on the whole was sparse, and Wildean epigrams of the sort that used to dazzle the Domino Room of the Café Royal could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Still, now and then the conversation became cultural, as when, one evening, the Canadian benedict began extolling Jacqueline Susann’s “The Love Machine.”

“She’s really gifted,” the Canadian declared, his adenoids shining in admiration. “She has this marvellous grasp of feminine psychology—it’s uncanny.” He turned to me. “Now, you’re a writer. Which one do you think is more talented—Jacqueline Susann or Harold Robbins?”

“Gosh, who can say?” I protested. “It’s like trying to compare Balzac with Tolstoy. I mean, they’re two colossi. And then there’s Henry Sutton, who wrote ‘The Exhibitionist’—that makes three colossi. I wouldn’t know which is the greatest.”

“I believe she’s the most success-

WALKING OUT

I would walk out of this flesh,
leave the whole body of my bones.
If I could, I would undress utterly.

I would be silence. Even the sleeves
of my best coat would not know me.
I would write my name in cold blood

by a candle whose flame would fire
air, breath, everything, including paper.
I would be totally absent from myself,

from thought of myself; I would forget
myself entirely. I would go out only
at night, naked and perpetually catching

cold, and, in fear of footprints, walk
on my hands. They would think *five-toed bird*
and at the edge of water imagine flight.

But I would still be walking, if I could,
out of body, leaving behind, in a wake
of absence, clothes, fingerprints, words.

—STANLEY PLUMLY

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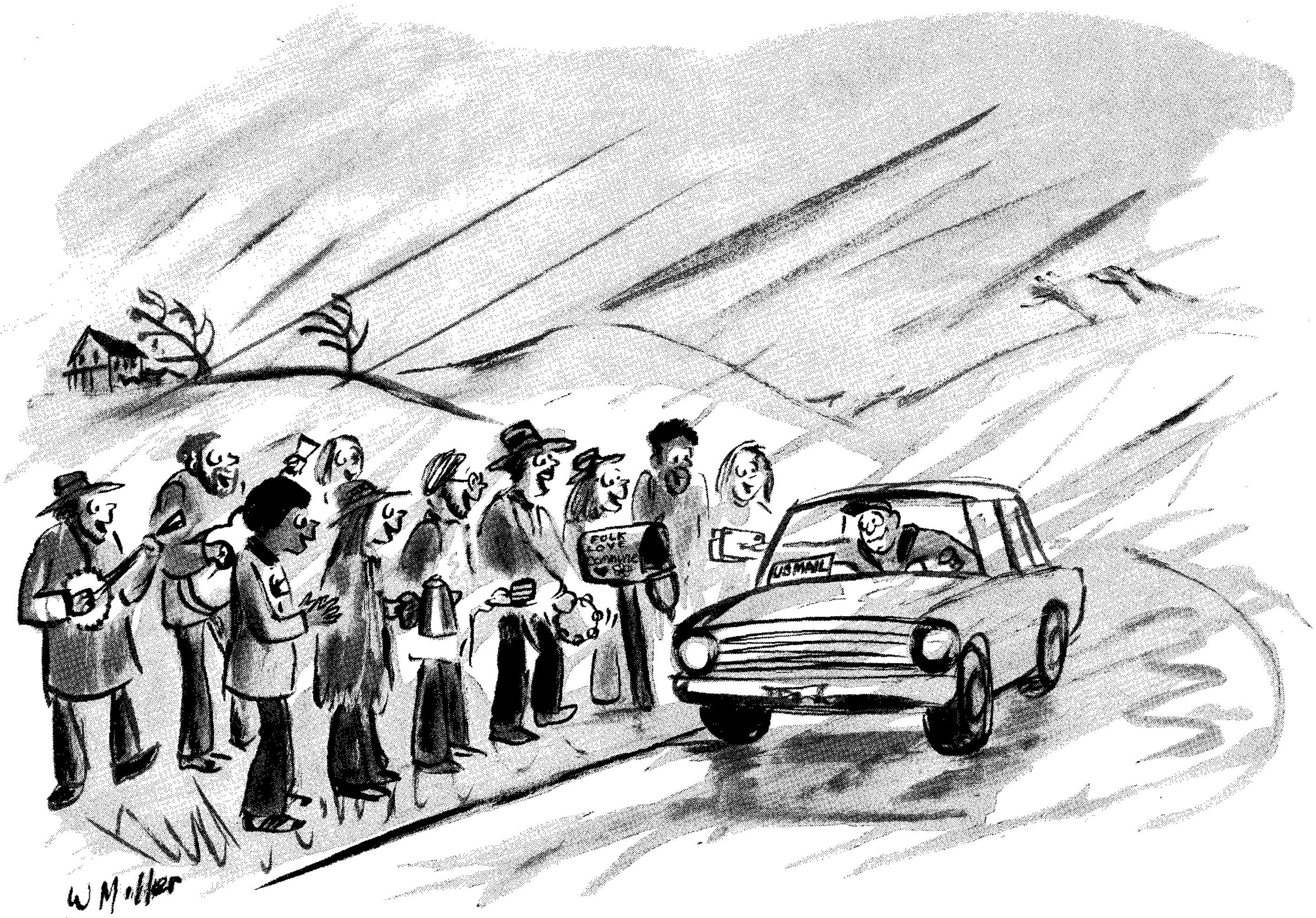


"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night—
Yeah, yeah—
Stays these couriers—
Yeah, yeah, yeah—
From the swift completion of their appointed rounds.
Yeah, yeah!"

• •

ful," his wife stated. "How much does she make a year?"

"Twelve dollars," I said. I was ready to jump overboard.

"You can't be serious," she said incredulously.

"I am, my dear—I never joke about such things." I got up. "Excuse me," I said thickly. "I—it must be the chlorine in the drinking water. I need a breath of air."

But even as I said it I knew the futility of any hope of relief as the Moribunda inched its way across the Indian Ocean day after day under the remorseless sun. Time lost all meaning; everything was submerged in the unceasing pandemonium of rock and roll, the hum of roaches chewing the bedclothes, and the drone of the engines. Mealtime was a charade, a formal ritual in which we participated like actors eating make-believe food on the stage. Even the waiters joined in the dumbshow, exhibiting the viands and whisking them away in the same swift gesture. Intentionally or not, the Moribunda had evolved a consummate reducing diet—indeed, an almost hazardous one, for when I surveyed my face in the flyblown looking glass in my cabin I was reminded of the leaflet for J. Collis Browne's Compound, a specific greatly favored in England, which I had brought with me. Describing the inroads of dysentery on British troops during the Boer War, it stated sonorously, "Gaunter and gaunter grew the soldiers of the Queen." "What lovely hollow cheeks you have, Mr. Gaunter," I told myself. "A few more days aboard this ship and they'll be using that head of yours for a tobacco jar."

Luckily, boundless as is the capacity of the human body for punishment, the Bay of Bengal does have limits. Two days after rounding the Andaman Islands, immortalized by Conan Doyle in "The Sign of Four"—a locale singularly apropos in the circumstances—we steamed into Penang, a stone's throw from Singapore, our destination. I leaned on the ship's rail, watching the harbor coolies unload our pungent cargo and wondering if they realized what we had gone through to deliver it. Could they possibly encompass the privations we had endured, the fiery holocausts and giant squids we had eluded? Perhaps I should go down and enlighten them—even take up a small collection in my behalf. It was a temptation, but I dismissed it. Once, many years before, I had set foot in this port and been trapped there for five weeks—an episode beside which the voyage of the Moribunda was peaches and cream. And so, as the effluvium rose over the green hills of Malaya, I said "Aloha" to Penang with a schmalz worthy of FitzPatrick, and buoyantly went back to the rock and roll.

—S. J. PERELMAN

(*This is the fifth part of a six-part chronicle.*)

THE LOTUS-EATER

Victor Lamon and his wife, Ellen, took a long, pleasant Sunday-afternoon drive and then went home to their apartment and ate supper. At seven o'clock, when the telephone rang, they were reading the Sunday *Times* in the quiet, comfortable living room. Victor picked up the receiver.

It was his brother Joseph. He was seventeen years old, gruff, a little crude, and he still thought he knew everything there was to know. But now he spoke almost mournfully. He said, "I came home from playing basketball this afternoon and I found Mama on the floor in the living room."

Victor's heart rushed, and he felt a sudden weakness in his legs.

"I didn't know what to do," Joseph continued. "I called you up, but you weren't home."

"What happened? Is anyone else there now?"

"Dan and his wife. They been here about two hours. He said to call you again and see if you was home yet. She drank some booze or somethin'. I don't know. She was layin' there moanin', and, God, I didn't know what to do. She threw up."

"Is she all right now? Did you call a doctor?"

"She's still on the floor. She's still moanin'. Father's here. Dan said for you to come up."

"All right. I'll be there in a little while." Victor hung up and told Ellen.

She said, "Oh, my God, no. How awful."

"They want me to come up." Without realizing it, he commanded roughly, "You're coming with me."

She pouted. She was inordinately nervous about calamity, accidents, sorrow.

"You're coming," Victor said. "God damn it, this is no errand. When family things happen, we have to move together—no questions or excuses."

"I can't help. I don't understand her. She doesn't even speak English."

"*I* understand her. You're my wife. How will it look if you're not with me? Remember last spring when your sister was in the hospital? I took you every day to see her. *I* went."

"I didn't say you had to."

"Don't be a fool. That's just the point. You didn't have to ask me—it was my duty. We have no control over these things." He went on like this while they were putting on their coats, going down the stairs, down the path. He slammed the car door after her. When he got in, he finished, "And you'd better get used to it. This is only the beginning. There will be other episodes, and hospitals, and funerals, and God knows what."

They drove in silence through the small town. As they came near his parents' house, Victor said, "I didn't mean to yell at you. I'm just upset. I'm sorry."

He parked the car in back of his brother's in the driveway, and he and Ellen hurried toward the small gray shingled house. It was cold, and the wind was coming up strong.

Inside, Victor went right into the living room. Ellen followed meekly.

Victor's mother lay there on the floor—a short, rotund mass with a blue blanket over her legs. Her white thick feet stuck out. Her heavy arms moved constantly, languidly, and her long black hair swirled against the flowered carpet. Her very white face moved back and forth, and she groaned.

Dan was on one knee beside her. Was she all right, he was asking. Did she want anything?

Victor suppressed a sob. Ellen put her hand to her mouth and sat down in the dining room with Dan's wife, Liz. They whispered. They could see through the large open archway.

Victor looked at his mother and thought, Too bad she couldn't just die. That made him feel worse. He walked over to Dan and said, "What happened?"

His mother looked up at him, her black eyes dazed, floating. She said in English, "Shut up, bitch." She said it again, and simpered foolishly.

Dan laughed out loud.

Victor said, "Is it funny?"

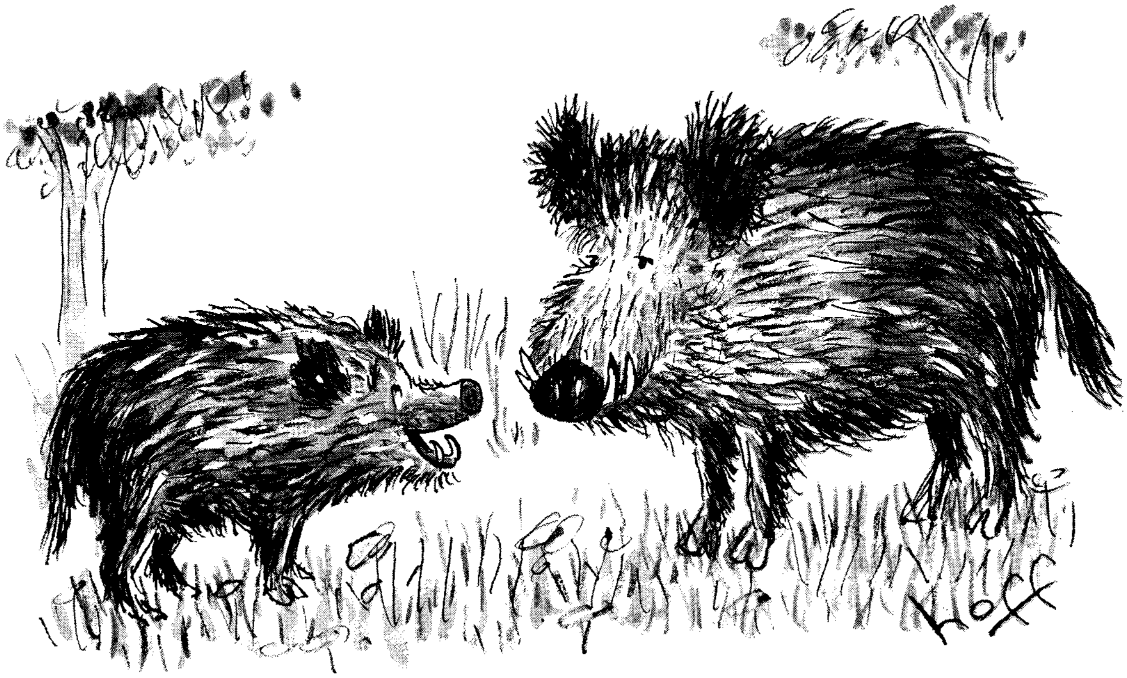
Dan said no, and laughed again. He had an enormous empty aluminum pot beside him. "She's been saying that to *everyone.*" He said to his mother, "Do you feel like throwing up again?"

"No, I don't want to. I don't want to." She spoke now like a six-year-old child. Her mouth was drawn into a tiny white bud. Her voice was very small.

Dan held up an empty brown bottle. He said, "It's hard to believe, but I guess she drank almost a whole bottle of whiskey this afternoon when no one was home. It was the bottle Liz and I brought home for Father from our trip to St. Thomas. He only had a couple of drinks out of it. She must have got hold of it somewhere, and she drank it all. Why? Why did she do it? She never did a thing like this before." He shook his head, and he looked lonely and small and old for a big, strong man of thirty. "God!" he said. "It was awful at first. She was lying here raving. I didn't know what to do. I held her tight in my arms, and she just kept throwing up like some drunk sailor."

Wm Hamilton

"My medium is media."



"Mother, am I pretty?"

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His mother said, "Shut up, bitch!" She shouted it gamely, richly.

"Where's Father?" Victor asked.

"I don't know," Daniel said. "Sometimes I wonder who's worse, him or her."

Liz said softly, "I think I heard him in his room."

Victor went through the kitchen. It seemed even dingier than usual, and he decided it was because there was a low-watt bulb in the ceiling light socket. More of Father's economizing, he thought. He passed through an unlighted hall and into Father's room.

"Are you in here?" Victor said.

"Mmm. I'm here." The voice was a little nervous, but gentle. Only recently had Victor realized that he loved his father. Only in the last three or four years. He used to blame him for his mother's mental illness, but now he knew that there was no such thing as blame. And even if Father had helped cause her sickness in earlier years, he suffered now, he stayed with her, he took care of her.

Victor found the string overhead and pulled it. Another weak bulb. In this small bedroom, with its old iron bed and warped cheap wardrobe and littered tables and bureau and faded wallpaper, the dim light somehow helped and made things soft and even cozy.

Father frowned. He sat, small and thin and dark in his shirtsleeves, on the edge of the unmade bed.

Victor said, "Has anyone called a doctor?"

His father answered in a broken accent. He always insisted on speaking English. He had come to America at the beginning of the Depression, and he had never made much money. But he was proud that he had become an American citizen thirty-five years ago. He was proud that he voted for Presidents.

"No," he said. "She don't need a doctor. I know you educated and all that, but I tell you, she don't need a doctor. She be all right now. She throw into the pot." He gestured with his arm, a liquid forward motion from his mouth. "She dring this bottle. She never do this before. I have to hide everything." He shook his head.

"Why did she do it?" Victor asked.

"To kill herself. To bother me. How do I know? Who understands woman?"

"She should be in a hospital all the time. Who can take care of her here?"

"*I* take care of her. Don't you worry about it. She be all right."

"We've got to call a doctor, no matter what," Victor said. "Even if she *is* all right. We can't be sure. A doctor will know. Like, if she suffered any damage to her heart. With all that weight, suppose she had a heart attack or a stroke? We might not know it. *He* would. Who's the family doctor? Do you still have LeBlanc?"

His father nodded. He did not offer to get up. He was hiding in his room. His eyes looked full of a fearful secret, and Victor knew what the secret was. Father had seen—for the first time, maybe—that she was going to die someday. In his own way, he loved her. Years ago, she had been a thin, frail girl, shy and innocent and vivid, and he had treated her rough. Her children had grown; she had stayed alone, doing nothing, getting fat, falling into a deep quiescence.

Victor called the doctor. The answering service said that Dr. LeBlanc was not on duty tonight, but Dr. Morton would call back.

While waiting for the call, Victor heard his mother in the living room moaning, singing gently. Now she was saying, of all things, that she was starving, wasting away.

VICTOR opened the door, and when the doctor came in he introduced himself. He felt suddenly shy, reduced by this stranger in his father's poor home—this tall, slim, elegant man in a fine gray worsted suit. He had thick blond hair swept back. His nose was long and straight. His eyes were blue. He was a handsome Wasp. Father appeared in the archway and stood there in his plaid wool shirt and baggy pants, brown slippers with the counters flattened down. "I'd like you to meet my father," Victor said.

The doctor swiftly switched his black leather bag from right to left hand, and he shook hands and smiled slightly. Victor imagined him in bright sunlight, moving a tennis racket the same way.

Victor said, "My little brother, Joey, here, got home late this afternoon and found my mother on the floor. Right there. She hasn't moved. She drank just about a whole bottle of liquor. My older brother, this is Daniel." Daniel nodded deferentially, and the doctor smiled. "Daniel came right up, and he says she vomited quite a bit. She seems all right, but we thought we should call you just in case. She doesn't normally drink. Except if we give her a little wine on a holiday. You see, Doctor, I don't know how much you know about this case. Dr. LeBlanc has all the records. *He* knows. She's been sick since I was little. She can't help it. She lives in some sort of a dream world. But she never did *this* before. Somehow she got hold of this bottle. It was my father's, and she found it when he was out this afternoon. He hardly drinks, either. It was a present. We called you. We wanted to make sure."

"I'm glad you called." The doctor

spoke softly, and yet with great presence, assurance.

Victor walked over to his mother. "Mama," he said.

She looked up, clutched his hand, held it close, and said, "My sons, my dear children." She had never showed affection. Never. Victor squeezed her hand tight and swallowed hard. "She doesn't speak English," he said. "She understands it pretty well, but for some reason she just won't speak it."

"It doesn't matter," the doctor said. He knelt beside her and opened his bag.

"Mama," Daniel said, "it's the doctor. He wants to take a look at you."

"Shuddup, bitch," she said, slurring.

"She does say a *couple* of words," Daniel said. The doctor's eyes sparkled, and he could not help smiling. And then everyone smiled.

"It's the doctor," Daniel repeated.

She looked at him, then at the tall blond man. She composed herself, and with sudden, remarkable dignity she said, "Doctor, I'm so tired. I work very hard cooking and cleaning this big house all day." Victor did not translate this splendid lie. She did nothing at all, day after day; she sat in a stupor. Each minute might be an hour to her, each hour melting into nothing, before and after.

The doctor opened his bag and shouted at her slowly, pleasantly, as one often does at someone who does not speak his language. "I want to have a look at you. You're all right. Now, let's check." He unbuttoned the top of her dress and placed his stethoscope on her chest and moved it around. With long, strong fingers, he pressed on her puffy wrist to feel her pulse. She closed her eyes drowsily. "Why, she's falling asleep," the doctor said. He smiled again, abruptly. He lifted her eyelids separately; her eyes rolled around. He moved the blanket back and picked up one of her short heavy legs and tapped. It bounced. Victor felt ashamed. It was gray-white. It seemed detached, a great toadstool, a few small black hairs on its rough fatty surface. Was that once a slim, smooth, attractive leg? He had seen pictures of her when she was young. The doctor picked up the other leg and tapped, and it, too, jumped. It was a thing by itself. Victor looked around the room, and through the archway. Everything was still. His father, his brothers, his wife, his brother's wife—all silent. The rooms were dim and filled with old furniture, pale walls. The wind roared outside.

The doctor covered up her legs. "Is that the bottle?" he asked, pointing.

"Yeah," Joey said, springing from against a wall. He leaped, picked up the bottle, and swept it to the doctor's open hand.

The doctor looked at the label; it was an excellent whiskey, and he raised his eyebrows and seemed to approve. He set the bottle upright on the floor. From his bag he took a wide silvery cloth tube and placed it around the mother's enormous arm and pumped it up and read her blood pressure.

She opened her eyes and said dramatically, "I do so much work, you have no idea."

The doctor looked kindly at her as if he understood. He removed the equipment, packed his bag. He stood and said in a loud, confident voice, "She's fine. Her heart and blood pressure and her reflexes are all remarkably good. I'd say there's nothing wrong with her. I think it's a good thing she

JOHN 1:14

This page will be no less a riddle
than those of My holy books
or those others repeated
by ignorant mouths
believing them the handiwork of a man,
not the Spirit's dark mirrors.
I who am the Was, the Is, and the Is To Come
again condescend to the written word,
which is time in succession and no more than an emblem.

Who plays with a child plays with something
near and mysterious;
wanting once to play with My children,
I stood among them with awe and tenderness.
I was born of a womb
by an act of magic.
I lived under a spell, imprisoned in a body,
in the humbleness of a soul.
I knew memory,
that coin that's never twice the same.
I knew hope and fear,
those twin faces of the uncertain future.
I knew wakefulness, sleep, dreams,
ignorance, the flesh,
reason's roundabout labyrinths,
the friendship of men,
the blind devotion of dogs.
I was loved, understood, praised, and hung from a cross.
I drank My cup to the dregs.
My eyes saw what they had never seen—
night and its many stars.
I knew things smooth and gritty, uneven and rough,
the taste of honey and apple,
water in the throat of thirst,
the weight of metal in the hand,
the human voice, the sound of footsteps on the grass,
the smell of rain in Galilee,
the cry of birds on high.
I knew bitterness as well.
I have entrusted the writing of these words to a common man;
they will never be what I want to say
but only their shadow.
These signs are dropped from My eternity.
Let someone else write the poem, not he who is now its scribe.
Tomorrow I shall be a great tree in Asia,
or a tiger among tigers
preaching My law to the tiger's woods.
Sometimes homesick, I think back
on the smell of that carpenter's shop.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

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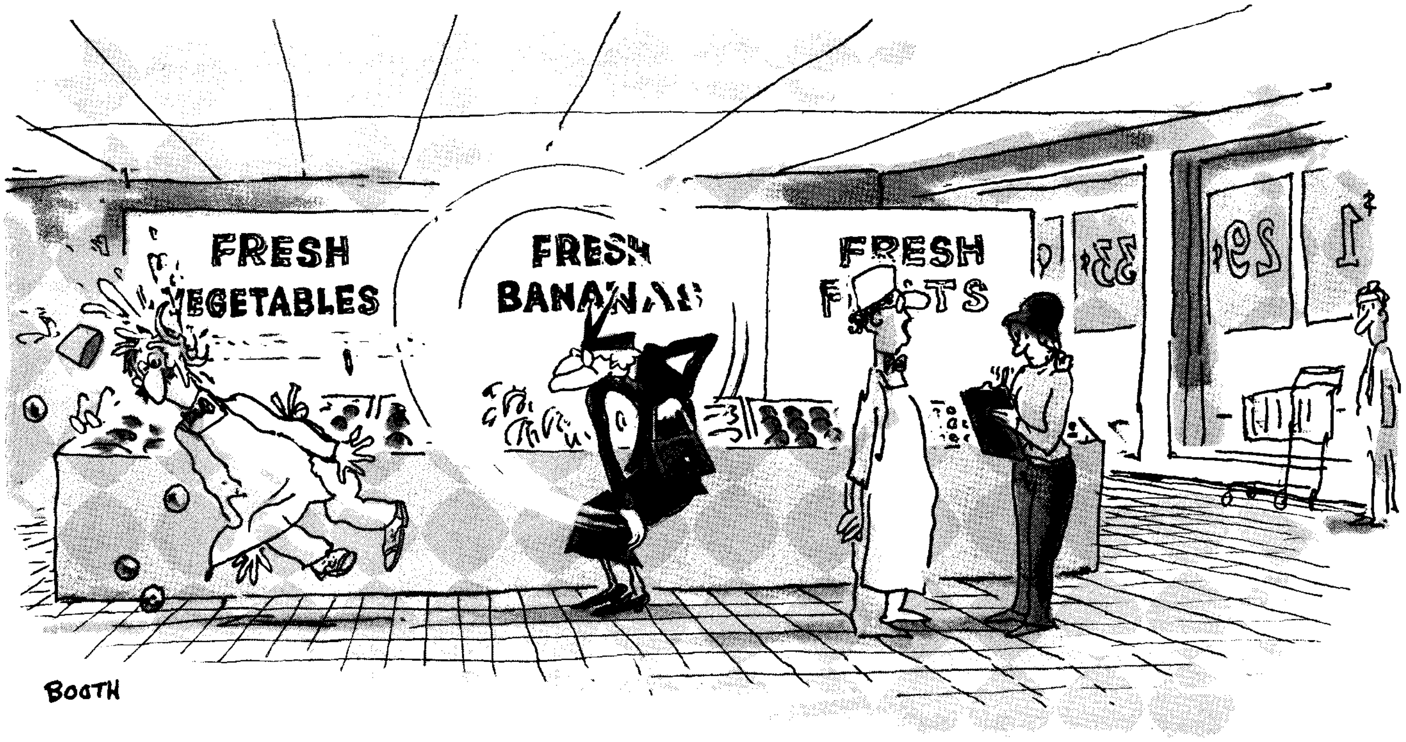

"It's my observation that more and more consumers are looking after their own interests these days."

• •

vomited. She's lucky. There should be something wrong with her—all that alcohol. It would certainly do me in." He smiled. His teeth were long and yellow, and he looked like a distinguished rabbit. "But she's all right. Don't try to move her. Just let her sleep it off. She'll probably have a terrific hangover, and that should be about it." He shook his head—a gesture of disbelief. "Almost a fifth of rye," one could hear him telling his colleagues at the hospital tomorrow morning.

"Should she eat anything?" Daniel asked.

In the background, his mother mumbled, "I want to eat. Give me food. A lot of food. You louts never feed me."

"I wouldn't give her anything. If she really does want something, maybe a little clear tea, some dry toast."

The doctor moved toward the shadowed front doorway and paused, and the sons gathered around him like a cluster of midgets. The father moved away, toward the dining room. Victor looked at his father's eyes. His father glanced from the floor to the walls to the ceiling.

Victor said, "How much will it be, Doctor?"

"Ah, ten dollars."

Victor pulled out his wallet and gave him the money. The doctor put down his bag, took out his wallet, and placed the money carefully inside. It was a slim, dark alligator wallet. He said, "Thank you. Don't worry. She'll be all right. Try not to give her an opportunity to do it again, that's all." He opened the door, and Victor and Daniel went out onto the porch with him.

"Thanks, Doctor," Daniel said. "Thanks for coming out on such a lousy night, and a Sunday, too."

As the doctor moved between wind-whipped hedges, he waved, and his tie flew. He got into his car and drove away.

It was a bitter night. Victor's hair blew. Down the hill, strong lights flooded a used-car lot. They made the night lurid; giant clouds rushed heavy and black across the winter sky. Bare trees swayed. Beside the porch, tall bleached grass moved flat in a heavy body. Everything else was silent, empty, desolate.

The brothers went back into the house shivering, rubbing their arms. It seemed pleasant in the rooms—soft yellow light, warmth. Mama lay with the blanket over her, dozing, snoring a little.

"Ten bucks. That wasn't much," Daniel said.

Father said, "Sure. They could charge plenty, a Sunday home call. A nice doctor."

Daniel took out a five-dollar bill and gave it to Victor. Father said, "I pay you boys later." Daniel smiled and blinked and shook his head.

The brothers went to the kitchen. Eventually, everyone followed—Father, the wives. They sat around the big wooden table and talked—about the high cost of living, automobiles, clothes, even the stock market. Every so often, one of the young people would look in on Mama. Liz made a pot of coffee, and Ellen got out some odd chipped cups. She sat down close to Victor.

In a lull, Father finally got up and went into the living room for a moment. No one followed him. No one knew what he did in there, or how he looked, or what he thought. When he came back to the kitchen, he said, "You were right. I'm glad you call the doctor. Suppose something happen? I have guilty conscious all my life."

Daniel talked about his two small sons. Joey leaned lazily against a counter. The room was dim, and everyone was sipping coffee. The hot radiators clanged. The wind shook the house.

In the empty living room, lying dishevelled in a field of carpet flowers, Mama slept.

—H. L. MOUNTZOURES

•

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BIRTH OF BANGLADESH—I

THE revolutionary birth of Bangladesh, the newest nation in the world and the eighth most populous, seems destined to demonstrate that freedom is easier to come by than to keep and that heroic struggles for independence are all too frequently followed by internal conflicts aggravated by external pressures. The fifty-five-thousand-square-mile nation that was formerly East Pakistan lies directly athwart the eastern edge of the Indian subcontinent and the western edge of Southeast Asia, but its seventy-five million people have more affinity, temperamentally and culturally, with the latter area than with India or with their former compatriots in West Pakistan. The Bengalis, mostly dark-skinned peasants crowded together in an average density of thirteen hundred per square mile, are a lithe, easygoing people who, like all Southeast Asians, subsist on rice and fish, whereas the fifty-five million West Pakistanis, a tough-minded, martial people, prefer wheat and are spread far and wide over an area five times as large. Though both groups are predominantly Muslim, the Easterners speak Bengali and the Westerners speak Urdu; until the conquest of the subcontinent by the Muhammadan rulers in the thirteenth century, the Bengalis were Hindus and Buddhists, whereas the population of what ultimately became West Pakistan had earlier and stronger ties to the Arab world. One historian, commenting on Great Britain's hasty partition of the subcontinent in 1947, has said that even though the people of what was then known as East Bengal voted freely to become part of the new Pakistan, the two parts of that improbable nation were from the start "like two wings without a bird." The question now is whether either of the wings can fly—or even flutter—separately.

West Pakistan, which officially started to wage full-scale war on December 3rd but really began the war last spring with a savage massacre of several hundred thousand—some say several million—Bengalis, faces severe economic problems as a result of its loss of the East, whose jute and tea it exploited for years, and it also faces fresh separatist threats in two of its four remaining provinces. If it can surmount these difficulties, however, it may prove to be a more workable state than before. Its new President, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, is, at forty-four, a clever and able politician who, although he comes from a rich landowning family, considers himself a socialist reformer. As soon as the defeated and discredited military junta, headed by President Agha Muhammad Yahya Khan, that had governed Pakistan since March, 1969, turned over full power to Bhutto last December 20th, he declared that it was his intention to restore democracy to Pakistan. Next, he nationalized ten major industries and eleven lesser ones, and restricted the financial activities and the movements of the notorious Twenty-two Families, who have long controlled most of the nation's industrial and banking complex, and who had coöperated closely with the junta. What was even more significant, Bhutto liberated Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, the hero-martyr of Bangladesh—the man whose overwhelming electoral victory as leader of East Pakistan's Awami League in December, 1970, had led to his imprisonment and the bloody repression of his people. Before letting Mujib go, Bhutto told him that Yahya, as one of his last official acts, had ordered Mujib's execution, whereupon Mujib revealed that he had only been saved from this fate by a friendly jailer. On January 8th, after holding a mass meeting to obtain public approval of his decision to free Mujib, Bhutto escorted Mujib to the airport and put him on a plane for London, a free man after nearly ten months.

W. Steig

Following a meeting with Prime Minister Edward Heath, during which he discussed the likelihood of the new nation's joining the British Commonwealth, Mujib declared that Bangladesh was "an unchallenged reality" and flew, on January 10th, first to New Delhi and then to Dacca, his country's new capital, where he received a tumultuous welcome and told a huge crowd that Bangladesh would have no more ties with Pakistan, although Bhutto had expressed hopes for such ties. Two days later, Mujib became the Prime Minister of Bangladesh, which was proclaimed a parliamentary democracy on the basis of a new provisional constitution, with a Constituent Assembly composed of those elected in 1970. On January 17th, Bhutto melodramatically offered to resign his own office and let Mujib be President or Prime Minister of all Pakistan if that would preserve national unity, but this was undoubtedly just a gesture designed to appease Muslim diehards in West Pakistan who hoped somehow to glue the country back together. If Mujib, at that late date, had agreed even to consider accepting the offer, he would have been denounced by Bangladesh extremist elements to the left of his Awami League, which is essentially middle-class. It seemed likely that Bhutto had already privately conceded that Bangladesh would inevitably go its own way, but hoped that in time Mujib would become a figurehead—"the man on the postage stamp," as one diplomat called it—that then Bangladesh would move to the left, and that there could be some sort of rapprochement between the two former wings. Bhutto's own political orientation—at least on the surface—is to the left of Mujib's moderate social-democratic thinking, though both men, notwithstanding their altogether different backgrounds and behavior, are basically bourgeois in outlook.

Although Mujib's quick reëstablishment of his authority in Dacca suggests that he has no intention of being a postage-stamp figure, there are portents and pressures, particularly among the students and the miscellaneous armed elements who took part in the fight for freedom, that point to a future of considerable unrest, factionalism, and sheer confusion of purpose. Minority Marxist parties that once had attachments to Moscow and Peking are again active and are demanding a voice in the new government. It seems doubtful whether even Mujib, whose success in the past has depended more on his charisma and oratorical appeal than on his comprehension of politics, economics, or administration, can rule Bangladesh effectively for very long without being buffeted by power contests. In any event, once the euphoria inspired by victory and his return has died down, he will face the awesome task of running a new and politically combustible nation with scant economic and financial assets and with manifold problems of reconstruction—particularly the reabsorption of almost ten million refugees, about three-quarters of whom are Hindus. Most of the refugees lost their homes during the war, and although nearly six million have now gone back to Bangladesh, some of those still in India, especially the Hindus, may not return unless they are forced to do so.

"There are plenty of jobs around. People just don't want to work."

• •

WHILE West Pakistan now has at least as many enemies as friends abroad and Bangladesh potentially has far more foreign friends than enemies, this promises to be a mixed blessing for Bangladesh. Its problem will be to distinguish between well-meant offers of foreign assistance and not so well-meant attempts at foreign meddling or downright interference. The Indians have said they want to remove their sixty thousand troops as soon as possible, and, in fact, they have taken half of them out of the country in the six weeks since the war's end, but some of the remaining half seem likely to stay at least a few more months, to complete the repatriation of Pakistani troops, help preserve order, and try to create the semblance of a new Bangladesh Army out of the Mukti Bahini, or organized Freedom Fighters, and the guerrilla groups collectively known as the Mujib Bahini. The Mujib Bahini were originally dominated by armed young men who were loyal to the right wing of the Awami League, but as the movement grew it came to be a more disparate collection of guerrillas, most with political colorations all across the spectrum, and many simply out for themselves. The Mukti Bahini, armed primarily by the Indians (whereas the Mujib Bahini used mainly captured Pakistani weapons), have gone through a similar metamorphosis, and at the end of the war were an assemblage of factions, each with its own ambitious leader. Whether they will now, as Mujib has ordered, surrender their weapons and agree to be reorganized, with Indian help, into a regular force seems dubious.

Politically, the Indians and their Russian allies have lost no time in making their influence felt. The top Indian representative sent to Bangladesh was Durga Prasad Dhar, the head of the policy-planning committee of the Indian External Affairs Ministry and, as such, the architect of the Soviet-Indian agreement of last August, under which India obtained new MIG planes and other modern equipment for its buildup against Pakistan. Within days after the Awami League government-in-exile moved from Calcutta to Dacca, on December 22nd, its pro-Western Foreign Minister, Khandaker Moshtaque Ahmed, was replaced by Abdus Samad Azad, a pro-Soviet politician who had been a ranking official of the Pakistani Communist Party until it ordered him to switch to the Awami League, as a member of which he was among the winning candidates in the 1970 elections. Dhar undoubtedly helped arrange the elevation of Samad and the demotion of Ahmed, who is now Minister of Power, Irrigation, and Flood Control. Samad's new post, which he took over before Mujib's return, makes it apparent that the Russians, who for the past three years have quietly been extending their political and diplomatic presence throughout Southeast Asia, are determined to take quick advantage of their relationship with India to assume an influential role in Bangladesh and thereby prevent the Chinese and the Americans from regaining the leverage they lost by supporting Pakistan.

The Indian government, which insisted that Mujib be released, may find itself caught between continued support of the Sheikh and the need to concur with what the Russians would like to see happen in Bangladesh, which could be nothing like what Mujib wants. A year ago, Mujib, in commenting privately on the lack of forceful American backing for him in dealing with Yahya Khan and Bhutto, declared bitterly that Washington's inaction would hand his country to Moscow. Of the left-wing extremists around him he said, "They will kill me and carry on in my name." This may have been overdramatizing the situation—something that Mujib is given to doing—but it demonstrates his awareness that pressures were building up even then. They naturally increased during his absence from the scene, and now, in addition to Samad, various pro-Moscow men are waiting in the wings. The most important of them is Muzzaffar Ahmed, of the small but influential Russian-oriented branch of the National Awami Party and, like Samad, a protégé of Dhar's. Ahmed was a member of the Consultative Committee advising the Bangladesh government-in-exile, and he had hopes of replacing the Prime Minister of the pro-tem government, Tajuddin Ahmed, but then Mujib came back and took the job himself. Muzzaffar Ahmed and all the other leftist politicians are pressing for new elections, which Mujib shows no sign of scheduling. Meanwhile, jockeying for power is bound to continue.

The Russians are making their influence felt in other ways. A new Bangladesh news agency with direct ties to Moscow's Tass has opened in Dacca; not only the Russians but the Poles, the Bulgarians, and the East Germans have offered trade agreements and aid to Bangladesh; and members of the Soviet bloc were among the first nations to follow India and neighboring Bhutan and Burma in recognizing the new nation. (More than thirty nations, including those of the European Common Market, have now done so.) The Bangladesh Student Union was one of several organizations to sing the praises of the Russians as soon as the war ended. The student group

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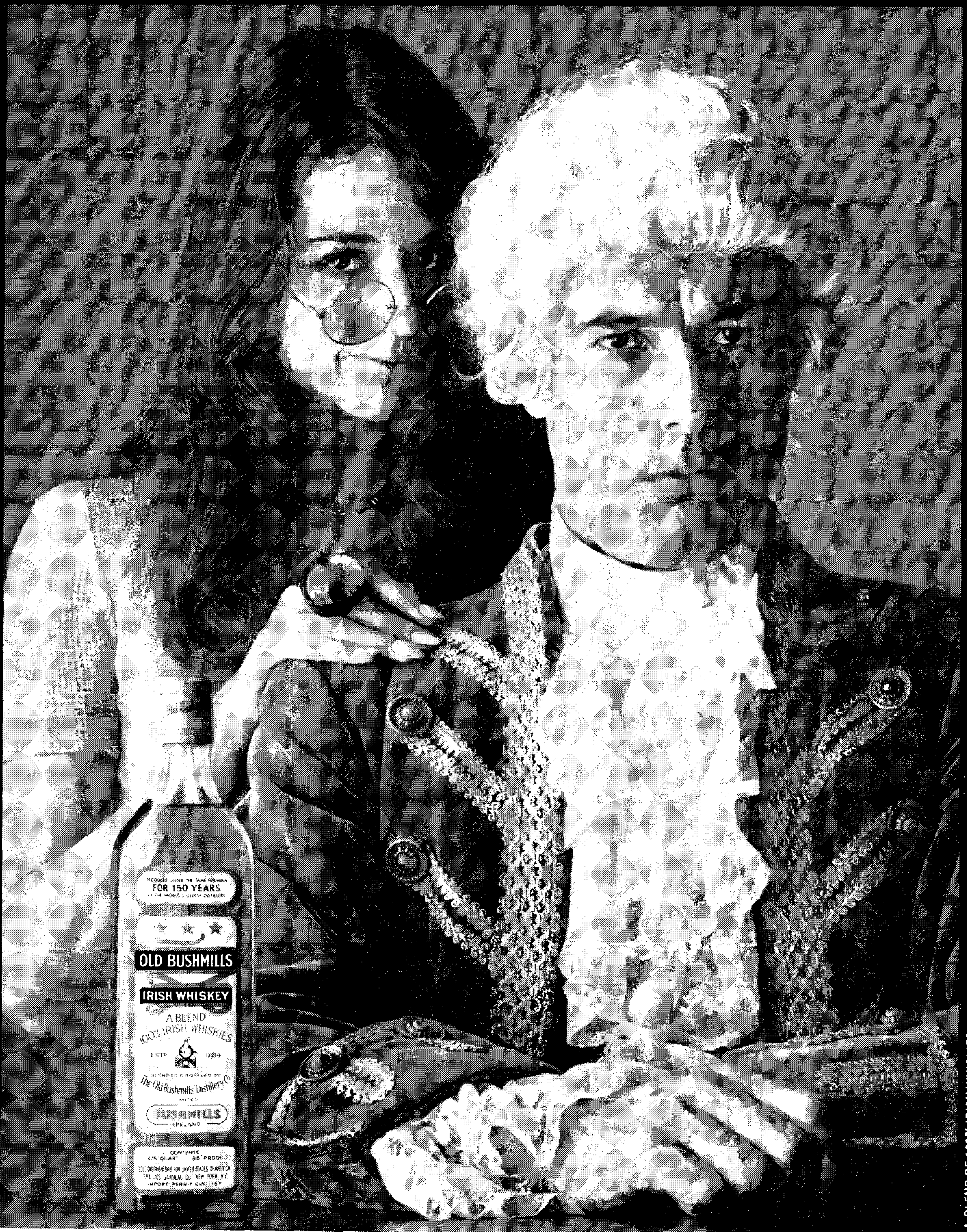
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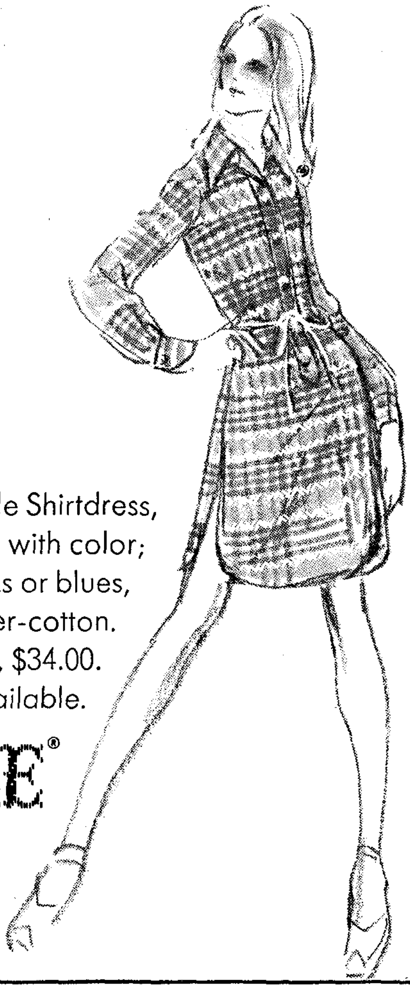

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publicly thanked "the socialist countries and their great leader, the U.S.S.R., without whose help it would not be possible for India to come beside us so boldly."

The United States, having so ineptly backed West Pakistan before and during the war, and gone out of its way to accuse India of being the chief aggressor, is now in the unenviable position of seeking to restore friendly or at least workable relations with everyone involved. The rift in what Henry Kissinger described as America's long-standing "love affair" with India may take years to repair. India, the second-largest nation in the world, after China, and its tough-fibred Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, are now in a far more powerful position on the subcontinent than ever before. The Indians are naturally annoyed over what they consider American misrepresentation of their position, and, despite their endemic economic problems and their continuing need for aid, their pride is apt to overshadow their poverty when they appraise what the United States can still do for them. If Washington, in turn, decides to ignore India and to maintain its friendship with a weakened but still largely unrepentant Pakistan, while at the same time helping Bangladesh with relief supplies and other forms of aid, some adroit and subtle diplomacy will be required. At the moment, the necessary skill seems signally lacking in Washington. The lengths to which President Nixon went to support the Pakistanis, through spokesmen in the White House, in the State Department, and in the United Nations, while the Russians were backing the Indians not only with words, including their Security Council vetoes, but also with arms, were scarcely conducive to the success of his scheduled talks in Moscow—which at one point Washington even made a hollow and pointless threat of cancelling. In contrast to the Americans, the Chinese, when Bhutto made a trip to Peking on the eve of the war to extract a pledge of additional matériel, gave little more than routine promises. Once the war had begun, they denounced the Russians and the Indians with typical invective, but they ultimately supported Pakistan rather more perfunctorily than the Americans, though they did send some anti-aircraft ammunition. The Chinese preferred to keep their options open, and it seems possible that they now hope to improve their relations with India, which have been bad ever since the Sino-Indian border war of 1962. All in all, what with our failure to condemn more se-

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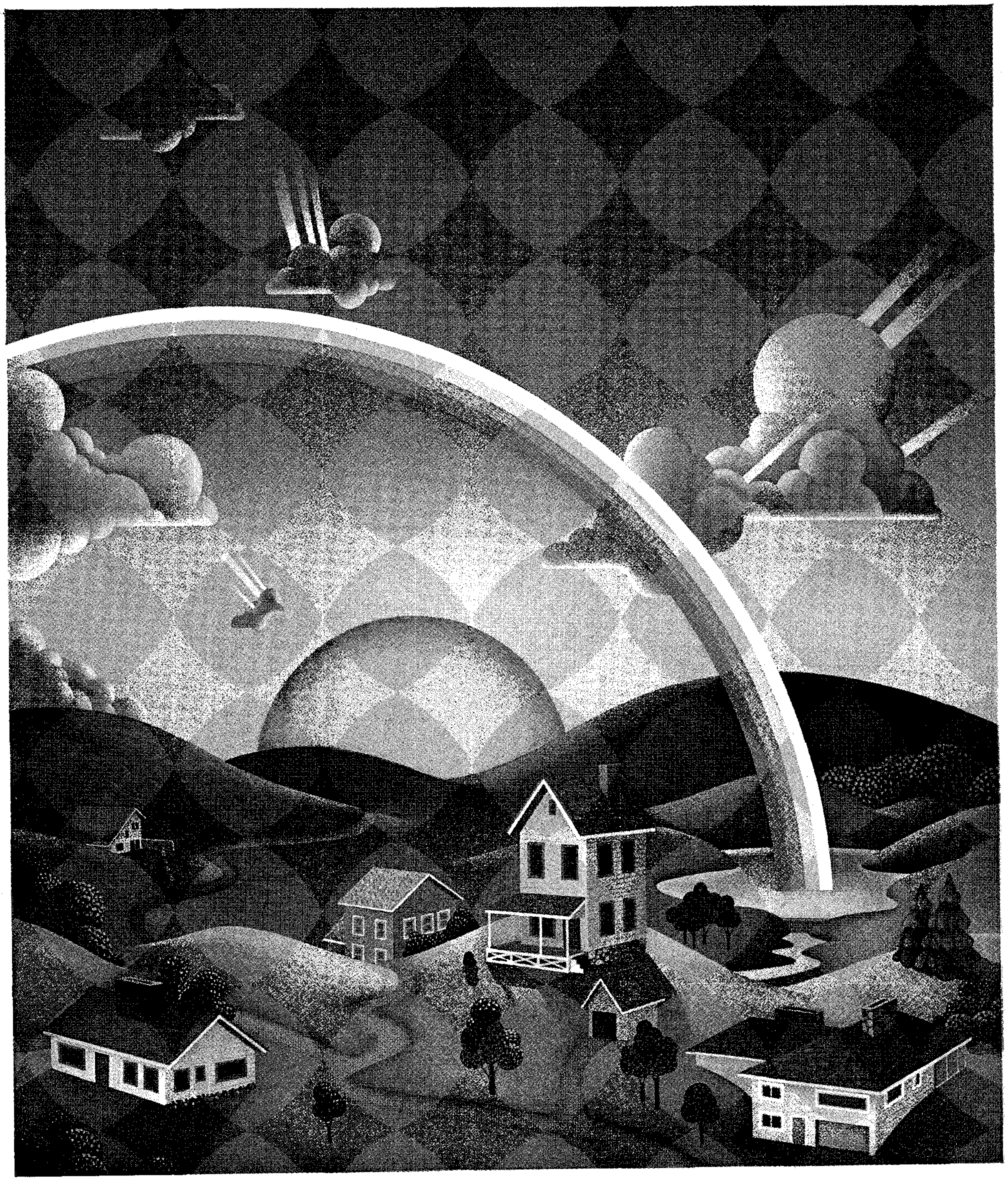

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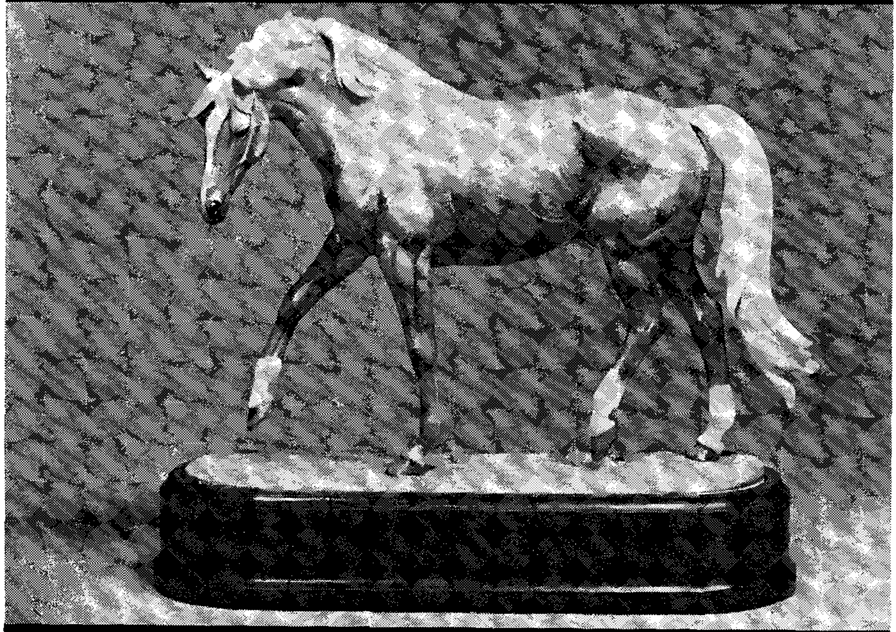

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verely the massacres in East Pakistan last spring and summer, and our conduct during the war, culminating in an absurd eleventh-hour show of the flag by the Seventh Fleet in the Bay of Bengal, the American record on the subcontinent in the past year has been wretched, if not disastrous. As one Western diplomat put it, "It's bad enough to back a loser, but you don't brag about it, and you certainly don't lose your temper and stamp your foot."

I WAS in the area before, during, and after the war, starting out in Dacca in the second week of November and ending up back there after short tours of the surrounding countryside and visits to West Pakistan and India. On my first visit to Dacca, I had a chance to talk with Muzaffar Hossain, Chief Secretary, or head, of the provincial government installed there by Yahya Khan, and with Lieutenant General Amir Abdullah Khan Niazi, the commander of the Eastern Forces of Pakistan. Hossain, who was later arrested by the Bangladesh government, was spending half his time in West Pakistan, where his family lived, and he obviously hated his job. He described the Mukti Bahini rebels as "marauders and rabble," and denied that there was any legitimate internal rebellion. "I can't see it as a freedom movement at all," he said. "It's all programmed from India. The world community should tell India to behave itself."

The estimate in Dacca then was that the organized Mukti Bahini in the country numbered about seventy-five hundred, that there were another seventy-five hundred irregular or auxiliary armed elements, and that there were twenty or thirty thousand partly armed guerrillas, with perhaps an additional thirty thousand men receiving from two to four months' training in Indian camps close to the border. A number of Mukti Bahini were also being secretly sent by the Indians to Russia for training, it was said. Many of the original Muktis, as they were called, had been recruited from the Hindu refugees who fled to India when the West Pakistan soldiers and their East Pakistan volunteer auxiliaries, called razakars, began the massacre of Bengali civilians, but most of the newer ones were students or workers who had remained behind and gone underground. They were being trained in a hundred-odd camps within Bangladesh, and subsequently joined the guerrillas who had started calling themselves Mujib Bahini. The hard core of the Mukti Bahini consisted

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Swan Lake Re-Swum
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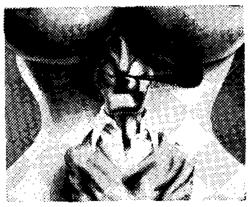

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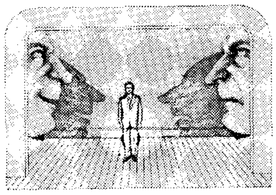

The reason Orson Welles hurled one telephone and four blazing sterno dishes at John Houseman.

"The Eerie Art of David Frye" (or "I'm Not Telling Anyone Where Nixon Is — That's My Secret").

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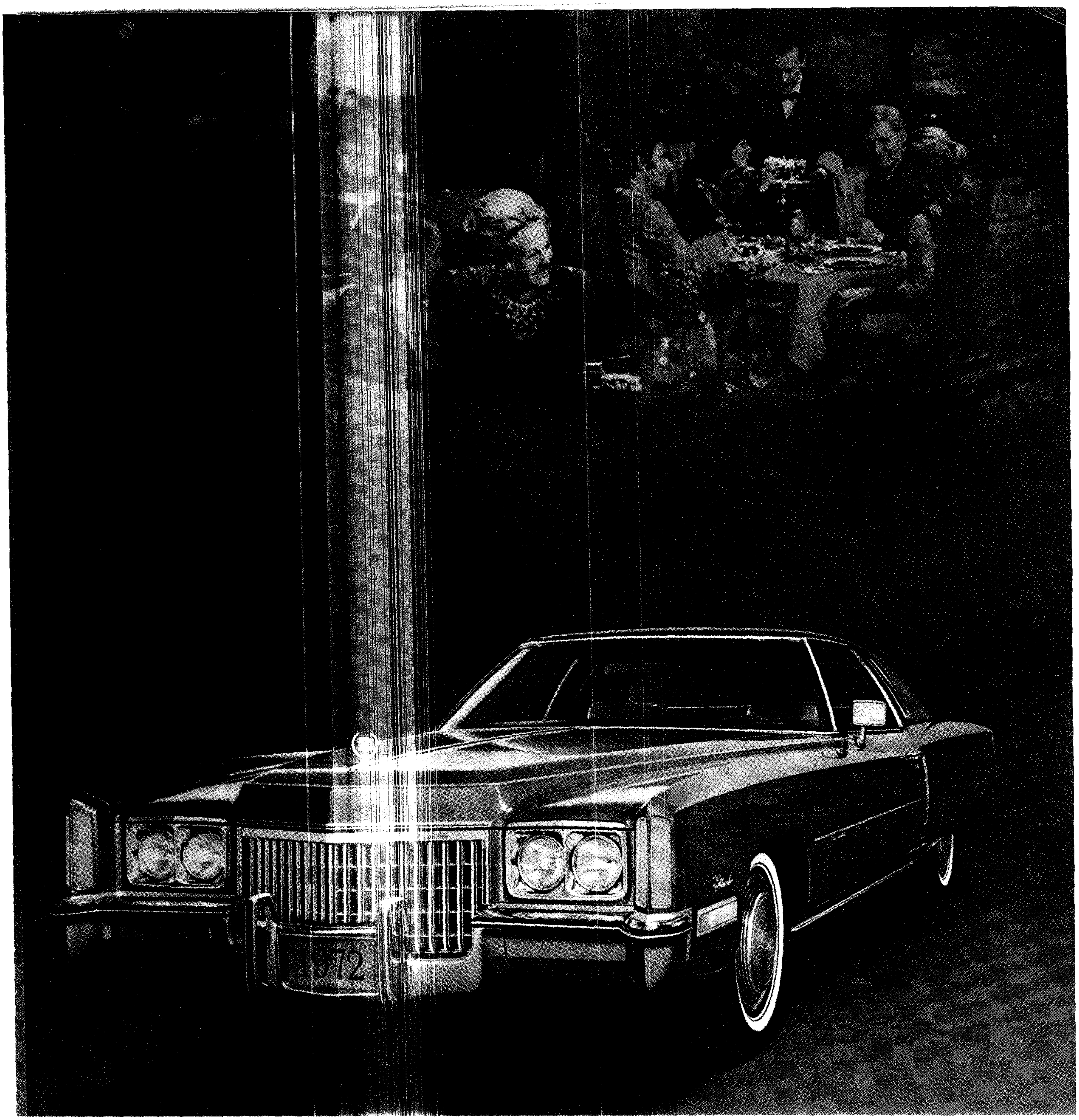
of five or six thousand former members of the East Bengal Regiment and the East Pakistan Rifles—regional components of the Pakistani Army—who, along with several thousand police, had defected from the government side to join the fight for freedom. At the outset of the resistance, these defectors did most of the fighting, and their officers—particularly those of the East Bengal Regiment—were commanding Mukti contingents and directing the internal training programs; that is to say, these elements of the Mukti Bahini, though they regarded Sheikh Mujib as their spiritual leader, looked upon themselves purely as fighters, not as a political force. One of their officers said, "We do not like to be identified with the Awami League or any other political party. We are not fighting for this or that party. We are fighting for a free Bangladesh." This was something that the refugee Awami League leaders in Calcutta had overlooked, for though it was true that one of the Mukti Bahini commanders, Colonel M. A. G. Osmany, who was regarded by the Calcutta group as head of the resistance, was close to the Awami League, there were half a dozen commanders in the nineteen districts of East Pakistan who were either fighting independently or were closer to the more activist or radical student elements. The best-known of these was Ziaur Rahman, who calls himself a "brigadier," and who, in April, had seized the government radio station in the port of Chittagong and proclaimed himself the head of a new Bangladesh regime. The Pakistanis eventually drove him out, whereupon he moved his forces to the western border. A second important commander was Major Khalid Mosharraf, the leader of the rebel forces in Sylhet district, in the northeast; he broke with the Calcutta refugee government in May. A third was a Castro-like man named Abdul Kadir Siddiqui, who also called himself a "brigadier," and who was controlling an area around Tangail, fifty miles north of Dacca. (Siddiqui received worldwide publicity immediately after the war ended, when he personally "supervised" the bayonetting to death of four alleged collaborators at the Dacca racecourse.) Among the leaders of the student guerrillas, the most influential was (and still is) Sirajul Alam, a thirty-three-year-old Marxist. It is said that he did more than any of the other extremists to push Sheikh Mujib into demanding independence for East Pakistan last March.

If Chief Secretary Hossain was sim-



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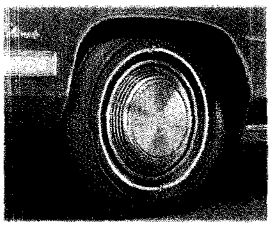

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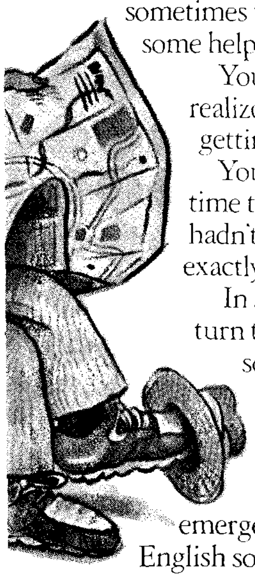

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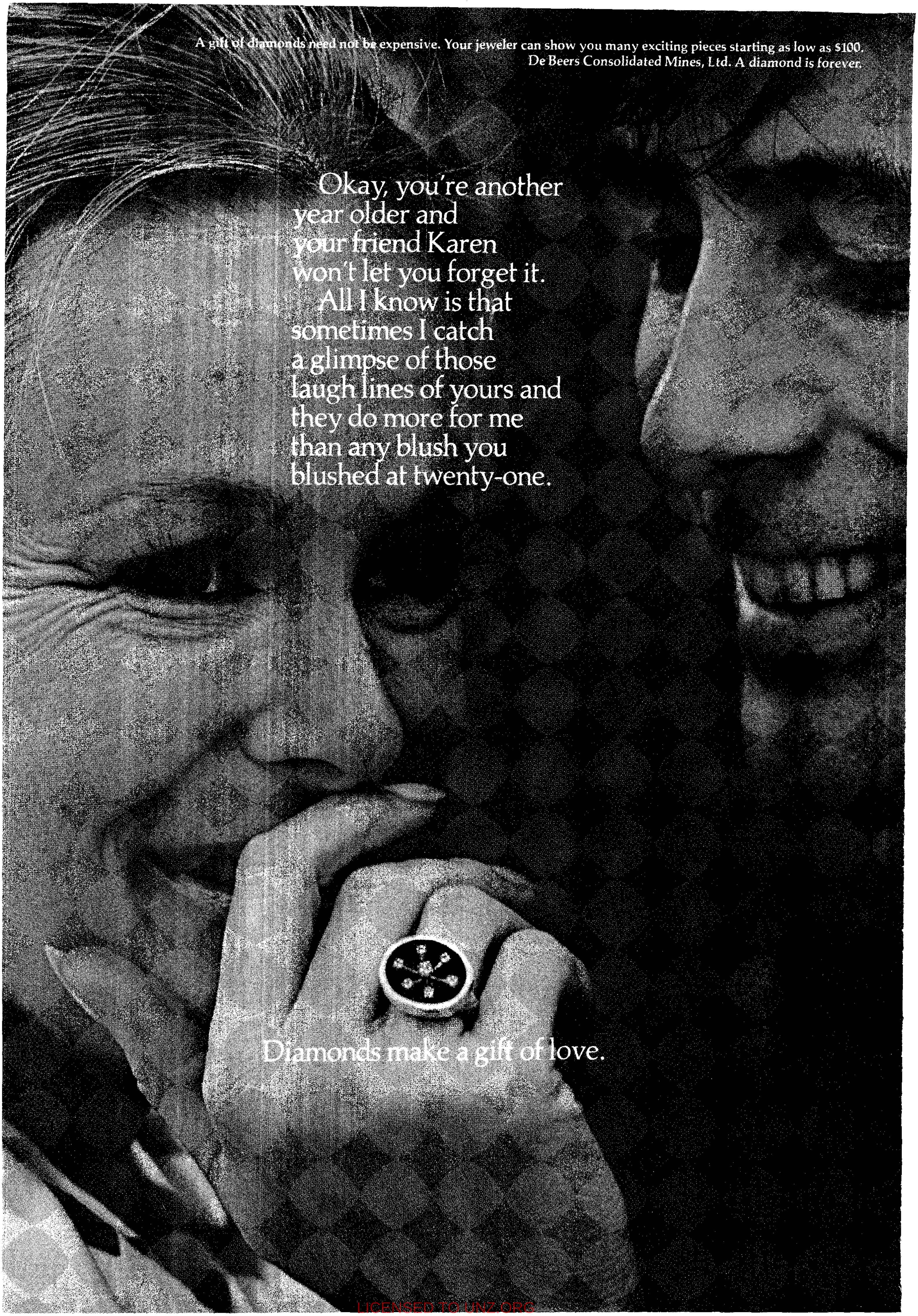

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ply blinded by bitterness to what was taking place under his eyes, his military colleague General Niazi (today a prisoner of war in India) was boastful, bellicose, and contemptuous. "This is a low-lying area," he said, laughing, to some of us correspondents. "People here are low, and they lie. We're Muslims, and we don't like Hindus. I've got four divisions, plus fifty thousand razakars, and I'll soon have a hundred thousand razakars." (The razakars were largely recruited from among a generally disliked non-Bengali group known as Biharis.) "One Muslim soldier is worth five Hindus. Not more than ten thousand Mukti Bahini will stick it out if the fighting gets serious." Niazi, who proved to be the worst of forecasters, seemed anxious for the fighting to start; he reminded us that he had been nicknamed Tiger, and he maneuvered paperweights on his desk to show us how he planned to entrap the Indians if they invaded. By this time, the Indians, determined to get the refugees back to their homes as soon as possible because of the great burden of caring for them, had fully prepared themselves for a war to establish a separate Bangladesh. As Niazi's Indian counterpart, the turbanned, soft-spoken Lieutenant General Jagjit Singh Aurora (to whom Niazi ultimately surrendered) later told me in Calcutta, "I had finished building up my force in September, and I really began to retaliate in mid-October, but it wasn't until the third week of November, after public pressure had built up in India to stop the Pakistanis from firing at us, that I got permission to go in and silence their guns by pushing them back and giving them a bloody nose."

General Niazi was so anxious to show four of us correspondents how well his troops were controlling the countryside—and, as he actually put it, without apparent irony, "winning the hearts and minds of the people"—that he provided a helicopter to fly us eighty-five miles southwest to Jessore and eastward from there to the nearby towns of Gopalganj and Madaripur, which were adjacent to an area we had been told was one of six or seven main strongholds of the Mukti Bahini. During the trip to Jessore—an hour-long flight across a deltaic plain that is much like South Vietnam's Mekong Delta, only more watery—it was easy to visualize the vast destruction that had occurred the previous November when a cyclone and tidal wave at the mouths of the Ganges struck inland and drowned between three and five hun-

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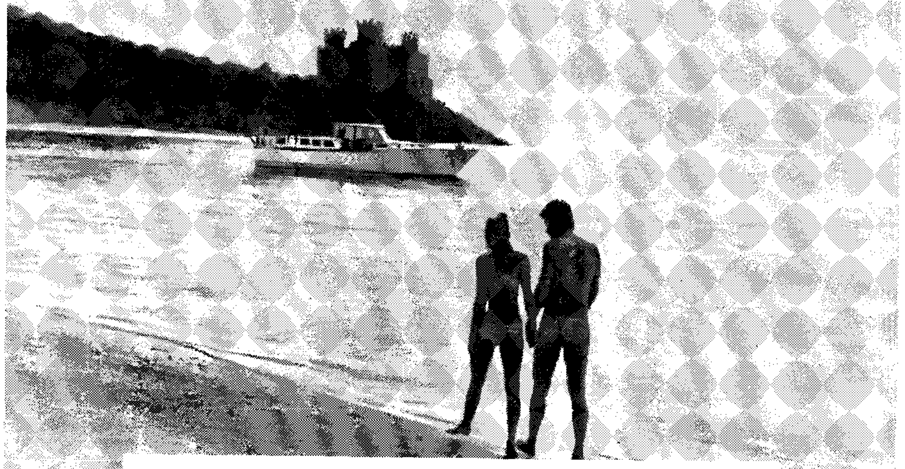

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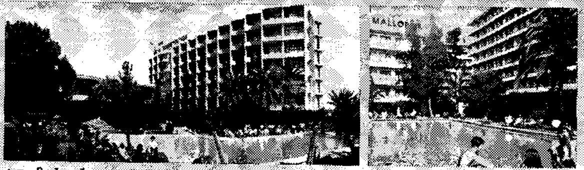

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dred thousand people, in what was very likely the worst natural catastrophe in modern times. At Jessore, we met Major General M. H. Ansari, who was as smiling and confident as General Niazi (and to whose captured headquarters, still covered with the same maps, I was to return six weeks later). General Ansari and eight other officers—all armed with Chinese AK-47 rifles, the same excellent guns that the Chinese have given the North Vietnamese—accompanied us on the rest of our trip. At Gopalganj, which is close to the village where Sheikh Mujib was born, several hundred people, who had obviously been alerted that we were coming, were on hand to greet us. We were allowed to stay on the ground only a scant fifteen minutes, during which time I managed to talk to one of the members of the local peace committee, appointed here, as elsewhere, as pro-tem administrators, and to a member of the Assembly elected in December, 1970. Both assured me that "the only problem we have is poverty," but the assemblyman put it more strongly: "We are short of everything—food, medicines, clothing. Most of the rice crop was lost because of the storm and continued bad weather, and we are all living on relief." Then he added, clearly in an effort to let me know that he had something more to say, "If you have time, I can take you around and show you some things." But we were whisked off by our escorts.

At Madaripur, it was even more difficult to move through the crowd—a large one, which greeted us with cries of "*Pakistan zindibad!*" ("Long live Pakistan!")—and to shake our officer chaperons. Just as I was being told by a local teacher and a local court official that they would like to see Mujib return to East Pakistan (a peace-committee man had expressed the opposite view), I glanced over my shoulder and saw General Ansari, who waved his swagger stick gently and said softly but firmly, "I think you have misunderstood our two friends. They did not really say they wanted Mujib's return." After a second or two of embarrassed silence, the two men jerked their heads in nods of consternation and fright. It is possible—even probable—that after we flew off, they were shot by the local razakars, whose job it was to "keep order" by eliminating all dissenters, and who were doing their job everywhere in the country with the same vengeful brutality that had marked the regular Army's behavior during the spring and summer. In fact, there were still daily killings in

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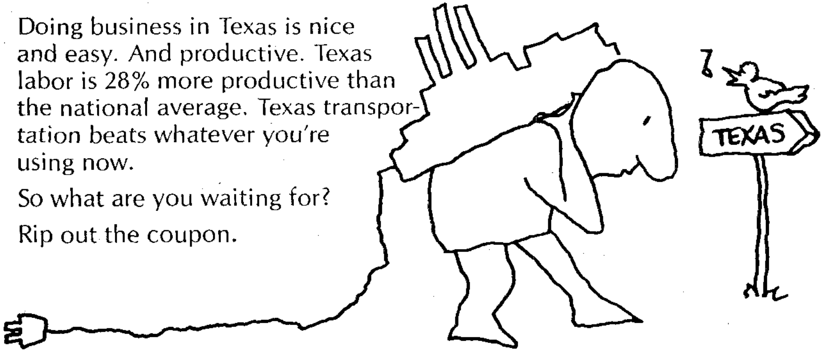

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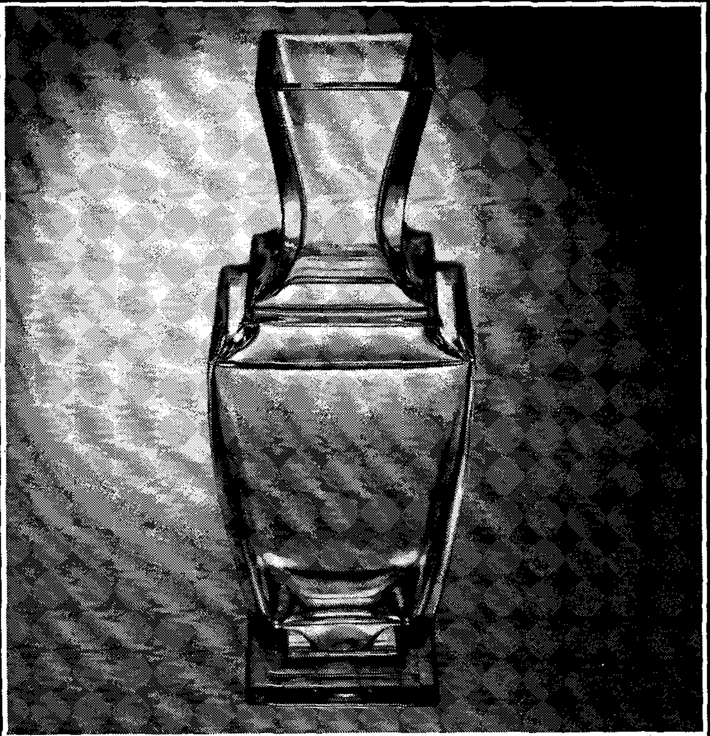

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East Pakistan by both sides, although on a lesser scale than in the spring. The government-controlled papers were full of reports of the "elimination" of "miscreants" or "Indian agents," as the Mukti Bahini and all those suspected of helping them or sympathizing with them or with Mujib were called. Similarly, Radio Bangladesh, an underground radio operating from across the border on a strong medium-wave band and listened to religiously by nine-tenths of the population, regularly reported, in English and Bengali, on the number of West Pakistani soldiers, razakars, and other pro-government "traitors" killed.

It was evident that the Muktis, even though they lacked coördinated leadership, whether military or political, were doing more damage every day. They were moving about the countryside almost at will, ambushing government forces, blowing up bridges, power stations, and the like, and attacking *thanas*, or police stations, usually in bands of ten or fifteen but sometimes in groups of as many as two hundred. They knew the country much better than the West Pakistani troops, and the latter generally operated only by day, burning villages that were suspected of harboring Mukti Bahini and returning to their cantonments at night. As early as November, it was estimated by foreign observers in Dacca that two-thirds of the country was under some degree of Mukti control. "The alienation of this alien [West Pakistani] army is already complete," one diplomat said. In some places, the Mukti Bahini had set up a rough form of administrative control. At the moment of my visit to Gopalganj and Madaripur, two other correspondents, friends of mine, were visiting one of the main Mukti "liberated zones," just fifteen miles north of us, where a "district commissioner," who had been a member of the British Royal Navy during the Second World War and, more recently, the supervisor of an automobile machine shop in Chittagong, was the recognized leader of about fifteen thousand people in eleven villages. Four Mukti companies of seventy men each were commanded by a former major in the Pakistani Army; his wife and four sons had died in Dacca early in April.

Not all the areas in which the Mukti Bahini were operating then were safe for foreigners to travel about in. I discovered this on a trip I took a few days later with an English correspondent to the town of Nawabganj, on the Ganges, eighteen miles west of Dacca. Our

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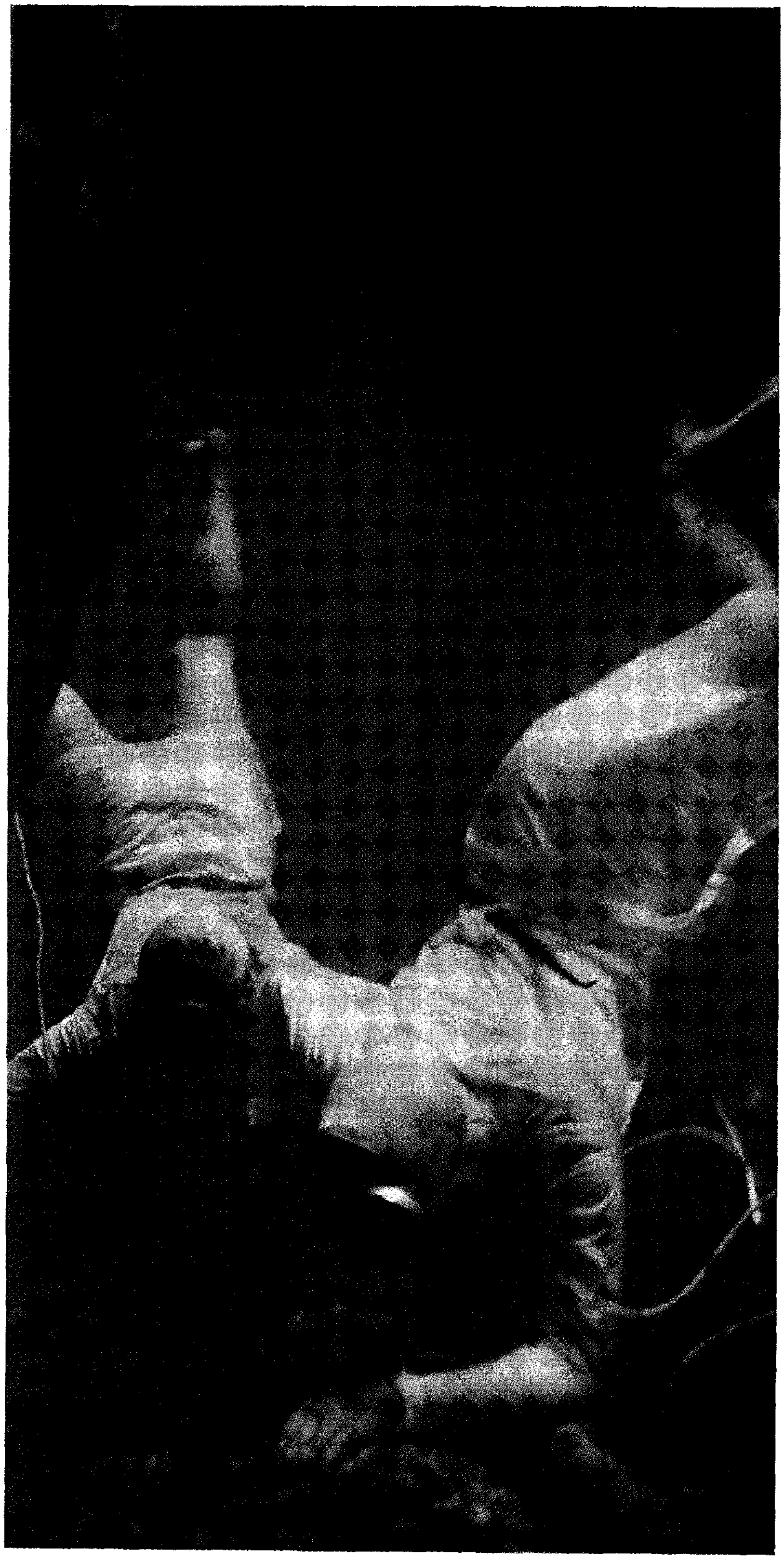

"Here we were, just offshore from the famous Mikimoto pearl island in Japan—about to dive with the legendary *ama*. These incredible lady pearl divers can plunge as deep as 40 ft. and stay under for over a minute. Their white *mizugi* (bathing suit), I was politely told, is worn to ward off inquisitive sharks.

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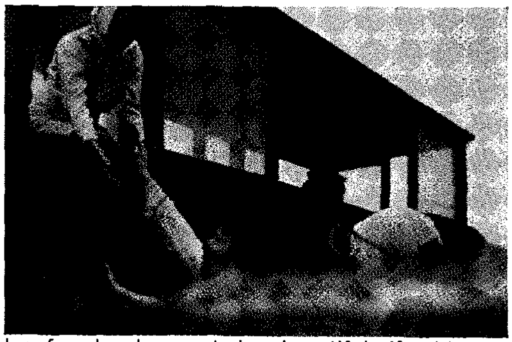

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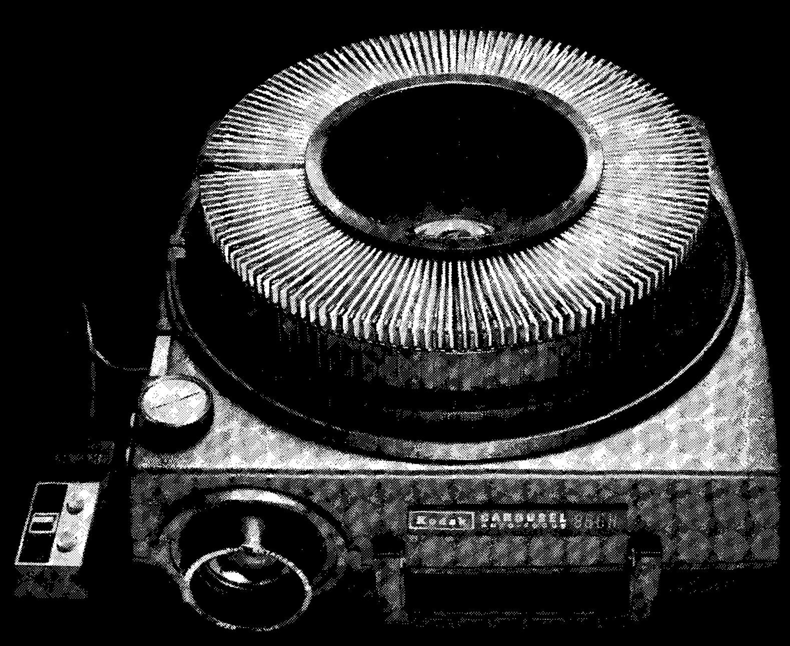
objective was a Catholic mission in the village of Golla, near Nawabganj, conducted by Father William P. Evans, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who had spent twenty-six years in the country. We left Dacca shortly after dawn on a Sunday and arrived at a river crossing a few miles from Nawabganj at dusk, having travelled part of the way in what the Bengalis call a "speedboat"—a motor launch—but mostly in a "country boat," a sort of small skiff paddled fore and aft by two men or else pulled along from the riverbank. The soft-flowing Ganges was more than a quarter of a mile wide in most places and was busy with all sorts of traffic. There were boats with colored sails, and boats being towed by running boys or men on the shore, who hauled on ropes tied to the masts. Fishermen dropped and lifted huge nets in and out of the water by means of pulleys, and gray, porpoiselike creatures called *shishus*, which are not edible but whose oil is used for medicinal purposes, leaped out of the water in graceful arcs. Herons, hawks, and myriad other birds flew among the reeds or swooped low over the water. Along the banks, peasants worked their fields or watered their oxen and bullocks, and people walked from village to village, some of them carrying umbrellas to ward off the fierce sun. For most of the day, the river was green and the sky was turquoise, but by late afternoon the sinking sun had turned the whole scene purple. We stopped briefly at a number of villages, including one that the Pakistani Army had burned parts of in April. "We're all Mukti here," several men told us.

Intermittently during the afternoon, our two boatmen received warnings in Bengali that it was unsafe to continue. Some bad news of Army or razakar activity was obviously making its way downriver from boat to boat, and our crew—an old man, who did all the work, either running along the bank and pulling us or paddling, and his lazy grandson—had to be strenuously urged not to turn back. Finally, as it was growing dark, we approached Nawabganj, and there we heard from an English-speaking Bengali terrible news of the day before: Father Evans had been murdered by razakars. They had intercepted him on the river as he was making a regular Saturday-afternoon trip, with a boatman, from Golla to a small mission station at Bakshanagar, where he customarily heard confession on Saturday evening and conducted an early-morning Mass on Sunday. Three Bengali Christian mission



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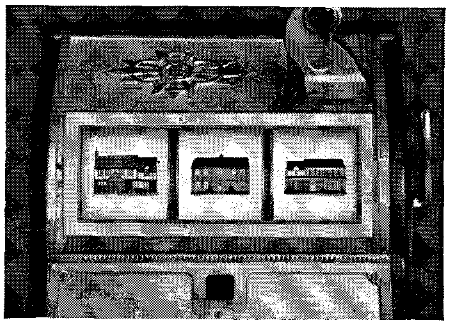
members we met at the river crossing guided us three miles in the dark to the sub-mission at Bakshanagar, where we spent the night. The members of the mission, all Bengalis, prepared a meal for us and told us more about the murder. Father Evans was a friend of all the people in the area—Muslims, Hindus, and Christians—and was therefore suspected by the military of being friendly with Mukti elements as well. He and his boatman had been taken from his boat to a police substation above the river embankment, questioned, and let go. But as they got back in the boat they were ordered out again and were told to stand in a ditch halfway up the bank. The boatman suddenly ran off, and though shots were fired after him, he escaped. The razakars then shot Father Evans twice and threw his body in the river. It was retrieved, and that morning his fellow-priests at Golla had sent a group to bring the body back, and a funeral Mass, attended by four thousand people, had been held a few hours before our arrival.

Before we went to bed, we listened to a Radio Bangladesh broadcast over a portable set belonging to one of the members of the Christian community. With us were four local members of the Mukti Bahini, informally dressed in loose dark trousers and orange or yellow shirts, who had been sent to "guard" us. They sat grinning at us—rather menacingly, I thought—as the broadcast went on, first in Bengali and then in English. The English broadcast, after covering the day's news, reported that a correspondent of an American weekly magazine who had earlier interviewed Yahya Khan had been taken into the confidence of a group of Mukti Bahini, and that they had "shown him many things, which they should not have done." Though he was not a spy, the broadcast warned, "the Mukti Bahini boys must not talk politics or war" with correspondents, and "they must mistrust them all unless there is definite proof they are not spies—otherwise this will be disastrous." The broadcast scarcely augured a comfortable night. Having locked ourselves in the church anteroom, we heard our guards and some English-speaking mission people talking outside. Clearly, a debate was going on about what to do with us. We heard several references to our intention of returning to Dacca, and then we heard the words "Dead men tell no tales," in English. I don't know whether or not they were simply trying to scare us; in any event, during the night they tried



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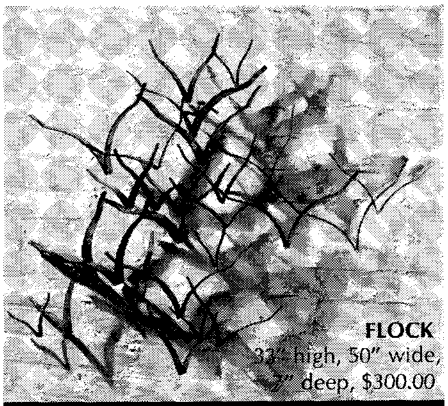

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to open the locked door. These Mukti Bahini, it seemed to us, were only the most sketchily trained guerrillas, and might, for all we knew, be simply dacoits, or bandits, who had attached themselves to the rebel forces. At any rate, if the argument about whether or not to kill us was serious, our Christian friends won it, for the next morning we were conducted to Golla, four miles across paddy fields and streams, where we met Archbishop Theotonius Amal Ganguly, a Bengali, who had arrived to prepare a report on Father Evans' death. We returned to Dacca by boat later that day, and arrived after dark; the Pakistanis were shooting at some villages along the bank, and tracer bullets lit the sky.

The wanton murder of Father Evans and our own scary experience were typical of what was happening all over the countryside in this period. East Pakistan was in its death throes, but Bangladesh was still struggling to be born. What was desperately needed was a halt to the chaos and the killing, so that a fresh attempt to find a rational solution to the problem of Bengali nationalism could be made. But no one knew how to bring about such a halt—least of all the Americans, whose behind-the-scenes diplomatic efforts to encourage a new dialogue between the West Pakistanis and the Awami League leaders in Calcutta got nowhere, despite Washington's subsequent claims to the contrary. Though there was hopeful talk by President Yahya and by members of the Pakistani provincial government in Dacca about some new political compromise, involving increased autonomy for the region, it was apparent that the positions of the two sides were irreconcilable. Even if it was pressure from Bengali extremists that had caused Mujib to make his demands for full Bengali freedom, what precipitated them was the refusal of Yahya Khan and Bhutto to convene the newly elected Constituent Assembly—a refusal that made reasonable negotiations impossible. To have convened the Assembly, of course, would have meant acknowledging the Awami League's overwhelming victory and allowing it to write a new constitution based on Mujib's so-called "Six Points," which would have given East Pakistan a degree of economic and political autonomy that Yahya and the wealthy West Pakistani families were not willing to concede. Bengali nationalism, which had long been stimulated by a combination of factors—most notably the economic results of West Pakistani discrimination and

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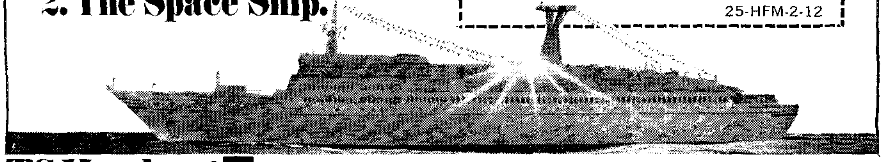

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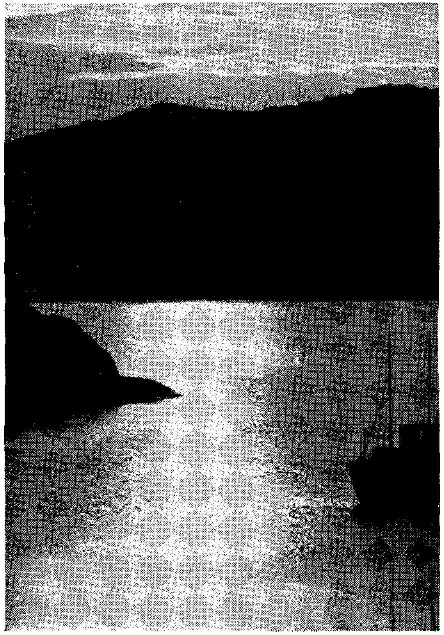

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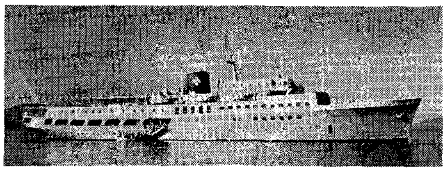

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greed—had reached the point of no return. The West and the East were through with each other, but, as in the case of a bad marriage, long years of rancor made for a very unpleasant divorce.

Every day, there were fresh stories of atrocities, not only from Radio Bangladesh but from neutral sources, such as the Catholic missionaries. Thus, for example, Father Richard W. Timm, a coördinator of local Catholic relief programs, appealed to United Nations officials, who were trying to distribute relief supplies in the region under impossible logistic conditions, for "a stand to be taken at the highest levels against the outrageous behavior toward the Hindu citizens of East Pakistan." Father Timm said in a letter to the United Nations people that thousands of Hindus were coming out of hiding because they were starving. "They include high-caste Hindus and even temple priests, who are begging to be accepted as Christians," he wrote. "They would never do this except in extreme desperation, since they do not wish to become Christians any more than they wish to become Muslims."

There was little doubt that the Pakistanis were carrying on what Nandan Kagal, resident editor of the *Indian Express* in New Delhi, had described back in May as "a demographic war." The Pakistanis, Kagal had written, were engaging in "a policy of selectively depopulating East Bengal." He went on, "Islamabad's objective clearly is to destroy or drive out those whom it considers immediately or prospectively undesirable. This means, primarily, the non-Muslim population . . . and, to a lesser extent, the Muslim elements hostile to the military regime. It is Islamabad's 'final solution' to Pakistan's 'minority problem,' with Tikka Khan [who between March and September was both Governor of East Pakistan and General of the Eastern Command] playing the role of Eichmann."

The Bengalis, for their part, were also involved in another bitter conflict, with the two million Biharis—like the West Pakistanis, Urdu-speaking people, most of whom had come to East Bengal from the adjacent Indian state of Bihar back in 1947. A large number of Biharis were small businessmen, middlemen, artisans, and clerks. They were looked down upon by the Bengalis, much in the manner that the Algerian Arabs had looked down upon the native, French-descended *pied-noir* population during

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the conflict in their country. The war in East Pakistan, as a matter of fact, bore considerable resemblance to that in the fifties between Algeria and France. The French had insisted on pretending that Algeria, despite its geographical and ethnic distinctness, was an integral part of their country, while clinging to their prerogative of acting as its colonial masters. Tunisia served as a neutral sanctuary and arms transshipment point for the Algerian revolutionaries, just as India fulfilled similar roles for those in Bangladesh. The Biharis in East Pakistan, like the *pieds-noirs* in Algeria, tended to be fanatical in their political and religious loyalties; just as the French extremists supported the *pieds-noirs*, the West Pakistanis sought to protect and use the Biharis.

Violent clashes between the Bengalis and the Biharis had taken place in the spring of 1971 in the port of Chittagong and elsewhere, and subsequently the West Pakistani forces began to recruit razakars from among Bihari groups, including the Mujahids, a rabid right-wing Muslim paramilitary organization. Mujib, to his credit, had sought to dampen the flames of the Bengali-Bihari hatred before he was arrested, but after his imprisonment the hostility between the two groups mounted, and became part of the bloody underground warfare. It was estimated in November that ten thousand Biharis had been murdered, and in most places the West Pakistanis were increasingly staying in or near their cantonments, while the Biharis—some of whom fled to West Pakistan—were going in fear of their lives. More than a hundred thousand of them gathered for safety in camps near Dacca. The hostility continues today, and there are those who believe that, with armed violence breaking out sporadically in Bihari neighborhoods of Dacca, more thousands of Biharis may die. They have good reason for apprehension, having been blamed for such brutalities as the killing of a hundred and fifty Bengali intellectual leaders immediately after the war by members of the Al-Badr, another ultra-right-wing group coöperating with the razakars.

THE overwhelming feeling I, like others, had in Dacca in the period prior to the outbreak of full-scale war was one of inevitability and doom. The Pakistanis were determined, many people believed, to force the issue, on the mistaken ground that in Kashmir, and elsewhere to the west, they would improve their position vis-à-vis India in

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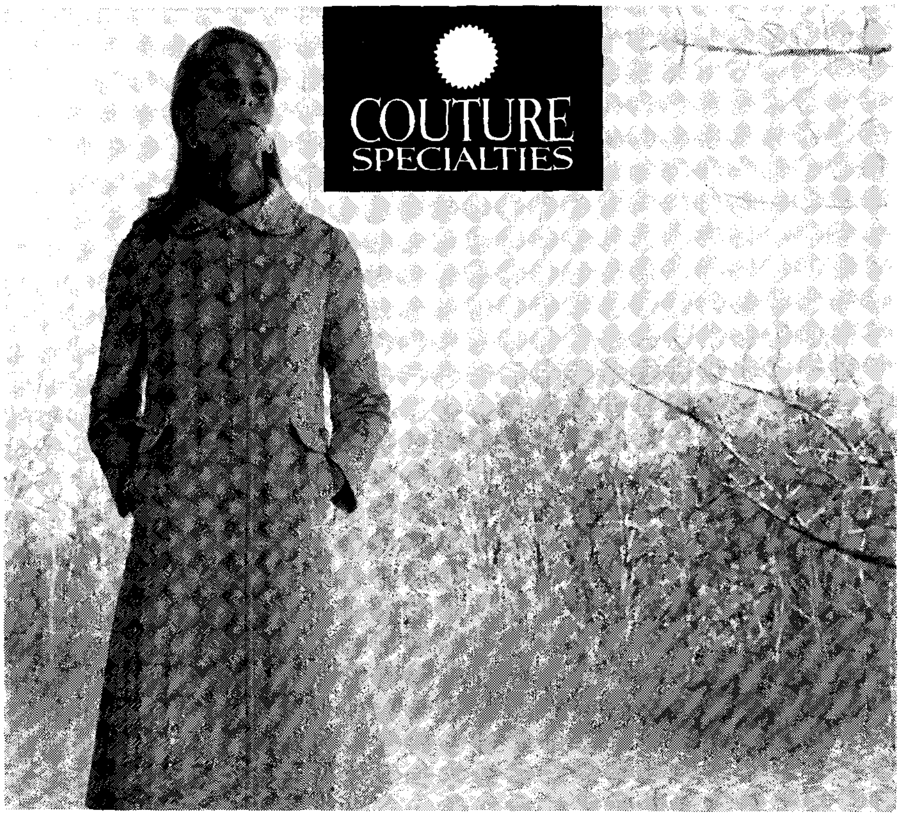

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what would necessarily be a short war, because the United Nations would soon intervene. As it turned out, they figured wrong on all counts. In East Pakistan, their failure to comprehend the degree to which local resistance had already built up was evident in some confused efforts they made to apply a carrot-and-stick policy. In Dacca, on November 17th, I witnessed a good example of their clumsy efforts to calm things down. Waking in my room at the Intercontinental Hotel about seven o'clock, I looked out the window and saw that the streets were totally deserted except for an occasional Army vehicle. It turned out that General Niazi, apparently acting on his own, without the approval of Islamabad, had peremptorily ordered a curfew, so that his men could round up more "miscreants," for he had received intelligence reports that the Mukti Bahini were planning an attack. Some of us, after arguing for two hours with the military in the lobby of the hotel and over the phone, finally were escorted to the office of Major General Rahim Khan, Niazi's deputy. "The public has demanded we take protective steps," General Khan explained, citing the increasing number of "incidents" in the city, including firebombings in public places. General Khan gave several of us permission to tour Dacca, and we did, for several hours, during which it became apparent that the supposed "pacification" operation was ineffectual and pointless, though it must be said to the credit of Niazi's men in Dacca that, while upcountry the razakars and the regular Army were burning villages and taking harsh reprisals, here the searches were carried out politely and the arrests were few, with most of those seized being released after a few hours. Late that afternoon, apparently on orders from Islamabad, Niazi suddenly called off the operation.

Economically, the country was by then in a state of near collapse. The supply of rice—some areas of East Pakistan have three crops a year—was only slightly below normal, but because the facilities for distributing it had broken down, its price in some areas had tripled. The population dislocations had aggravated the problem, and many people besides the fugitive Hindus were on the verge of starvation. Jute, which accounts for ninety per cent of the area's exports, was rotting away in the fields. Power and manufacturing plants were being subjected to sabotage, railway lines were out, and supplies of most merchandise were down by half. The production of tea, the area's other

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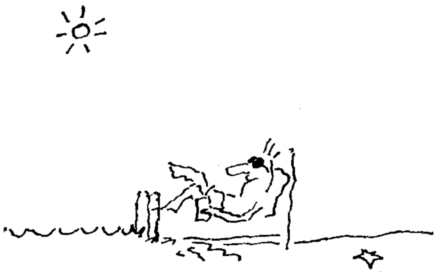

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main export, was also way down, and plantations in the northwest, the main growing area, were operating at only forty per cent of capacity. Like the jute, the tea, even when harvested, could not be moved, and of the twenty-five million pounds normally produced in the Sylhet district twenty million were simply sitting in warehouses, some of which the Indians had shelled. During a trip to that region, I saw tea plantations being overrun by destructive creepers, which grow so fast—as much as six inches a day—that with a magnifying glass one can see them grow. We came across a small group of a hundred or so Hindu families who had been driven back across the border because of the shelling, though they had nowhere to go and were living in huts of straw and mud. "We have lost our land and cattle, and there is no work anywhere," one of them said. Along the border, I saw the overconfident Pakistanis' carefully dug foxholes and bunkers—a minor Maginot Line, which exemplified what was being done all along Pakistan's two thousand miles of borders with India, and was about to prove just as useless as its historic French counterpart did in 1940.

—Robert Shaplen

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

We have recently been told that our child is artistic. I would like to hear from other parents who have a child with the same problem. —*Boston Globe.*

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In his remarks, Mr. Hadley expressed his confidence in the new team of President Couper, Chairman of the Board John Lockwood, and Director John Mackenzie Cory. "There will be difficulties," he said, "but I am sure they will succeed." He went on to recall that his association with The Library went back to 1914 long before he became a Trustee. In those days, fifty-seven years ago, Washington Irving was still President of the Board of Trustees. "When I think of that," said Mr. Hadley, "I feel like Rip Van Winkle."—*The New York Public Library News.*

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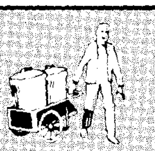
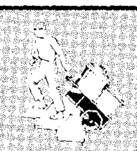
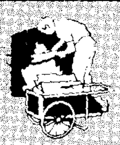
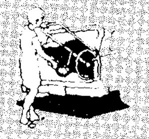
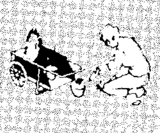
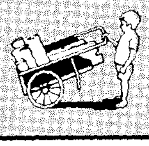
Can you load it heavily, up front, without it suddenly flopping on its "face"? YES ☐ NO ☐	 Will it hold two full size trash cans or two standard bushel baskets? YES ☐ NO ☐	 Will it pull easily up steps or over obstacles without catching its legs and without dumping its load out forward? YES ☐ NO ☐
Is it narrow enough to go readily through standard doors, so you can enjoy using it indoors as well as out? YES ☐ NO ☐	 Is it handsome enough so you want it in the house? YES ☐ NO ☐	Can you handle it with just one hand, without constant struggle to keep it from tipping over? YES ☐ NO ☐
Is it shaped to take a great big cardboard box for leaves and other such bulky loads? YES ☐ NO ☐	Can you load it crosswise without having the load slide off forward? YES ☐ NO ☐	 Is it light and compact enough so it can be easily lifted, by non-giants, into a station wagon, for example? YES ☐ NO ☐
Is it designed to take full size garden tools, like hoes and rakes? YES ☐ NO ☐	 Is it low enough to be just the right height for gardening? YES ☐ NO ☐	Is it rugged enough to take rough loads, such as two hundred pounds of dirt, sand, gravel or the like? YES ☐ NO ☐
Will it "stand on its head" to accept heavy loads, so you don't have to lift them? YES ☐ NO ☐	Are its legs out of the way so they don't constantly bang your heels or shins? YES ☐ NO ☐	 Is it designed so you can balance a heavy load with just one finger, and so the axle carries the load, not you? YES ☐ NO ☐

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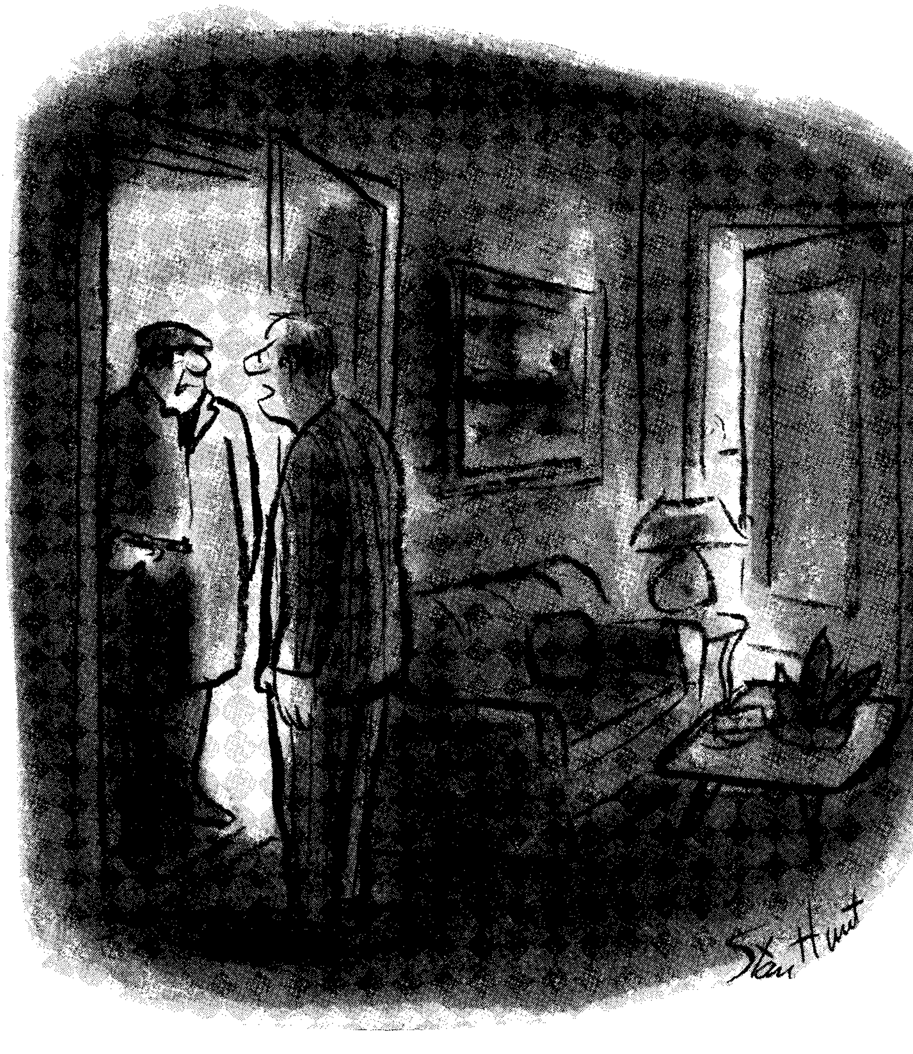
A PRODUCTION of "Medea," conceived and directed by Andrei Serban and based on the plays of Euripides and Seneca (when you venture Off Broadway or, as in this case, Off Off, be wary of "conceived," watch out for "based on"), is being given scattered performances at La Mama—in the basement of La Mama, rather than in the theatre itself. The action takes place on raised platforms at both ends of the room, and the audience sits on benches along the walls. The lines are in Greek and Latin, often spoken simultaneously and sounding as though they had been learned purely phonetically by the players. During much of the action—almost up to the murder of the children—jilted Medea crouches at one end, in chains, her face contorted with rage as she growls furiously at Jason, who stands facing her at the other end. He, sometimes alone and sometimes with Creusa, shouts back at her. The nurse, roaming the floor between, passionately argues with both of them. There is percussive music, and there are sound effects and sighs and groans throughout. The effect is frenzied and barbaric, the speeches are as near gibberish as makes no matter, and although this highly disciplined performance may not do much for "Medea"—except, perhaps, to remind us that the play was not written by Gilbert Murray or Robinson Jeffers—it is certainly arresting. In its outlandish, not to say freakish, way, it does exist, and I doubt if I'll forget it, even though it is not nearly as audacious or truly innovative as, say, "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel."

Considering the nature of their assignments, the actors (most of them non-Equity) do quite well. As Medea, Priscilla Smith, sounding more like a man than a woman, is a rabid, sly animal. As Jason, Jamil Zakkai—swarthy, sturdy, and emotionally volatile—sets the play right on the shore of the Aegean, where it belongs. Diane Lane and Dennis Leiberson play the children with gravity and attention. Best of all is Natalie Gray, as the nurse; she actually gives us the illusion, from time to time, that she knows what she is saying. Laura Rambaldi is responsible for the subtle, imaginative lighting. Mr. Serban, a Rumanian director, has studied with Peter Brook, and it is Mr. Brook who supplies the sententious epigraph for the program: "What is the relation between verbal and non-verbal theatre? What happens when gesture and sound turn into word? What is the exact place of the word in theatrical expression? As vibration? Concept? Music? . . ." Ah, yes. What indeed?

THE brainless "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Roundabout might just as well be non-verbal, for all the values that the players get from Shakespeare's words. "The Mangling of the Shrew" is more like it. The style imposed upon it by the directors, Gene Feist and Gui Andrisano, is commedia dell'arte; everybody is masked and dressed in red and purple and very, very jumpy, and one gets the impression of a lot of indistinguishable nervous wrecks with funny noses milling around to no purpose whatever. Among the actors, only Michael Wager, as Petruchio, is able to bring a modicum of sanity to his role and of eloquence to his lines. A little butterball of an actress named Judith Sullivan makes a silly Bianca, but Miss Sullivan has a quality all her own, and under different auspices she might become a comedian. Oh, well, it is only "The Shrew"—so no outrage, just torpor.

THE St. Marks, where the Negro Ensemble Company has been presenting a brief season of workshop productions, has proved an oasis over the past barren weeks. Of the plays I saw, none was really finished and ready for review, but in each instance I could understand why the script was chosen. I was baffled at times but seldom bored. "An Evening with Max Roach," in which the great jazz drummer played with five other musicians and a group of young singers, was nothing short of sublime.

—EDITH OLIVER



"What's the matter? How come you don't climb up the fire escape and break in the kitchen window like everybody else?"

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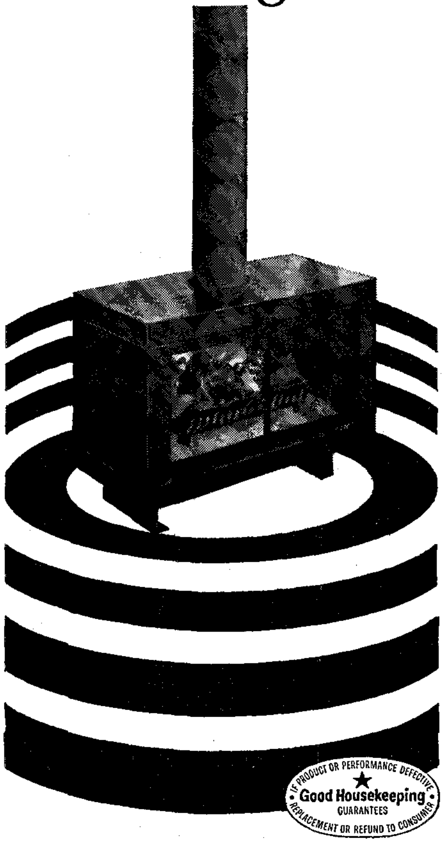
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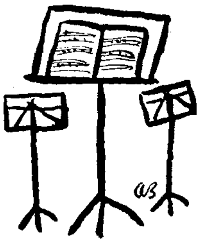

THOMAS PASATIERI'S "The Trial of Mary Lincoln," which will be broadcast by the N.E.T. Opera next Monday night, is the work of a sincere composer who takes his tradition seriously and writes for the voice with unusual skill. The texture of his scoring for orchestra is not only expert but dramatically effective and pleasing to the ear. Since he is only twenty-six years old, he may be a spearhead of something I have heard a lot about, though I have experienced very little of it: a return by younger composers to melodic writing. If this happens, there is still a chance for a reconciliation between contemporary opera and the musical public.

By means of flashbacks, the opera portrays many episodes in the life of Abraham Lincoln's wife, while devoting its main narrative to the trial at which she is adjudged insane and from which she is taken to the madhouse. She has been brought to trial by her son Robert over a question of her financial responsibility as well as the state of her mind. The flashbacks show her flamboyant behavior during the Civil War, her efforts on behalf of the wounded Union soldiers, her confrontation with a nephew, who is fighting on the other side, the death of her child just after she has been gaily dancing in the White House ballroom, and several other incidents. Lincoln is merely a presence offstage. There are several quite moving scenes. If the opera has a fault, it is that Mary Lincoln never quite attains the stature of tragic heroine. The flaws in her character are too obvious. For all her sorrows, she is basically a frivolous woman and a meddlesome one. And so the emotional punch that real tragedy would have produced is somewhat vitiated. On the other hand, the opera shows Mr. Pasatieri to be an extraordinarily gifted young operatic composer, and I expect great things from him.

The role of Mary Lincoln is sung by Elaine Bonazzi, and is done with such remarkable dramatic insight that Mary almost becomes the tragic heroine one looks for. Miss Bonazzi is one of the outstanding actresses on the contemporary operatic stage, and her portrayal—even though the role is not en-

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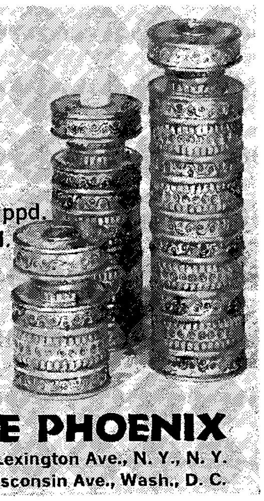

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tirely successful—is something to remember. Other excellent singers in the cast are Carole Bogard, Chester Watson, Elizabeth Pritchett, Louise Parker, Julian Patrick, and Alan Titus. The sets, by Francis Mahard, and the costumes, by Lewis Brown, are appropriate, and Kirk Browning's direction is admirable. The conductor is, as usual, the able and enterprising Peter Herman Adler, who commissioned the work for N.E.T. The libretto, by the way, was done by Anne Howard Bailey, who has written countless television dramas as well as the libretto of Leonard Kastle's "Deseret," an opera done with some success a dozen years ago by the N.B.C. Opera company.

UNTIL his appearance with the London Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall on Monday evening of last week, I had never encountered the conducting of André Previn. I had heard from various sources that he was a reasonably talented maestro, but nothing had prepared me for the Rachmaninoff performances he conducted that night. The works on the program were William Schuman's "American Festival" Overture and the Russian pianist-composer's Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, Opus 43, and his Second Symphony. The soloist in the Rhapsody was the formidable Russian pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy. Mr. Previn proved to be a most talented conductor—in this type of music, at any rate. He has a sensitivity to string tone that is comparable to Ormandy's, and a feeling for the long, singing melodic line that is altogether unusual. Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony is not really a masterpiece. It contains a good deal of stuffing, and its melodic inspirations are short-winded. But under Mr. Previn's baton it sounded as beautiful as I have ever heard it sound. The orchestral part of the Rhapsody also had this special eloquence. Mr. Ashkenazy adopted an exhibitionistic approach to the piano part, playing almost like a pugilist, and showing off a technique that is indeed magnificent to behold. There are other ways of interpreting this work, and those who remember Rachmaninoff himself as an interpreter of the solo part will recollect a more subtle, more musical performance than the one we heard the other night. But Mr. Ashkenazy's way with it had its points. Throughout the program, the London Symphony performed splendidly.

LAST Tuesday night, I split my evening between Seiji Ozawa's program with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall and the perform-

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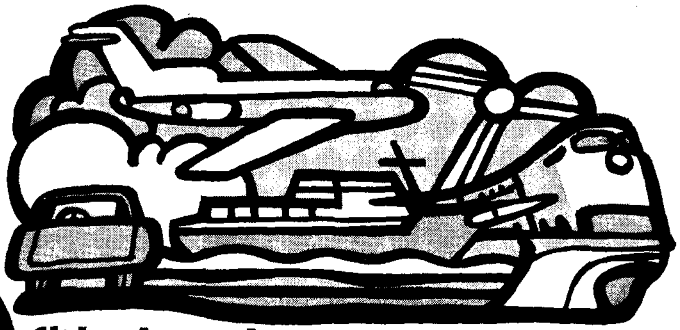

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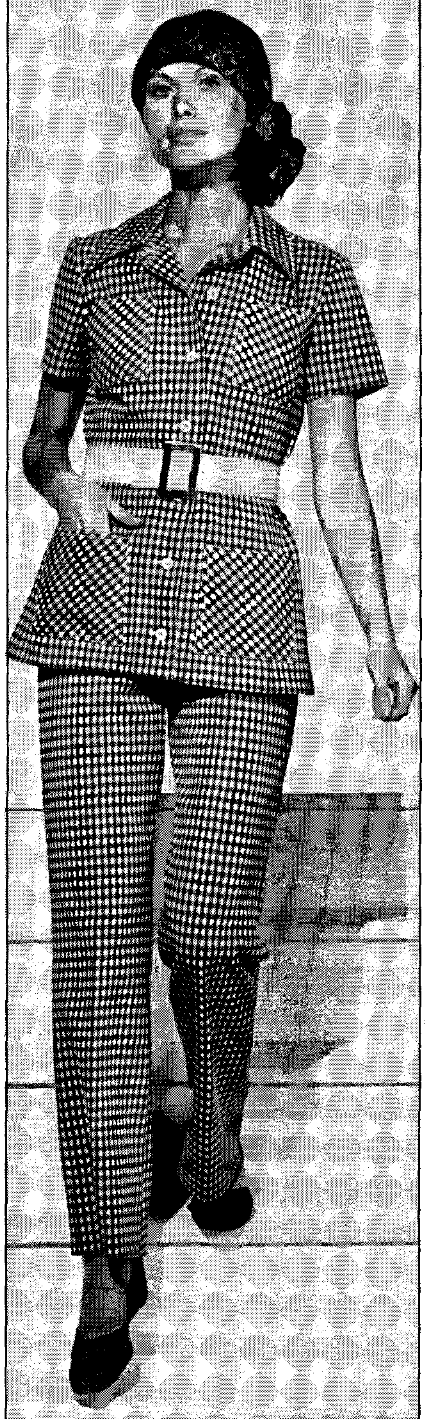

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ance of Massenet's "Werther" across the plaza at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Ozawa conducted a very sensitive, almost breathless performance of the overture to Verdi's "The Sicilian Vespers," and then embarked on the New York première of a work by the Japanese composer Maki Ishii entitled "So-Gu II" for Gagaku and Orchestra, the gagaku part consisting of sounds made by ten Japanese instrumentalists dressed in golden gowns and black caps. I am probably prejudiced, but I have always found Japanese music the most boring of all types of Oriental music. (This boredom may well be reciprocated by the Japanese. A friend of mine took a Japanese Zen Buddhist monk to hear the Boston Symphony perform Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. His comment was "Not enough silence!") At any rate, Mr. Ishii's composition had a certain theatrical appeal as well as a certain exotic one. The Japanese musicians tootled and plunked with what I imagine to be authentic style while the orchestra made terrific booming sounds. The audience seemed to like the result.

I GOT to the Met in time for the second act of "Werther." I was not impressed by the flabby conducting of Alain Lombard, and I have never liked the sets the Met has chosen for this opera. There was some singing here and there that was pleasant to listen to, and some that was not. Franco Corelli's was not. As the hero of the opera, he strutted about, enunciating a language that could have been Swahili, and his vocal production has become so tight that he simply seems unable to attack a high note pianissimo; he has to bawl it out lustily and then do his typical trick of trying to make a diminuendo. Sometimes this works and sometimes it doesn't. In any case, it is not good vocalism, and though the audience (especially the female part of it) went into ecstasies, I found his whole performance crude and vulgar. There was a time when one could forgive Mr. Corelli a great deal because of the sheer power and sheen of his voice. But some of the sheen has disappeared, and the power nowadays amounts to mere bellowing. The rest of the cast was much better. Régine Crespin makes a rather mature-looking Charlotte, but she was singing quite musically and with a nicely sensuous tone. Colette Boky's Sophie was also sung well, though I thought her conception of the role a bit self-consciously cute. Among the others in the cast, John Reardon, as Albert, was excellent, with fine French enunciation, and so were Donald

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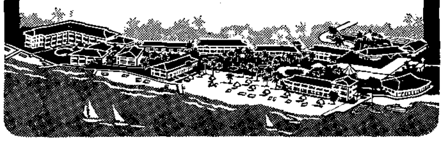

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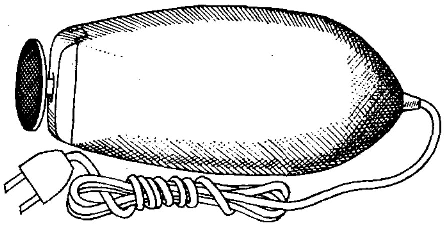

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JEROME ROBBINS is my favorite choreographer, but I am not sure that "Watermill," given its world première by the New York City Ballet at the State Theatre last Thursday night, is my favorite Robbins ballet. It is a remarkable work in many ways—remarkably daring, for one. It lasts a full hour, and is done for the most part in such slow motion that one awaits the next footfall with anticipation. It has a score performed by six musicians playing Japanese instruments, and again there are little twitters and toots, totally lacking in rhythm by our standards—all quite tiresome, to my ear, at least. There were times when the ballet came dangerously close to what Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis were doing in the late nineteen-twenties after they returned from their tour of the Orient. Still, there were some beautiful moments. As far as I could make out, the work depicts a man (Edward Villella) contemplating the events of his life—mainly his aesthetic and sexual experiences—over a long span of time, which is indicated by a waxing and waning moon. Peasants in Japanese costume harvest the rice; winter and spring bring various manifestations; people fly kites and carry balloons—all this on a stage where pussy willows are stacked in clumps before a mustard-colored backdrop. Mr. Villella is nearly naked throughout the performance, and his muscles are magnificent. He moves only rarely, and with great deliberation, now lying down, now standing, now assuming the position of Michelangelo's Adam. There is a kind of calm poetry about a good deal of what happens, but the tension produced by listening to Japanese music for an hour while not much really goes on is a trifle wearing. "Watermill" is a ballet about which I might someday change my mind. But my reactions the other night paralleled the ambivalent ones of the audience, part of which applauded wildly, part of which booed.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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> Brandt said he felt the friendliness extended to him and his family in Florida was unaffected by his position as "a foreign dignitary."
> He cited the neighbor who stopped by to give autonomy in East Pakistan.
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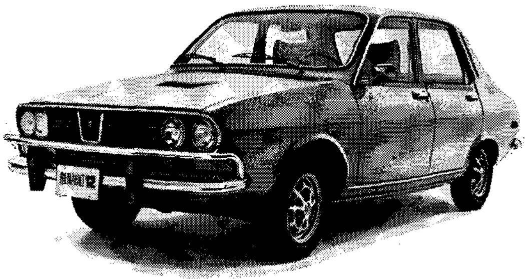

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Afternoon Television: Unhappiness Enough, and Time

YOU have to tolerate extremes of hatred and loneliness to follow, Monday through Friday every week, through a still unterminated period of months, the story of an educated man so bitter that he kills himself solely to frame another man for murder. Yet there is an audience of at least six million at two-thirty every afternoon New York time (other times across the country) prepared to watch this plot line, among other plot lines, develop on "The Doctors," a television program of the genre soap opera, or daytime dramatic serial. Whatever else it is, it is no joke. There cannot in all fiction be a purer single act of rage and isolation than this imploded revenge, the carom suicide: no simple murder of somebody else, no murder of somebody else to frame a third, no ordinary suicide that might leave others feeling guilty of some metaphorical murder by neglect. This contriver of his own death to make it look like someone else's literal crime has, in one classic solitary act, detonated incalculable threats in other lives. "The Doctors" plays it out.

For all I know, it happens all the time in life. So many events are quite other events in disguise. But "The Doctors" has a special instance here. It certainly has high tragic possibilities, except that no one writes high dramas now. In times of mass violent death, individuals in drastic personal straits look tabloid. Most fiction keeps its personal crises low-profile and small; writers with serious claims upon the desperate dramatic themes seem to have crossed further out of tragedy and into melodrama than writers of soaps have crossed going the other way. The term "pop culture," never of much use or elegance, is empty now. There is almost no culture of any other kind. People with a taste or instinct for the arts are thrown back on the classics or must bide their time. The arts, first-rate, second-rate (the creative enterprise is not a horse race, after all), are just not much in evidence. Painting is a kind of caricature: ribbons, billboards, commercials are not simply the inspiration—they are *better* than this incessant, humorless joke that passes through museums and galleries in the name of art. In writing, one would never have found a Kafka on symposiums or on the Johnny Carson show. But, in all the modern strategies of fame, it becomes harder than ever to know where to look.

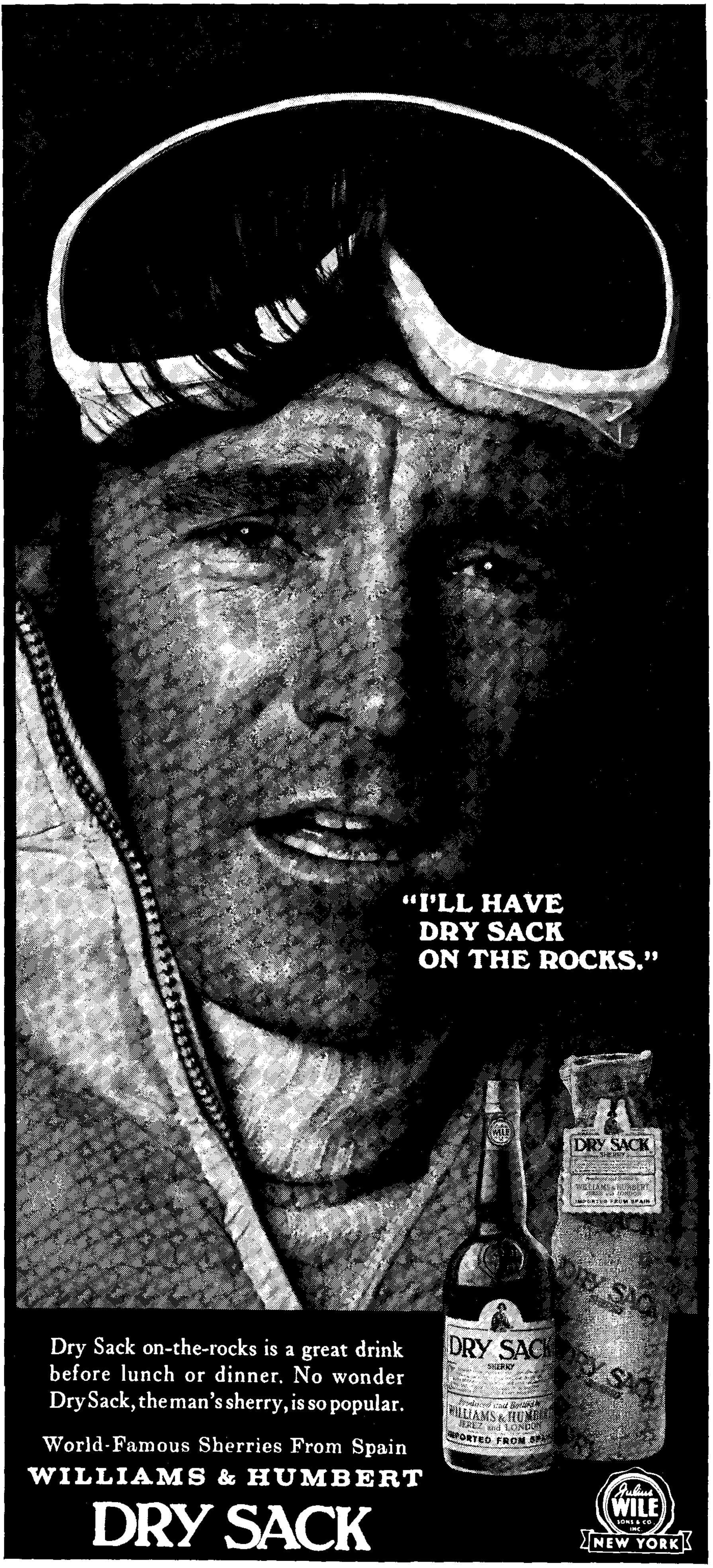
And then there are the soaps. They are pure plot. Perhaps the grand oral tradition rambled on this way, and then we had the Iliad and the Nibelungenlied. For months, the audience was not told—the characters did not yet suspect—that Dr. Allison killed Dr. Allison. But the audience knew. Everyone knew. It was so in line with the characters and their motives over the last four years, at least, that the only questions were when Dr. Aldrich's murder trial would begin, if it began, and how it would come out. Conviction. Acquittal. Conviction and—perhaps months *later*—acquittal. All this was not conventional suspense. Too much was known. It was more like sustained morbidity and dread. Things were going to get worse before they got better, if they ever did. White housewives, black housewives, children home from school, men unemployed, the aged, the preschool young, the idle, the ladies at the ironing board—there was no telling, even from commercials, who was watching this, except that they were millions, across the country, and that they were, and are, willing to endure what has become the perfected medium of daily, inexorable, and almost unrelieved depression.

It takes about five days to catch on to the plot of a soap opera in apogee. It takes five years for one of these fictions, whose beginnings and ends are as obscure as the first questions of the universe, to capture and maintain an audience. There seems to be no reason for whole generations of adults still to have strong, clear memories of Helen Trent and other characters from the radio soaps. Surely we could not have been sick, or otherwise home from school, on so very many mornings, and "amnesia" need not have been our first word of adult pathology. But the television soap operas (the radio ones are now defunct), in addition to being in the afternoon, have brought their stories far closer to home. "As sands through the hourglass," says a voice, over music, each day at the start of a daytime serial, "so are the days of our lives." The program happens to be called "Days of Our Lives." In all the years of the program's logo, the top half of the hourglass has never emptied and the bottom never filled. It is yet another Hundred Neediest Cases of the mind. Fidelity, betrayal, rape, murder, amnesia, alienation, misunderstanding, literal misconception (wives pregnant by their husbands' brothers or by the fiancés of their husbands' sisters), hostages, adoptions, suicides, loves, wars, friendships, deceit, insanity, operations, villains, tea—whose sands and hourglass are these? A lot of people's, evidently. The

"And we have a class treasurer, too, but we haven't any money."

serial "Search for Tomorrow," which is just now floundering a bit (writers of soap operas burn out, shift programs, lose their touch, endure, go mad, or simply vanish with their own dramatic frequency), has been on television continuously for more than twenty years. The serial "Another World" became so popular and full of plot (also so pressed by N.B.C.'s need for another loved half hour) that it split in two: the old "Another World," at its usual 3 P.M., and "Another World (Somerset)"—later renamed simply "Somerset"—with many of the same characters, at 4 P.M. "The Doctors" itself, at two-thirty, is N.B.C.'s competitor with C.B.S.'s "The Guiding Light," which was once one of the most watched programs in daytime television. No more. "The Doctors" was just a better-written, better-acted epic of despair.

MY happiest moment on any of the soaps I have watched with anything like constancy occurred some years ago, when Andrea Whiting, of "Search for Tomorrow," cracked up on the witness stand. Her villainy had been relentless, undiscovered, pathological for years. She had broken the engagement of her son, Len Whiting, to Patti Tate. She had refused to divorce her estranged husband, Sam Reynolds, so that he could marry his true love, Joanne Tate, Patti's mother and the program's heroine. Andrea Whiting had been responsible, many years before, for the death by fire of Len's twin. She had blamed the death on her husband, Sam, thereby estranging Sam the father from Len the son. She had tried to kill several people in the intervening years—most recently Sam—but she had contrived to make it look as though Sam had been trying to kill her. Sam was on trial. He was being defended by Doug Martin, the father of Scott Phillips, who was going to marry Lauri Something, the mother of an illegitimate child. Names have little to do with paternity on any of the soaps; few legitimate children, for the most complicated reasons, have their fathers' names. Doug Martin, Scott Phillips' father, was about to marry someone else. Doug had overcome a severe breakdown only recently, and his marriage, his confidence, his relationship with his own son (Scott having just returned from Vietnam) depended on the success of his defense of Sam. Anyway, under questioning by Doug Martin, Andrea cracked up. The truth about the fire death came out, the truth about everything came back, in flashbacks spanning years. Andrea



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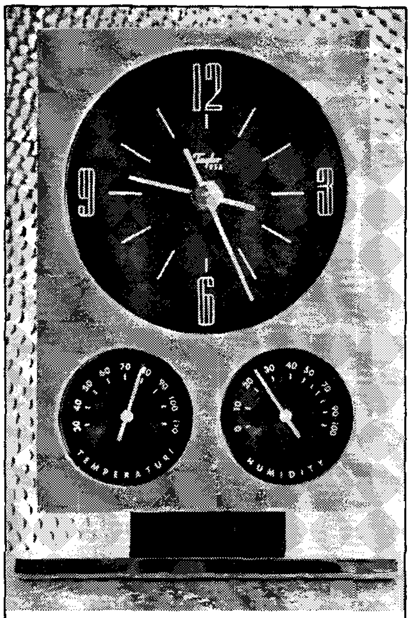
was carried off. I stopped watching for many months, quitting while I was just a bit ahead, I thought. Now it turns out that while I was away Andrea returned. Sam Reynolds is in prison in Africa. Joanne, having gone blind for a while, and thinking Sam dead, has fallen in love with her neurosurgeon. Len's wife, Patti, has had a miscarriage, and his girl, Grace (I can't explain about Grace), had a child and died herself. It is such misery. I'm almost glad the writers are troubled now, with quite other problems I don't care about. Andrea is scheming again. ("Nobody can match Andrea in the scheming department," a C.B.S. plot summary says. I do see that.) I simply *don't understand* "Search for Tomorrow" now. Some characters seem to be buying a house.

My second-happiest moment on a soap was a mistake. Several years ago, a girl named Rachel had, by the most unscrupulous means, ensnared Russ Matthews, son of one of the most decent families on "Another World." They married. Many months later, a very rich self-made young man called Steven Frame came into town and fell in love with Russ's sister, Alice. Alice Matthews loved Steve, too, but so did Rachel (by this time Mrs. Russ Matthews), in her own unscrupulous way. Rachel seduced Steve. She became pregnant, and claimed that the child was Steve's. Her husband, Russ, was, naturally, upset, as was his sister, Alice, who immediately broke off with Steve. For several months, I stopped watching. Then, one recent afternoon (recent in soap terms; that is, around July), when I was on the telephone, I had "Another World" on, with the sound off. The scene was a christening. The characters were Lenore and Walter Curtin (who had a difficult history of their own), a chaplain, a baby, Alice, and Steve. I thought—I truly hoped—that Alice and Steve had been reconciled and married while I was away, and that the child was theirs. All wrong. The baby was Lenore's and Walter's, although Walter had grave doubts on this very point. Alice and Steve were godparents.

Since then, Alice and Steve have really married. I missed that scene, but they have passed their honeymoon, and so I know. Russ and Rachel have divorced. Rachel has remarried—a young man whose business is now being financed by Steven Frame. Russ is engaged to Rachel's new husband's sister. Or he was, until a few sad weeks ago. People have to keep meeting at parties, where there are so many problems



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about previous marriages and affairs and present babies. Now Rachel's husband has been in a coma and has made sordid revelations about his past. Walter Curtin has vanished, under mysterious circumstances. Lenore has received, by messenger, a scarf. Walter has confessed by phone to the murder, in a jealous rage, of Steve's secretary's former husband, whom he suspected of having slept with his (Walter's) wife, Lenore. Most recently—in fact, tomorrow, as I write this—Walter has died. But on the whole such sudden accelerations of the plot are better on quick, episodic soaps, like "Edge of Night," which are akin to closed, formed, Aristotelian thrillers, which I never watch.

THERE are moments when some aesthetic things, all art aside, are simply so. People know it, without any impulse or attempt to argue: something is on. Such a moment, years back, protracted over many months, was the Moon Maid episode in the "Dick Tracy" comic strip. Long before the slogan "Black is beautiful" appeared in and receded from the news, longer before the astronauts reached the moon, Dick Tracy's son, Junior, returned from the moon with Moon Maid, pleaded with her not to remove her horns or try to conceal them with a beehive hairdo, married her, and delighted in their baby's little horns. The word would not even be "miscegenation" now. Junior was light-years beyond the country's perception of its race problems then. The McCarthy time of "Pogo" was less golden. It was one of those finest hours that "Peanuts," in another key, has sustained over many years with genius consistency. Something was touched.

The same was true for years of the talk shows on television. They were on. They meant something. Now, regardless of Nielsen ratings, watchers, they are off. One knows it. They simply do not matter in the sense they did. It is also true, oddly enough, of television coverage of the news. It had its years and faces. Then it had the instant things it was perfectly designed for: the shooting through the head of a man by the chief of Saigon's national police; the moon landing. Then it lost its purchase on events and, no matter how many people watched it, faded. The anchor man would mention an event, switch to the local correspondent, who would mention it again, then interview its source, who would mention it in his own idiom. No depth, no time, and lots of waste of time. McLuhanism

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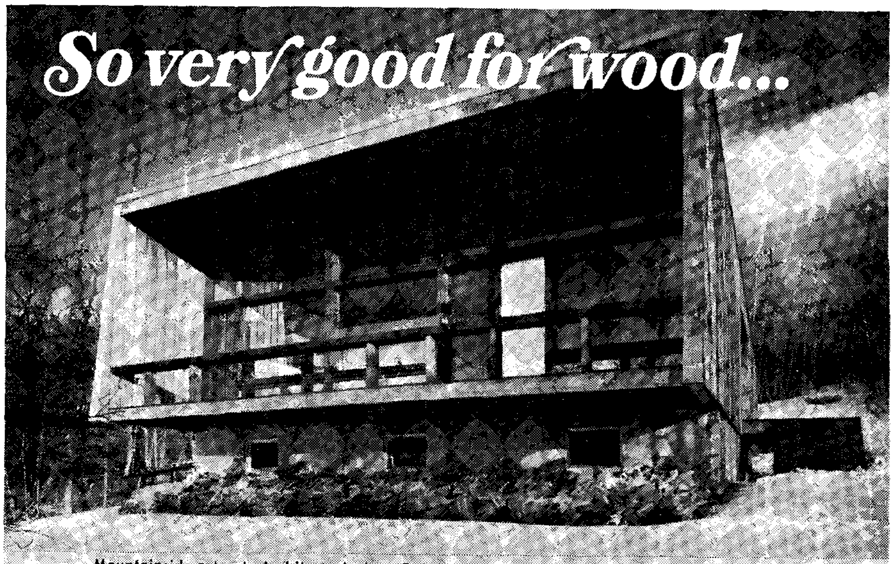

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was wrong. The mind needs print. Perhaps the news as captured by TV will matter again. Maybe tomorrow.

The soap operas, which have endured as long as anything in television, have their own rhythms, fade, recur. It was on "Another World," some years ago, that there was a moment—or, rather, nearly a half hour—of dramatic brilliance. It was just after Rachel, still married then to Russ, had slept with Steve and spent a weekend searching for her father. Russ naturally knew that she had been away, but not where or with whom. Suddenly, Russ insisted that he and Rachel pay a call that night on everyone they knew in town—to keep up appearances. Rachel resisted, in her usual sulky way, and then gave in. They made the tour. It was a masterpiece of compression. Russ and Rachel acted out their drama in such a way (by concealing it, and pretending that all was well) that all the other dramas on the program—and they were many, and of long standing—were called to mind, as though the audience were going through an Andrea flashback on the witness stand.

They went to visit, for example, Walter Curtin and Lenore. Walter Curtin had been the prosecutor, several years before, in a case in which Missy Fargo was mistakenly convicted of the murder of her husband, Dan. She had married Danny Fargo, in the first place, because Liz Matthews (another unrelenting villainess) had tried to prevent the love match of Missy and Liz's son, Bill. Liz, the mother, had decided at the time that her son, Bill, should marry Lenore, now Curtin but then single and in love with Bill. Bill loved Missy. Lenore loved Bill. Walter loved Lenore. When Danny Fargo was murdered, Liz (the mother), Walter (the prosecutor), and Lenore all had an interest in seeing Missy go to jail. Several years later, Missy was sprung and married Bill. Then Walter, repentant and, anyhow, in love, married Lenore. Liz, the villainess, was hysterically distressed, but she had other lives to wreck, including a long-lost daughter's, and she did.

Russ and Rachel, in their tour, met others—several generations of the Randolph family, for example, and Rachel's mother, Ada, of humble origins but of major significance in solving the Missy case. What had happened since Missy's trial (can I go on with this?) was an interminable rivetting episode in which Lee Randolph, a daughter of the Randolphs (who are related to the Matthewses by innumerable ties of blood and misunderstanding), being in love with Sam Lucas, a relative of the

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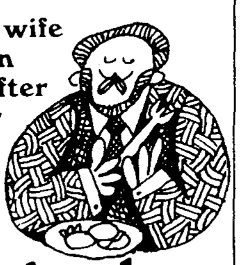

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humble Ada's, had, under the influence of LSD, killed someone, whose name I don't remember, of the criminal element.

This business of not remembering has an importance of its own, although insanity has replaced amnesia as the soap operas' most common infirmity. The files of the soaps are so sketchy that their history is almost irretrievable. "Laura comforts Susan, and Scott is surprised by a statement from Julie," for example, is N.B.C.'s plot note for the March 13, 1970, "Days of Our Lives." And "Nick and Althea did make it to the Powers apartment, and the dinner did not burn" was N.B.C.'s summary of two weeks on "The Doctors" during the AFTRA strike of 1967. The only true archivists of the whole history of a soap are the perpetual watchers, the loyal audience, whom, out of a truly decent sense of tradition and constancy, the ever-changing writers try not to betray. This requires careful and intuitive examination of those files, and an attempt to avoid anything that might violate the truth of the story as it existed before a given writer's time. Only the audience knows, and yet there are so many Scotts and Steves and Lees on various programs that even the most loyal audience can get mixed up.

Anyway, Sam Lucas took the blame for Lee Randolph's having murdered, under LSD, a thug. Everyone was acquitted in the end. Of course, there is no end. But Lee, thinking that LSD had impaired her chromosomes, kept far away from Sam, who misunderstood her motives as having to do with the milieu from which he came. Sam Lucas married a girl called Lahoma, an earthy character who was meant to appear only briefly in the plot but who was so good she had to stay. Lee Randolph eventually killed herself. Sam, Lahoma, Missy (now widowed again), and Missy's baby by Danny Fargo have all moved to "Somerset." Strangely, none of the catastrophes on soaps—and nearly every soap event is a catastrophe—are set up with much sentiment. I do not think the audience ever cries, except at Christmas, anniversaries, and other holidays, all of which are celebrated on their proper day. The celebrations are bleak enough, but it is the purest gloom to find oneself on December 25th or January 1st watching a soap or, if the football games are on, deprived of one. The other days are just alternations of being miserable and being bored, or both, and knowing that the characters are the same.

Well, there were Russ and Rachel, visiting all these people on "Another

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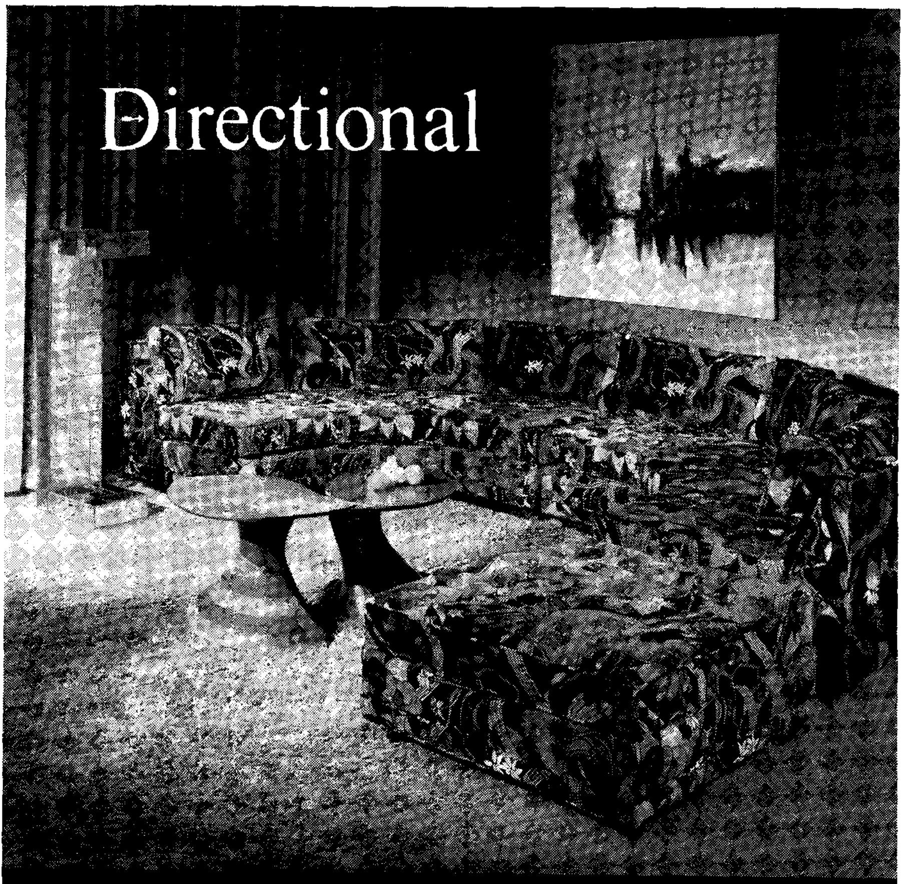

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World." To someone who had not been watching, it did all come back. It is not necessary, technically, to *watch*. Since most of the characters address each other incessantly by name, one can catch it all from another room, like radio. On the other hand, one needn't listen, either. I would have found out my mistake about the christening soon enough. There are the most extravagant visual and aural flashbacks, ranging from "Have I told you what Russ said to me last night?" (Answer, "Well, Russ did tell me;" both characters retell it anyway) to visual flashbacks that would do credit to the cinema. In the case of the temporarily misunderstood christening, it was my telephone that had turned the set on with the sound off. The ring of a telephone is often on the same frequency as the remote-control device that operates some television sets; many households have this strange mechanical rapport. A pin dropped on a table will sometimes do it, or the clicking of a belt buckle. One thinks one is alone, and suddenly the room is full of voices, or faces, or both, from "Another World."

ANOTHER moment, this one from "Days of Our Lives." It takes, as the whole addiction does, some bearing with. Mickey Horton we know—though he does not—is infertile. Tom Horton, Mickey's brother, returned several years ago from Korea, face changed, memory gone. His memory came back. About three years ago, Bill Horton, another brother, impregnated Mickey's wife, Laura, a psychiatrist. Tom Horton, before he went to Korea, had a ghastly wife, extremely ghastly. When his memory returned, she returned, too. Dr. Horton, the father of Tom, Mickey, and Bill, knows—as Bill found out by accident, as Laura knows, as we have always known—that Laura's offspring cannot be her husband Mickey's. Mickey does not know. Last year, there occurred the following episode: Tom's ghastly wife was at the senior Hortons', trying to be nice. The senior Hortons of "Days of Our Lives," like the senior Randolphs and Matthewses of "Another World," or the Tates of "Search for Tomorrow," are technically known by soap writers as "tentpole characters," on which the tragedies are raised. Anyway, as she set the table for dinner that evening at the senior Hortons', Tom's ghastly wife was singing. The elder Mrs. Horton said that she had a lovely voice, that she ought to make a professional thing of it. The ghastly wife went directly to Father

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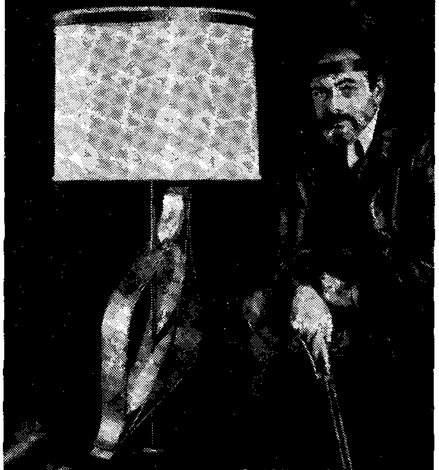

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Dr. Horton's study and made a tape recording of her singing voice in song. She forgot, in her slovenly way, to turn the tape recorder off. Later that evening, Dr. Horton had a chat with his daughter-in-law Laura about her child, her husband's infertility, and her brother-in-law's fatherhood. The tape recorder was still on. Tom's ghastly wife, trying later to recapture her own singing voice on tape, heard all the rest. It was unbearable. Months of blackmail, we all knew. It might have been a lifelong downer. I turned off for several years. The present moment—since July, I mean—as far as I can tell, is this. The tape incident seems nearly over. Mickey Horton, however, was believed by everyone, including himself, to have impregnated a girl other than his wife. Even I knew this was impossible, unless Mickey's medical tests had been in error—in which case he might be the father of his wife Laura's baby after all—or unless the writers, and Laura and her father-in-law, had forgotten the whole thing. When Mickey's girl's baby was born, it did turn out, through blood tests, that the baby could not have been Mickey's. Of course not. Anybody who had watched even five days two years ago knew that. Meanwhile, a friend of the Horton family, Susan, who has had a terrible life, has been raped in the park, and is being treated by Laura, the psychiatrist. Well.

ONE thing about a work of art is that it ends. One may wish to know what happens after the last page of "Pride and Prejudice." Some writers give signs of wishing the reader to abide with a given novel; one of the century's great prose works, after all, ends in such a way that the reader is obliged to begin again. But narrative time in art is closed. The soaps, although they have their own formal limitations (how many times, for example, a major character is required by contract to appear each week onscreen), are eternal and free. One can have a heart attack during a performance of "King Lear" or fall in love while listening to Mozart, but the quotidian, running-right-alongside-life quality of soaps means that whole audiences can grow up, marry, breed, divorce, leave a mark on history, and die while a single program is still on the air. Aristotle would not have cared for it.

The soaps can, and sometimes do, adopt the conventional thriller form, which has a different sort of addict altogether: the solvers, the classicists who demand a beginning, a middle, and an end. There was a superb many-month

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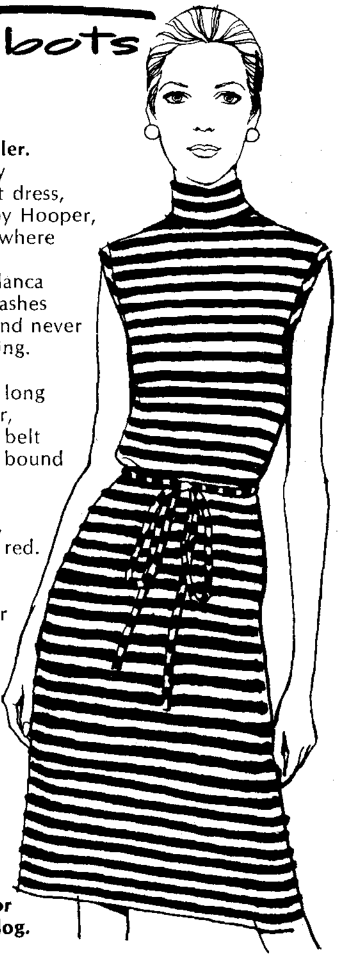

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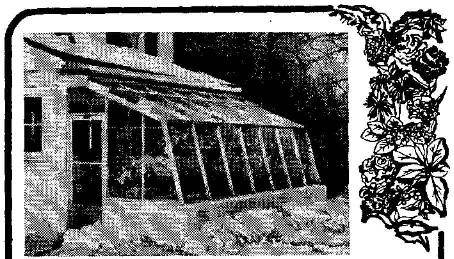

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conventional kidnapping episode on "The Doctors" once, when a trustee of the hospital abducted a nurse, under enthralling circumstances, and the only one who gradually caught on was the nurse's roommate, Carolee Simpson, a character who, like "Another World's" Lahoma, was meant to stay just briefly but has ever since been so good that she is essential to the plot—particularly in the recent matter of Dr. Allison. There was also a young lady physical therapist who thought herself widowed in the Six Day War (her husband had been a correspondent in the Middle East) and who fell in love with the son of the chief of all the doctors. The son was in love with her. Then it turned out that an Israeli girl had been nursing a blind American. He was rude to her for ages. She was kind to him. He turned out, after months, to be the lady therapist's thought-dead husband, and things were resolved. Such episodes do occur. But they are rare. They are too self-contained. Now the wife of the chief of all the doctors, having been kidnapped and returned some months ago, thinks she is going mad. Her paternal uncle was a schizophrenic in his time.

There does not seem to be a single sense in which soap operas can be construed as an escapist form. There is unhappiness enough, and time, to occupy a real lifetime of afternoons. There is no release: not the scream, shudder, and return to real life that some people get from horror films; not the anxiety, violence, and satisfactory conclusion of detective, spy, or cowboy shows; certainly not the laughing chapters of fantasy home lives like "Lucy," "Bachelor Father," or "The Mothers-in-Law." There is no escape, either, from political realities. The allegations that the soaps avoid the topical are simply false; race, Vietnam, psychosis, poverty, class, and generation problems—all are there. One thing soap operas do not do is flinch. They simply bring things home, not as issues but as part of the manic-depressive cycle of the television set. And what they bring home is the most steady, open-ended sadness to be found outside life itself.

No one can look forward to a soap unless he looks forward to the day, in which case he is not likely to be a watcher of soaps at all. Watchers resign themselves. There are seventeen soap operas on television now, some obviously less good than others (a soap that fails is not simply dropped from the air; it is, for the audience's sake, quickly wrapped up: the hero, for example, is run over by a truck), and in

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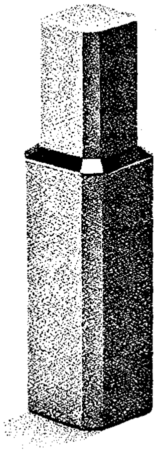

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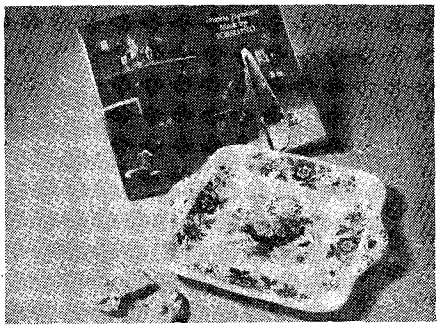

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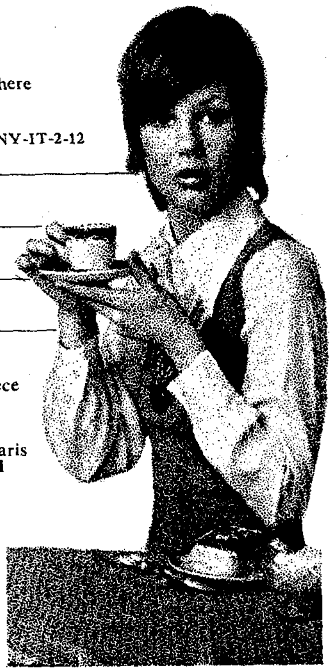
their uncompromisingly funereal misery there is obviously some sort of key. Most sentimental or suspense forms—dog, horse, or spy stories, for instance—have a plotted curve: things are briefly fine, then they're down for a long time, then they rise for a brief finale. There is some reward. The soap line goes almost straight, though inextricably tangled, down. The soaps are probably more true to the life of their own audience than they appear to be; certainly they are truer in pace, in content, and in subjects of concern than any other kind of television is. Not that there is much amnesia or that much insanity out here. Not that each woman's secret fear, or hope, is that she is bearing the child of an inappropriate member of her family. But the despair, the treachery, the being trapped in a community with people whom one hates and who mean one ill, the secrets one cannot expose—except once or twice—in the course of years when changes and revelations occur in sudden jumps: these must be the days of a lot of lives.

This is not the evening's entertainment, which one watches, presumably, with members of the family; not the shared family-situation comedies, which (with the important exception of "All in the Family") are comfortable distortions of what family life is like. Soap operas are watched in solitude. This is the daytime world of the Randolphs, the Matthewses, the Hortons, the Tates—a daily one-way encounter group, a mirror, an eavesdropping on the apparent depression of being just folks for more than twenty years. It is even entering the commercials now—the utter joylessness. There are still the cheery, inane commercials with white tornadoes and whiter wash. But there are beginning to be hopeless underdogs: unpretty, sarcastic Madge, who, as a manicurist, deals with dishpan hands; a moronic young housewife who can scarcely articulate what she is shopping for; the emphasis on cold-water products, with actors who look as though they knew about life in cold-water flats. The view of life as a bitter, sad, dangerous ordeal, with a few seconds' reprieve before the next long jolt to decent souls, cannot be confined to one side of the screen. Not on seventeen daytime dramatic serials. When, for millions, a credible villain is a suicide, dead and well out of it, and a hero is a man compelled to live his drama out, the daylight view of what life is like is far less sunny, on television, anyway, than the view by night.

—RENATA ADLER



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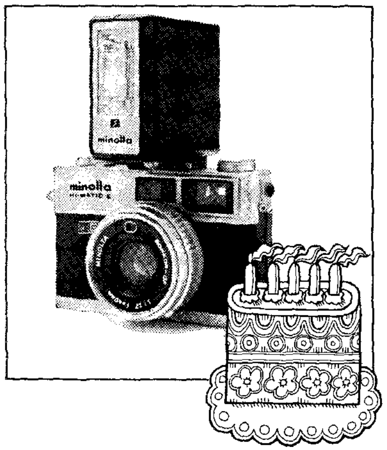

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Reading Edna O'Brien's fiction, I've been surprised by perceptions of what I thought no one else knew—and I wasn't telling. Probably other readers react exactly the same way: she makes private shames public. But I've also been disappointed that, knowing so much, she didn't know more—that she didn't move outside the magic circle of women's emotional problems. Maybe that's why this movie seems like M-G-M forties heightened—because, essentially, it deals with the wife's fierce determination to hold on to her husband by any means. It deals, that is, with a willfully spoiled woman's living on her rapacious impulses—and this is only a few steps up from the old Joan Crawford-Rosalind Russell bitches. The gloss and corruption of this kind of "women's picture" is that love, knowing no honor, is treated not as a sloppy fact but as a triumphal statement—a battle cry in the war of the sexes. The prize defines the genre: the prize is not losing your man. It's a specialized, limited view, commercial and rubbishy, but the contestants here are entertainingly polarized—Zee the sun lover, the overdressed wife in her millionaire gypsy couture, versus the cool, restful mistress. And the dialogue has a sardonic tickle to it. There's some wildness in Edna O'Brien's playfulness and love of words; her writing isn't merely clever—it's delicate in odd, indelicate ways. Indelicacy in women artists can be like the stripping off of corsets. Edna O'Brien likes to reveal, and even though her revelations don't go deep, they're loose and free; she's so full of the wicked zest of being unfettered that there's something almost rapturous about her naughtiness. For her, writing seems another way of sowing her wild oats. Her dialogue, which is one trespass after another, is so good because there's no sense of strain: it flows. The performers in this movie—they must be greedy for lines like this—know what to do with it. The dialogue isn't hollow, like Broadway wisecracks. It sounds likely, because the wit belongs to the subject; rich, smart women who have never needed to develop their intelligence, who use their brains only to climb and to hang on to money and men, do become high-pitched and clever in this combative way. This honed edge of glitzy bitchery isn't an accomplishment, it's a dysfunctional weapon—the tic of wasted minds.

At the beginning of "X Y & Zee," Elizabeth Taylor, peering out of blue lamé eyeshadow like a raccoon, seemed ridiculous and—well, monstrous. But as the picture went on, I found myself missing her whenever she wasn't onscreen (when Michael Caine and Susannah York were acting immaculately), and I'm forced to conclude that, monstrous though she is, her jangling performance is what gives this movie its energy. She has grown into the raucousdemanding-woman role she faked in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" When she goes too far, she's like the blowziest scarlet woman in a Mexican movie, but she's still funny. She wears her hair like upholstery, to balance the upholstery of flesh. The weight she has put on in these last years has not made her gracefully voluptuous; she's too hardboiled to be Rubensesque. The weight seems to have brought out this coarseness, and now she basks in vulgarity. She uses it as a form of assault in "X Y & Zee," and I don't think she's ever before been as strong a star personality.

Elizabeth Taylor has changed before our eyes from the fragile child with a woman's face to the fabled beauty to this great bawd. Maybe child actresses don't quite grow up if they stay in the movies; maybe that's why, from ingénue-goddess, she went right over the hill. (The change in her is not unlike the change in Judy Garland.) Her Zee is a gross sensualist beyond shame or fear; possibly Zee is not really written to be as down-to-earth honest as Taylor plays her, but Taylor's all-out, let-it-bleed performance is a phenomenon—a world-famous woman changing status and, I think, maybe getting in touch with the audience in a new, egalitarian way. Her range has become even smaller. She's worst in some subdued scenes that take place in a hospital, when she droops and tries to call up that early demure beauty; she becomes flaccid—a fallen-angel-face. And she's not enough of an actress to get by with the bruised-and-hurting bit. She's got to be active and brassy and bold; she's best when she lets her gift for mimicry and for movie-colony sluttiness roll out. What she does may not be acting, exactly—I can't think of any tradition or school it fits into—but this isn't like her moldy performances in "Boom!" and "Secret Ceremony" or the anachronistic girlishness of her sweet young thing in "The Only Game in Town." She responds to the zest in Edna O'Brien's material; you can feel her willingness to go all the way with it, and her delight at letting it all spill out. Though her voice is stronger now, she still gets shrill, and she starts so whoopingly high that the performance can't build and the viewer needs to recover. But Taylor has a talent for comic toughness; what she needs is a director to rein her in a little, to keep her from toppling over into the ridiculous and turning into a heavyweight Susan Hayward.

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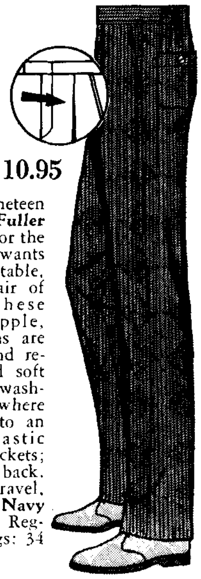

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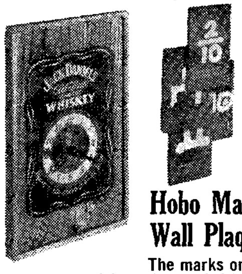
tic crisis. He aims each shot for the jugular. Nothing is implied, nothing suggested; everything belts you. Hutton isn't incompetent—he keeps things going by staying with the performers—but he can't redeem the hokey scenes toward the end, and he doesn't have much skill at modulation or atmosphere. We need to feel the contagion of Zee's messiness, feel how it works on her husband, driving him berserk, and how it infects Stella, but the picture doesn't develop. It has nowhere to go, anyway, because its emotional logic has been jiggled. Had Edna O'Brien's screenplay (published in England as "Zee & Co") been followed, the movie might have got at the insanity of passion and might have broken through the fancy "women's-picture" format by sheer sensuous force. The author pushed what's implicit in the triangle to a classic climax: the couple jointly possess Stella. The movie substitutes a makeshift ending (Zee seducing Stella and thus winning out and keeping her husband) that has no strength. Photographed in Billy Williams' ripest palette, the production is mod-harem—a cushiony London version of old studio style. I don't suppose anyone in his right mind would call "X Y & Zee" a good movie; it's more like a plush circus, and it's even got slurpy theme music. But one may remember bits of old "women's pictures"—or even a relatively recent one, like "The Chapman Report"—for a surprisingly long time; in their gaudy way, they deal with a familiar inferno.

This one has a script that enabled Elizabeth Taylor to come out. The aging beauty has discovered in herself a gutsy, unrestrained spirit that knocks two very fine performers right off the screen—and, for the first time that I can recall, she appears to be having a roaring good time on camera. Susannah York, with her corn-silk hair and her round blue eyes, seems lovely, if a bit pallid. She has a harlequin voice—she rings wonderful low notes on it—and she carries her own quiet, vulnerable atmosphere, but the character she plays is slightly withdrawn, and that is Taylor's opportunity. After Zee, in a nasty snit, describes her as soulful and always a little out of breath, Stella looks like a narcissistic moonbeam. Even Susannah York's subtle, lapidary acting begins to seem overrefined when this rowdy broad is working up one of her rages. The corn-silk Stella is no match for Zee, and York, the polished actress, is unfairly matched against Taylor, an uncontrolled actress but a cunning force of nature. One can take pleasure



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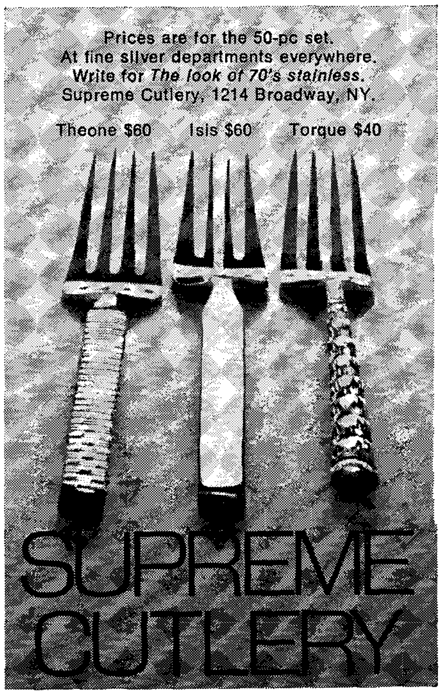

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in Taylor's brute triumph, especially since she's working with two of the best screen performers of our time. (Michael Caine does all he can with a role that requires him to be mostly exasperated, infuriated, and exhausted.) Perhaps a loud, uncontrolled performer can always dominate a controlled performer, because the element of accident and risk, the possibility that something grotesque may be revealed, adds danger and excitement—and there is something of this in Taylor's performance here. But there is also the excitement of seeing a woman who has vast reserves of personality and who wants to come forward, who wants to make contact. There's a documentary going on inside this movie—part of it may be parallel to Edna O'Brien's theme, but part of it isn't. It's of a woman declaring herself to be what she has become. Like everyone else, I adored the child Elizabeth Taylor, but I have never liked her as much since as in this bizarre exhibition. She's Beverly Hills Chaucerian, and that's as high and low as you can get.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

Ryman's art is Nothing; therefore (since Ryman is his art and not his bodily presence) Ryman himself is Nothing. But it is impossible to define Ryman by saying what he is because common sense tells us that Nothing (Ryman) precisely is-not. So we will have to define Ryman's art by saying what it isn't. Accordingly Ryman's art isn't "art" that is that sort of cultural activity which claims to be something and not Nothing.... Physical differences between the various canvases Ryman manufactures are merely deceptions: that is, *for approximately ten years he has been painting and re-painting the same picture, each time allowing art to Be.—Arts Magazine.*

And *you* say Ryman is Nothing. He's Something!

•

PARTLY CLOUDY DAYS ON THE TEXAS POLITICAL SCENE

[*Steven Reed in the Denton* (*Texas*) *Record-Chronicle*]

HOUSTON (UPI)—In a speech to the Texas House of Representatives on the first day of April, 1971, Speaker Gus Mutscher said he did nothing wrong in buying National Bankers Life Insurance Co. stock at a time when the legislature was considering banking bills favorable to Frank W. Sharp, who owned the insurance firm.

"I want to assure you that at no time during my six terms in this House have I ever aided or abetted in the passage of any legislation, directly or indirectly," Mutscher said.

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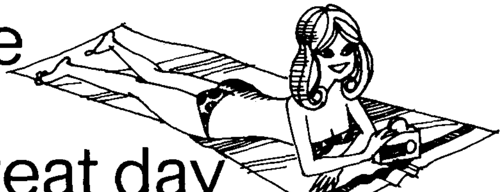

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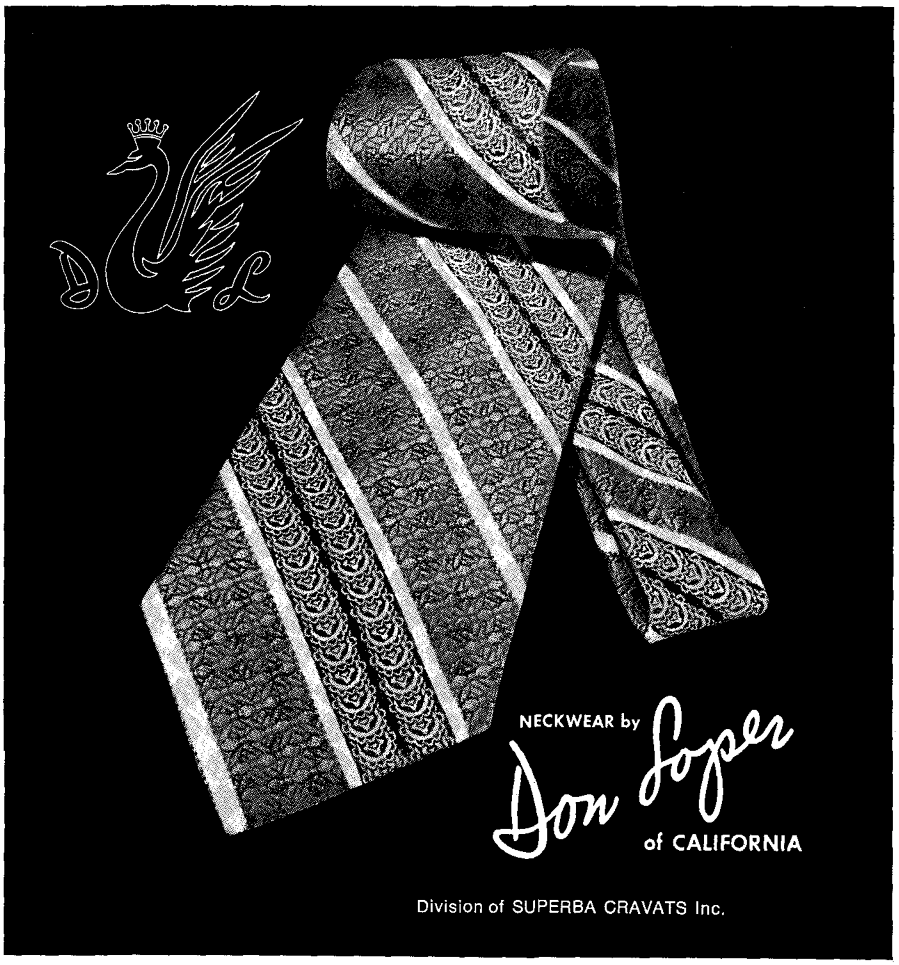

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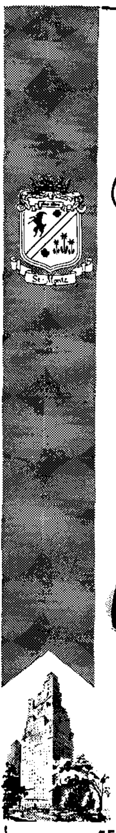
THE RACE TRACK

Skipping About

YOUR wandering correspondent can report another pleasant weekend of racing at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell. I'm sorry, though—along with a lot of New York horseplayers, not to mention the racecourse management—that the meeting ended last Saturday. It would have been fine all round if it had continued until Aqueduct opened, on March 1st. Instead, the jugheads, as the boys on the backstretch call the trotters and pacers, move in next week for a long session under the lights. Nevertheless, John J. Finley, Jr., and his associates in the Eagle Downs Racing Association, who put on the show (and, incidentally, have spoiled me for going to a few tracks I shan't name), had their most successful meeting. For the third Saturday in succession, though the temperature was in the mid-twenties and the wind blew half a gale, Liberty Bell outdrew Gulfstream Park; attendance was 23,360, as against 21,457 at the Florida track. Again the crowd from New York was a big one; among the trippers was Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, head of Aqueduct, Belmont Park, and Saratoga. He liked the place. And you could say, without stretching the point, that Real Note, a rangy five-year-old bay gelding, likes Liberty Bell, too, because he came flying home in the nine-furlong Quaker Handicap, the main event on the getaway card. Three lengths behind him, Beaukins, who was shipped up from Florida for a shot at the $55,450 purse, beat Crack Ruler, winner of the Quaker in 1970, by half that much for the place. Beaukins was ridden by Robyn Smith, who wants to be the first girl jockey to win a major stakes race. She made a good try. Speaking of jockeys, Real Note was ridden by Menotti Aristone, whose father, Roland Aristone, bought Real Note at Garden State Park two years ago. Real Note's next start will probably be for the Campbell Handicap at Bowie on the twenty-sixth.

LIBERTY BELL's loss will be Bowie's gain. The Little Track in the Pines did all right, in the circumstances, last weekend. Though a footnote on my chart read "Weather clear, track frozen," a crowd of 14,811 bet



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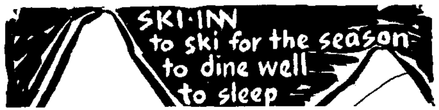

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[illegible] a Cornish lobsterman on where to go for the best lobster dinner.

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[illegible] through Sozzle on your way to Muzzle.

Once past St. Austell (pronounced Sozzle), every cove holds another fairy-tale fishing village...Mevagissey, Coverack, Cadgwith, Mousehole (Muzzle). Here are the pirates' caves and smugglers' tunnels you thought existed only in Gilbert & Sullivan operas.

[illegible] palm trees. (Yes, in Britain.)

Warmed by the Gulf Stream, the Scilly Isles at the tip of the Cornish "toe" are Britain's sun coast. From Christmas to March, daffodil farms grow billions of golden blossoms. Coming later? Daffodils bloom *somewhere* in Britain till May.

Ask someone in Camelford if this was really King Arthur's Camelot.

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The roadworthiness, of course, is superb. The mere size and weight of the car is one reason; it has a 127-inch wheelbase, weighs over 4400 pounds. Oldsmobile attention to detail is another: Supershocks help absorb bumps; a refined steering geometry helps reduce sway; a front-seat cushioned with six inches of solid foam permits hours of riding with exceptional comfort.

Standard equipment on the Ninety-Eight reads like a list of extra-cost items on many other cars. Turbo Hydra-matic transmission. Power steering. Power front disc brakes. Power ventilation. A responsive 455-cubic-inch Rocket V-8 engine that runs efficiently on regular, no-lead or low-lead gasolines.

And while you may not see side-guard door beams, the dual-master-cylinder-brake system, or the cargo-guard that separates trunk and passengers, you can be sure that these and all the other GM safety features are standard, too.

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$1,564,499 in the course of the afternoon. Nine sprinters turned out for the Goss L. Stryker Handicap, at seven furlongs, and Rollicking wore down Joys Fella, the favorite, in the stretch. Johnny West was third. By the way, the first thousand horseplayers through the turnstiles that afternoon received straw hats—but no earmuffs.

THINGS picked up a bit at Gulfstream Park last Saturday—that is, if you weren't betting on Mr. Pow Wow in the Donn Handicap. He'd run so impressively in the Appleton Handicap that on the figures he looked like money from home, but when it came to running he was no match for Going Straight, to whom he gave nine pounds, and who won as he pleased by nine lengths. In fact, Mr. Pow Wow barely saved second place by a head from Dot Ed's Bluesky. Going Straight is one of those horses that work badly mornings and run well afternoons, which is the kind that some trainers like to have around to win a bet on.

OUT at Santa Anita last Saturday afternoon, Cougar II, making his first start since last October, finished second in the San Pasqual Handicap, at a mile and a sixteenth on the main track. The winner of this, the first of the preps for the Santa Anita Handicap a month hence, was Western Welcome, whose form was no great shakes last season, but who had been working well; with a thirteen-pound advantage in the weights, he was able to withstand the challenge of Cougar II in the stretch. Star of Kuwait, owned by Marje Lindheimer Everett, who used to run Arlington Park and now has an eye on Hollywood Park, was third. The plans for Cougar II are to run him on the main track until the big handicap, then on the turf course in preparation for the San Juan Capistrano.

THE Strub Stakes out there will be the big race this weekend. Your guess who'll win it is, I'm sure, better than mine. —AUDAX MINOR

•

THE LIBIDINOUS EAST

[*From the Times*]

The Mayor and three of the [Chinese] delegates chatted over sherry and tea for an hour in his Gracie Mansion living room. The meeting was closed to reporters.

A spokesman for Mr. Lindsay said the discussion ranged from the recently publicized Chinese medical technique called acupuncture to the desire of Chiao Kuan-hua, the chairman of the delegation and Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs.

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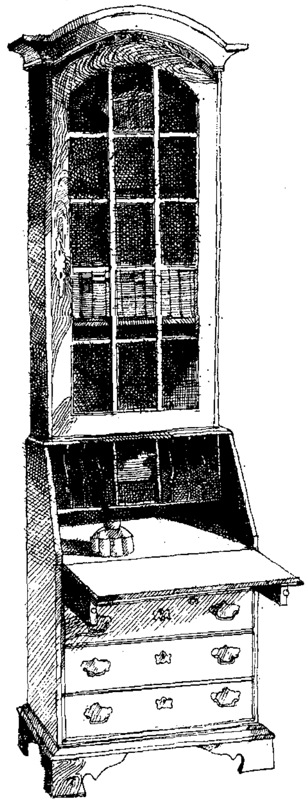

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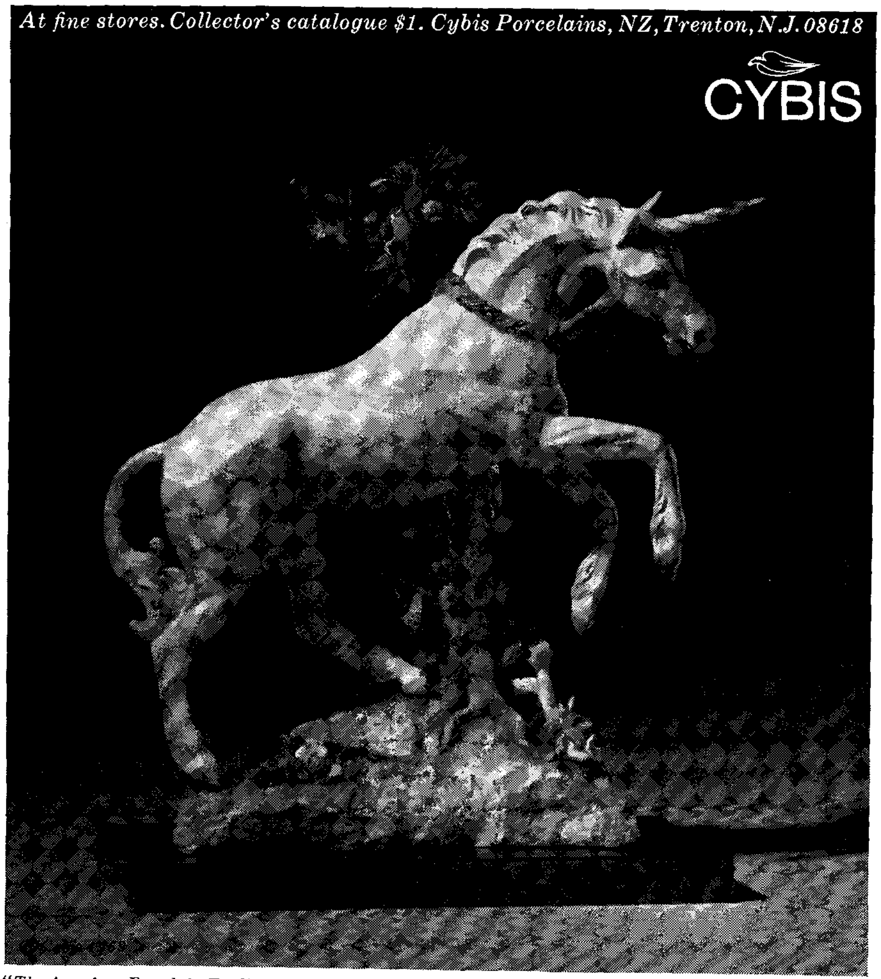

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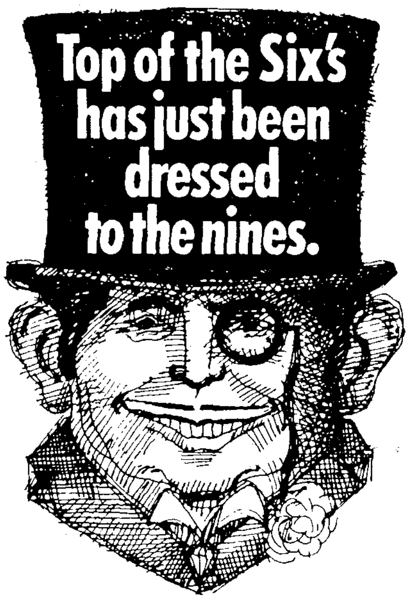
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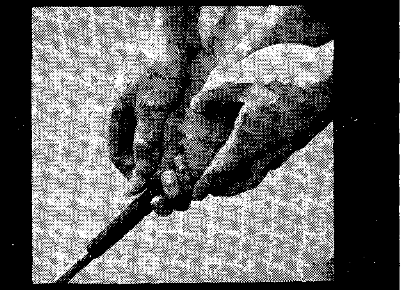

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A QUEEN REMEMBERED

IT was New Year's Eve—and so long ago that I cannot remember the date of the year. We had finished our dinner and were drinking coffee in the upper room when we fell to making New Year's resolutions—a calm process, since we had often made them before. We must keep a register of books we'd lent, and consult it in order to reclaim them; we must tidy the garage, throw away all the old paintpots, buy some new wastepaper baskets, invite the Harrisons to a meal.

"One thing we must do," said Valentine with decision. "We must buy some peat blocks. We always talk about peat fires. We never have them. This year, we will."

"But where from? Coal merchants don't sell peat blocks. Peat just means azaleas in Dorset."

"Yes, there's another thing we must have. When does one plant azaleas?"

"Not till the frost is out of the ground."

"Good. That leaves tomorrow. Tomorrow we will drive into Somerset and buy a load of peat."

It was stimulating to have a New Year's resolution which could be put into effect at once. On New Year's Day we emptied the hold of the car, studied the road map, and drove toward Sedgemoor.

We had learned from other pursuits of the attainable that in the West of England it does not do to ask point-blank for information. It is proverbial that if a stranger in a car halts to ask a pedestrian the way to such-and-such, the pedestrian cups a deaf ear, puts on a grieved, thwarted expression, and walks away; or replies, after the question has been repeated several times, that he really can't say, he is a stranger himself. In neither case is this true. The cupped ear catches every word you say, the stranger is a hardened inhabitant. It is you, not your inquiry, which is of interest. As they don't like to appear inquisitive, they learn what they can about you by observation. Only when you have acquired a certain mossiness as a familiar object can you expect to be answered. Knowing this, we entered a roadside inn called the Volunteer and asked for bread and cheese and two half pints of draft beer. There we sat, waiting for the moss to grow and seeing from the window how incoming customers stopped for a good look at our car.

A bold spirit addressed us. "Come from far?"

"From near Dorchester."

"Ah."

"We are looking for somewhere where we can buy peat. Do you happen to know—" There was a disclaiming silence. I went no further.

A voice at the back of the room said, "What about Bert Cary?"

We said nothing. We had not been addressed.

"Or young Damon?"

"May be he might. But he's in Bridgwater on Fridays."

"Always is. With his lorry."

"What about his mother, though?"

Opinion seemed pretty evenly divided as to whether Mrs. Damon might or mightn't.

All this time a peat fire was noiselessly burning on the hearth, filling the room with its smell of moldered summers.

Valentine now struck like a falcon. "Where does Mrs. Damon live?"

Startled into compliance, the customers of the Volunteer directed us to Mrs. Damon's house, which we couldn't miss if we turned to the left a couple of miles or so short of the old pumping station.

"Your hair smells of peat already," said Valentine as I got into the car. "Peat and beer."

It has always seemed to me that skies are colored by the soil beneath. We had begun our journey under the sharp forget-me-not blue of chalk. Now we travelled under a web of smoky bronze and cobalt. The road was ditched on either side and pollard willows grew along the banks. It was a landscape in which it was impossible to judge distance. Its measure was duration, not miles. We had driven for a long way before a huddle of bricks and timbers told us that we should have turned off to the left a couple of miles before. We drove back and took the turning into a narrow track. Like the road we had left, it was straight, ditched, willowed, and featureless, except for being deeply rutted. Encouraged by this assurance of young Damon's lorry, we drove on and on. A hen crossed the track.

"Where there is a hen there is a woman," I said. "It can't be far off now."

"It looked to me like a lost hen," said Valentine. I replied that it couldn't be lost unless it had a home to stray from.

We had branched from hens to the dubious efficacy of scholastic logic when Mrs. Damon's house started up behind the willows. The ruts led us over a plank bridge into a yard with some sheds standing about in it. They looked casual and dilapidated. Not so the woman who came out of the house. She was tall and thin. She held herself erect and wore a long white apron. Her grey hair was fastened in a neat knob.

She was Mrs. Damon.

I explained. She listened to me and looked at Valentine. This was nothing out of the common. I continued to explain and Mrs. Damon continued to look. Seeing that I was getting nowhere, Valentine also began to explain. Mrs. Damon came back to real life, smoothed her apron, and asked how much peat we wanted. As much as we could get into the car, Valentine said. Mrs. Damon glanced at the two-seater. With an air of indulgent gravity, she opened the peat shed and hauled out a sack, remarking that we would get more in if we packed them by hand. Together we packed the peats into the hold and behind the seats, and Mrs. Damon's apron remained as white as ever, and her lips fluttered as she kept her count. All this took some time, as she and Valentine were both determined to get in as many peats as possible. When the last blocks had been fitted in, we stood back and surveyed each other, as fellow-workers do. Suddenly Mrs. Damon said to Valentine, "You don't come from hereabout, do you?"

"From Dorset."

In that sombre, brooding landscape, Dorset seemed far distant; but not distant enough to satisfy Mrs. Damon's conjecture. "Not born there, though?"

"No. I was born in London."

"That's what I thought. Whereabouts in London?"

"In Brook Street."

"Just so. Runs into Park Lane, doesn't it? The moment you got out of the car, I said to myself, 'That's the West End.' It was something I never thought to see again."

"So you're a Londoner, too?"

"Not born. But I was in service there for twelve years. The best years of my life. It was a wonderful place—two in family and seven servants kept. Porchester Terrace. Then I went too far on Armistice Night, and had to marry him, and came down here. And here I've been ever since. I suppose I wouldn't know London again if I saw it now."

"The Park's much the same—though if you saw some of the riders in Rotten Row they'd be a surprise to you."

"Never is what it used to be—that's what they say about London, you know. Mrs. Jobling, she was the housekeeper, used to talk about her first place. There was a golden fountain in the hall, and when the family

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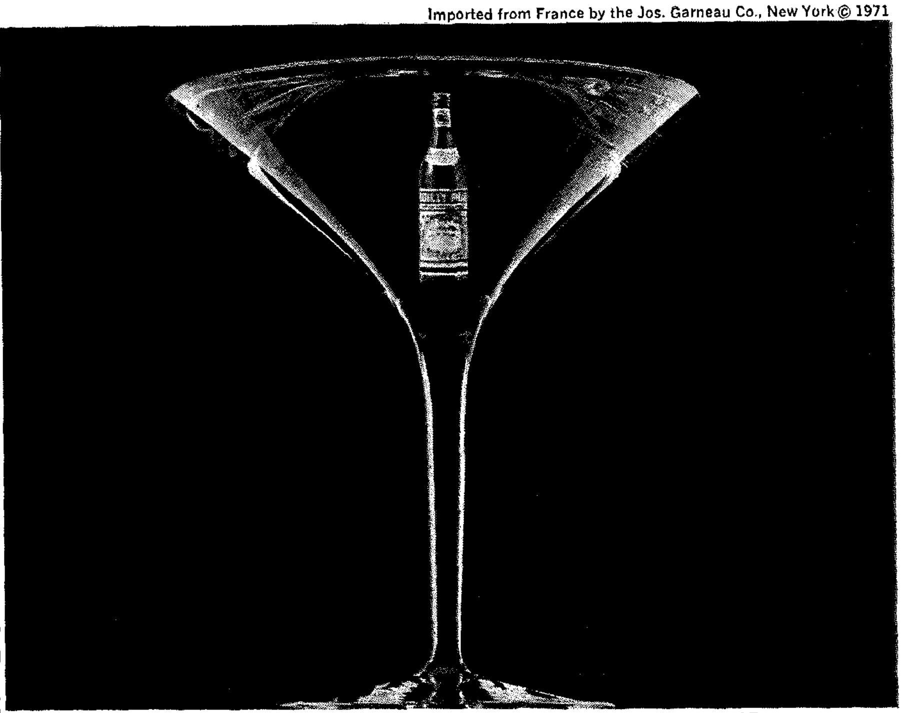

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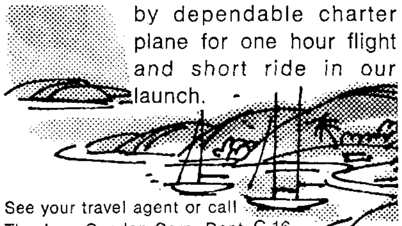

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had their dinner parties and receptions it was turned on and sprayed out eau de cologne. But that was in the old Queen's days."

"Did you ever see her?"

"No. But I've still got my Diamond Jubilee mug they gave at the school treat. All these years I've treasured it. And I've left it in my will that it's to be buried with me."

A moist wind had risen and swayed the willow boughs. Mrs. Damon's hens were gathering round her. It was a strange place in which to be hearing about golden fountains, I thought. Mrs. Damon was talking on.

"A good Queen, if ever there was one. And over and above, she was a good woman. And the faithfulest of widows. I never look at my mug but I think of her driving to the Albert Memorial. Every afternoon she drove out in her closed carriage, with a lady-in-waiting or a princess beside her, drove from Buckingham Palace along Knightsbridge as far as the Albert Memorial. And there the carriage would stop, and she'd look at it—look at it with all her heart and soul. And then she'd signal and be driven back, hiding her face behind a white handkerchief with a black border. There's love for you. There's faithfulness."

"Yes, indeed."

We paid, and drove away. After a pause, I began:

And out of his grave there grew a rose,
And out of her grave a briar . . .

Valentine took it up:

And ever they grew and ever they grew
Till they could grow no higher,
And twined themselves in a true lovers' knot
For all folk to admire.

Forgetting our errand, forgetting our route, we marvelled at this encounter with the authentic voice of balladry which had installed Lytton Strachey's Victoria, Victoria of the sneers, among the Good Queens of legend: Eleanor of the Crosses, Queen Anne of the lace, Berengaria who sucked the poisoned wound, Philippa whose great belly shielded the burghers of Calais. Talking of these, speculating about Mrs. Damon, we lost our way twice over in the gathering dusk before we reached home.

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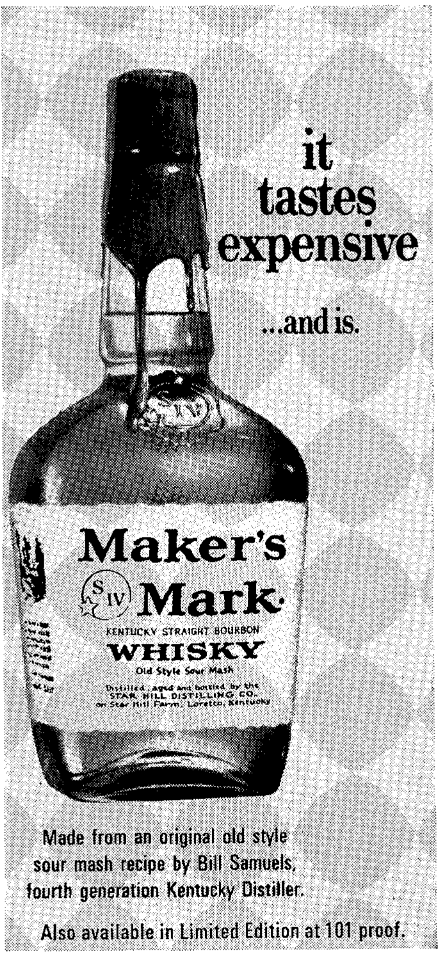
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And see exotic trees, flowers, shrubs or wildlife.

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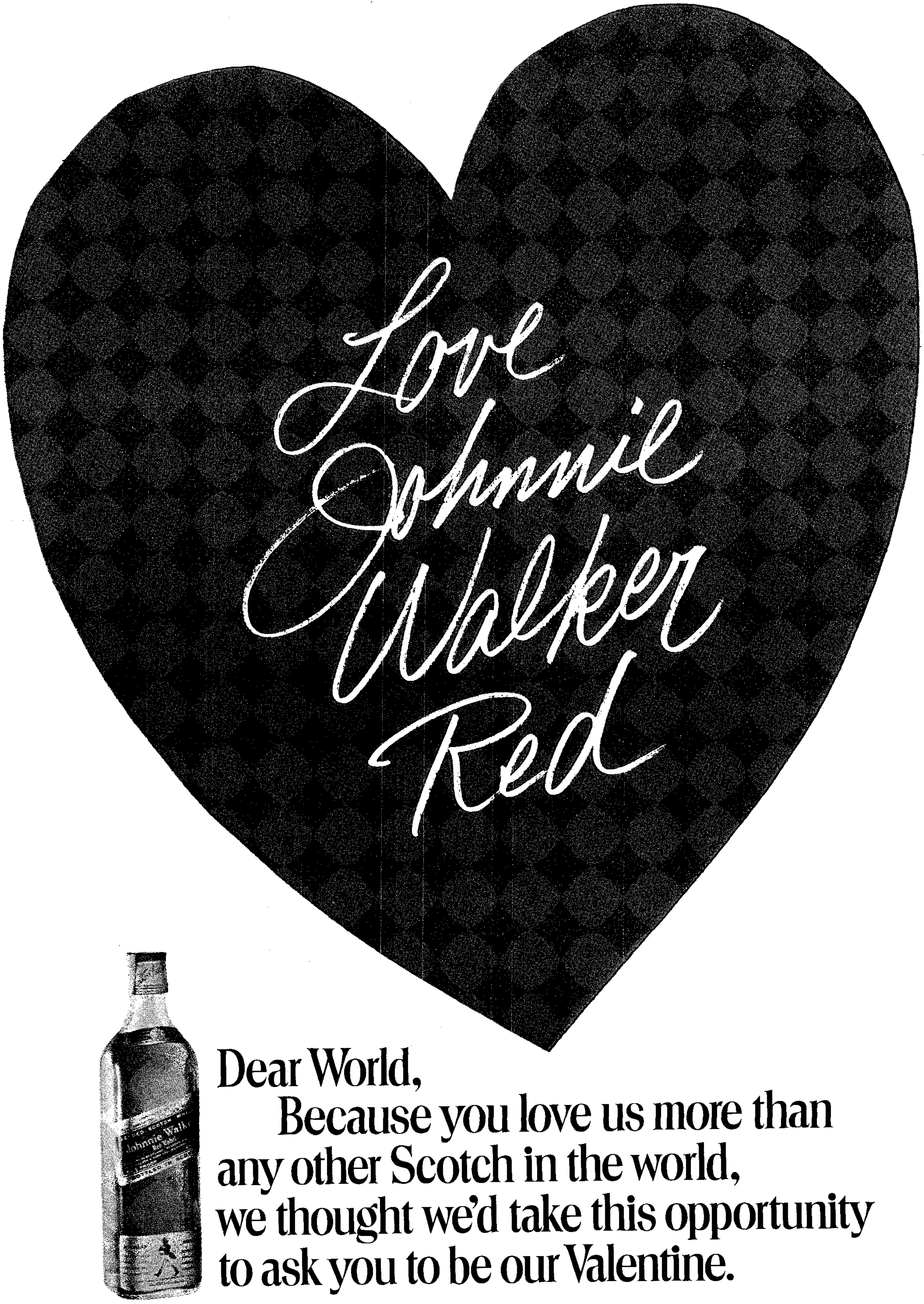
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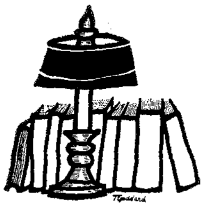


A GENTLEMAN is one who cultivates disadvantage. He will not positively pursue it. But he takes little prudential or evasive action when it comes. There is laziness in your true gentleman, a streak of recumbency. But also fastidiousness: the dividends of the world—honors, power, earned fortune—come greasy. A man may win the game but stay grimy to his elbows. There is something about defeat, material setback, even personal betrayal by those one trusted that leaves one clean. At its purest, gentility is dated. It goes, perhaps unfairly, with camel's-hair coats and shooting sticks, with talc and loyal setters. The entire code was a feature of England before 1914, when caste was firm and private incomes were adequate to the many small defeats, impracticalities, covert ostentations, and boneheadednesses that make up a gentleman's non-career. Both the men and the manner were largely wiped out in the muck of world war. This was indeed the supreme imposition, the disadvantage least to be flinched from. But now and again the sandy mustaches, the pale, astonished eyes of the true gents still haunt the imagination.

Christopher Tietjens is the embodiment of gentlemanly rout. He is intolerably slandered, put upon, betrayed. The world turns rabid at his expense in private life as well as in the trenches. His wife is a shallow bitch, seeking his professional disgrace and death. Having rescued his unit, in almost absent-minded heroism and competence during a hellish night, Tietjens is found unkempt by the visiting brass, exhausted hands in his pockets, and demoted. Why does he stand it, what makes him feed on adversity? General Campion's curiosity is aroused. The man before him is like a savaged fox, possibly shot in low ignorance of the rules of the hunt, yet there he stands, still weighing the rights, the merits of the pack. "It's the quality of harmony, sir," says Tietjens, "the quality of being in harmony with your own soul."

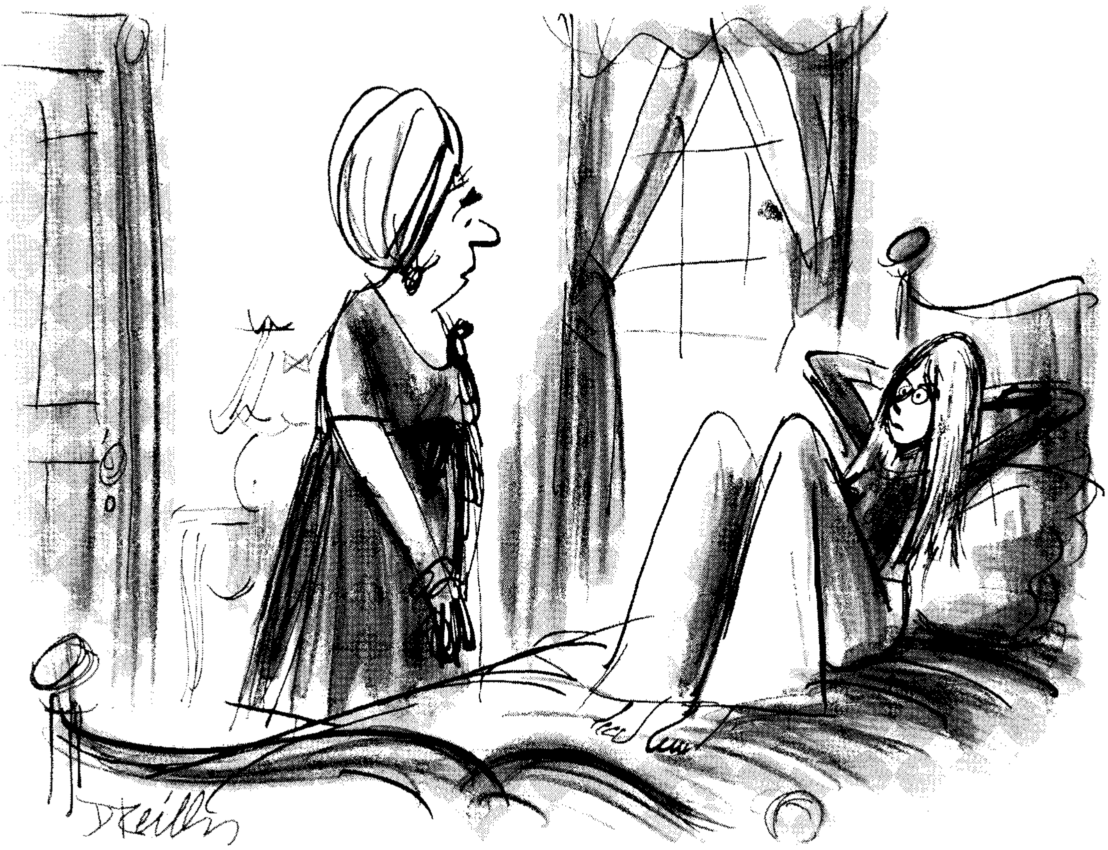
The exchange occurs in "No More Parades," which is the second of Ford Madox Ford's four Tietjens novels, published between 1924 and 1928, and assembled in 1950 into a single volume under the title "Parade's End." The formula could have come as well from "The Good Soldier," Ford's masterpiece, published in 1915. The theme is recurrent: the defeats of decency, the great sadness that comes of honor.

Two remarkable scenes frame the Tietjens career. The first occurs in "Some Do Not . . ." Tietjens and Valentine Wannop are out in a dogcart during a night ridiculously brilliant with the horn of the moon but muffled at ground level by an impenetrable mist. Their mordant tit-for-tat, about the Latin nomenclature for bats and stars, about milestones, about the proper management of a drowsy horse, softens in the opaque silver fog. They wander for hours, the mist growing more luminous. Valentine edges ahead, looking for a marker. Then:

> Her otter-skin cap had beads of dew; beads of dew were on her hair beneath; she scrambled up, a little awkwardly, her eyes sparkled with fun; panting a little; her cheeks bright. Her hair was darkened by the wetness of the mist, but she appeared golden in the sudden moonlight.

Tietjens "almost kissed her. Almost." The magical traverse ends in disaster: a small car plowing out of the fog, bearing an enraged white cockatoo of a land-owning general; a badly wounded horse, blood over its eyes. But the precise memory of Miss Wannop's otterskin cap, of her hand on his sleeve, keeps Tietjens sane in the great barrages and the mud. They meet again in Tietjens' empty house in London on the night of the Armistice. They are on the point of admitting that they love each other, that their lives can join. But horns and bells crash into the room, and with them the half-crazed survivors and spectres from Tietjens' battalion. They pull him away. It wouldn't be a celebration without the Major. On such a night, no officer, no gentleman will turn out a man from his house sober. An anonymous tumult full of death parts the lovers.

Both episodes are a marvel of tact and craftsmanship. The peregrination



"But don't you see, dear, everybody is doing the barefoot-wedding-with-organic-catering thing these days."

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in the mist is probably the nearest thing we have in English literature to Turgenev, whom Ford Madox Ford considered the greatest of modern masters. In the empty house, before the rockets go up, Valentine Wannop holds Tietjens' sanity in her grasp, gathering the torn threads one by one, holding off the crazy ghosts. How many readers, today, know either scene? Who but the occasional academic could validate the claim that the influence of Ford Madox Ford on twentieth-century English and American letters was second only to that of Pound?

In good measure the fault lies with Ford himself, and he knew it. Writing in 1931—the passage is included in "Your Mirror to My Times," Michael Killigrew's selection from Ford's memoirs, now published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston—Ford remarked:

> I am not proud of the record. If I had written less I should no doubt have written better. Of the fifty-two separate books . . . probably forty are out of print. There is only one of those forty that I should care to re-publish and, of the remaining twelve, there are not more than six of which I should much regret the disappearance.

But Ford's overproduction continued to the end. His first book was published in 1892, when the young litterateur, connected by birth and relation to almost every luminary of Pre-Raphaelite art and letters, was nineteen. His last appeared in the year of his death, 1939. Between these dates, Ford Madox Ford (originally Ford Madox Hueffer, son of the well-known music critic of the *Times* and advocate of Schopenhauer: Dr. Hueffer, from Münster, in Westphalia) produced some seventy-five books—poetry, voluminous recollections, biographies, travel books, literary criticism, histories, and fiction. The bulk of this prodigious output has sunk almost without trace.

This constitutes a harsh judgment. In his two-volume anthology of Ford, issued in 1962, Graham Greene included both "The Good Soldier"—"perhaps one of the finest novels of our century"—and the whole of Ford's historical trilogy, "The Fifth Queen," on Henry VIII, Thomas Cromwell, and Catherine Howard. Greene characterizes it as "a magnificent bravura piece" and asks whether any novel has ever been more cunning in its scenario of light and shadows. One can reread "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes" (1911) and "The Marsden Case" (1923) with profit and a constant sense of art. "Romance," which Ford wrote in intimate, stormy collaboration with Joseph Conrad, remains a fasci-

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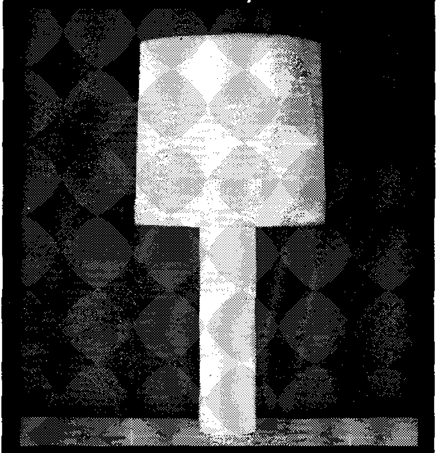

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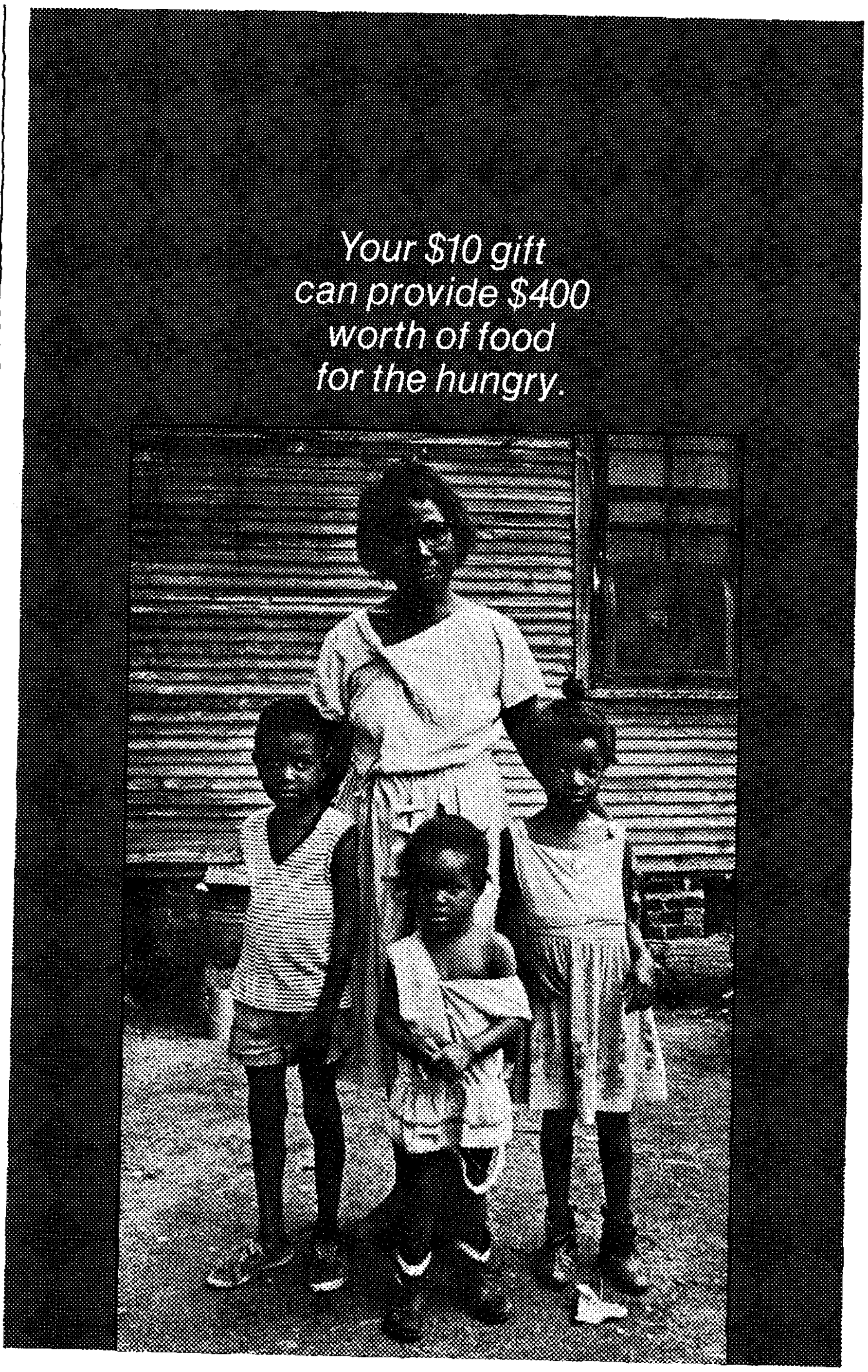
nating and oddly underrated novel. Often Ford's theoretical and practical criticism of English fiction has a shrewder, more technical incisiveness than that of Henry James.

Nevertheless, Ford's verdict on himself and that of current opinion are on the whole just. Only "The Good Soldier" and some sections of the Tietjens saga really stand up to time. Beside John Cowper Powys' "Owen Glendower," with its Shakespearean energy of historical re-invention, "The Fifth Queen" seems mannered. Ford's gifts were only sporadically at the level of his intelligence. His prolixity was itself symptomatic of more radical flaws.

There was the matter of a sad, often disarrayed private life, all too sharply mirrored in the Tietjens narrative. The man who ended his career as writer-and-reminiscer-in-residence at Olivet College, in Michigan, was bone-tired and rarely at home in his skin. He had seen too many worlds pass. Being wholly a man of letters and, at moments, generous to a fault, Ford had been driven to write too much, on second-rate occasions. He is one of that important tribe of writers, artists, intellectuals whom the dramatic change from Victorian financial stability to spiralling inflation—a change that historians may one day regard as the most influential cultural crisis of the century—badly threw off balance. Too many magnets drew him: his Anglo-German inheritance; a somewhat stately Roman Catholicism, which made the disaster of a very early marriage almost irreparable; the contrasting claims of France and the United States, between which Ford alternated like an unsteady pendulum after he left England in 1923. He was so good a craftsman that books came too easily, that the material did not adequately resist the immediate professional commitment. Ford lavished on contemporaries and new talents—on Wyndham Lewis, Norman Douglas, D. H. Lawrence, Ezra Pound, Hemingway, William Carlos Williams, Elinor Wylie, Brancusi, Juan Gris—resources, concentrations of time and critical attention, professional credit that, increasingly, he needed for himself. It is part of a gentleman's hauteur to come last on his own list.

But this was not the basic weakness. Ford's estimate of the role of literature is almost a parody of aestheticism: he could proclaim in 1931, "The only human activity that has always been of extreme importance to the world is imaginative literature. . . . Science changes its aspect as every new in-



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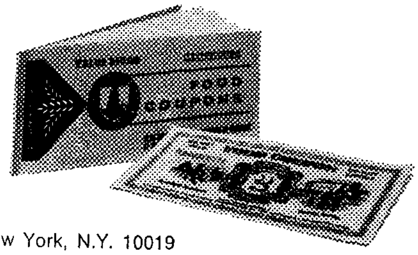

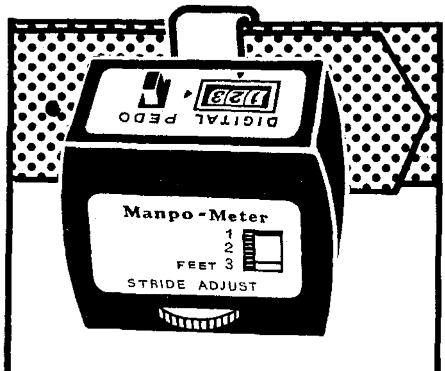

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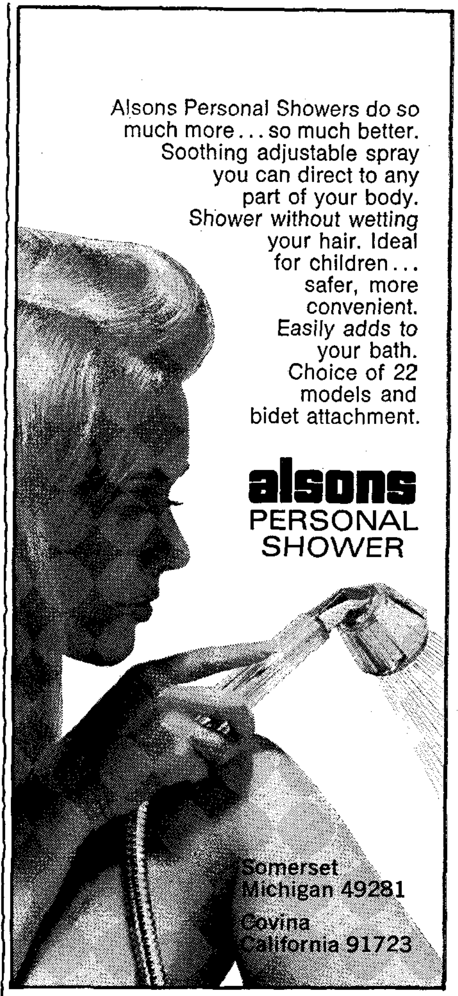
vestigator gains sufficient publicity to discredit his predecessors. The stuff of humanity is unchangeable. I do not expect the lay reader to agree with me in this pronouncement but it would be better for him if he did. The world would be a clearer place to him." By "literature" Ford meant the novel. He had early resolved "that the writing of novels was the one thing of importance that remained to the world." To him, this axiom merely reflected the vision and practice of his four chosen masters—Turgenev, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, and Stephen Crane. It is, in fact, a narrower, more precious credo than any of these great writers would have professed. It belongs irretrievably to the noble nonsense of Rossetti and Swinburne. Yet it stamped the whole of Ford's development, at once inspiring and laming his powers.

Contrasted with aestheticism was Ford's vision of the gentleman, itself ambivalent. He admired the type profoundly. He deemed its virtues essential to the kind of society, of order and idiom, in which high art can prosper. It is Ford Madox Ford, Esq., who writes, "Wilde I can never forgive. . . . It was humiliating to dislike so much one so unfortunate. But the feeling of dislike for that shabby and incoherent immensity was unavoidable." He ascribed to his grandfather the Pre-Raphaelite painter Ford Madox Brown the injunction to "beggar yourself rather than refuse assistance to anyone whose genius you think shows promise of being greater than your own." Substitute "luck," "happiness," "worldly success" for "genius" in that sentence and you have the motto of Tietjens. Yet in other respects Ford detested the officer-and-gentleman clan. He knew the black stupidity behind the pink cheeks, the blind heaviness of blood. In "The Good Soldier"—originally to be called "The Saddest Story"—there is at least as much stupidity and unnecessary hurt as there is bearing and honor. The aesthetic creed and the ambiguous obsession with gentility could not mesh fully. They had meshed in Turgenev's "A Sportsman's Sketches," which Ford hailed as the supreme instance of the novelist's art. But the Russian condition was different, and Turgenev's aristocracy a natural and scarcely examined attribute. Attempting to yoke together his divided impulses, Ford Madox Ford produced fiction nearly all of which has a covert, uncertain center. It was only when he made this muddle the actual topic of his story, in the affairs of Tietjens and of Captain and Mrs. Ashburnham, in



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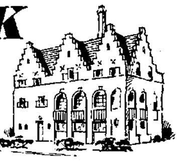
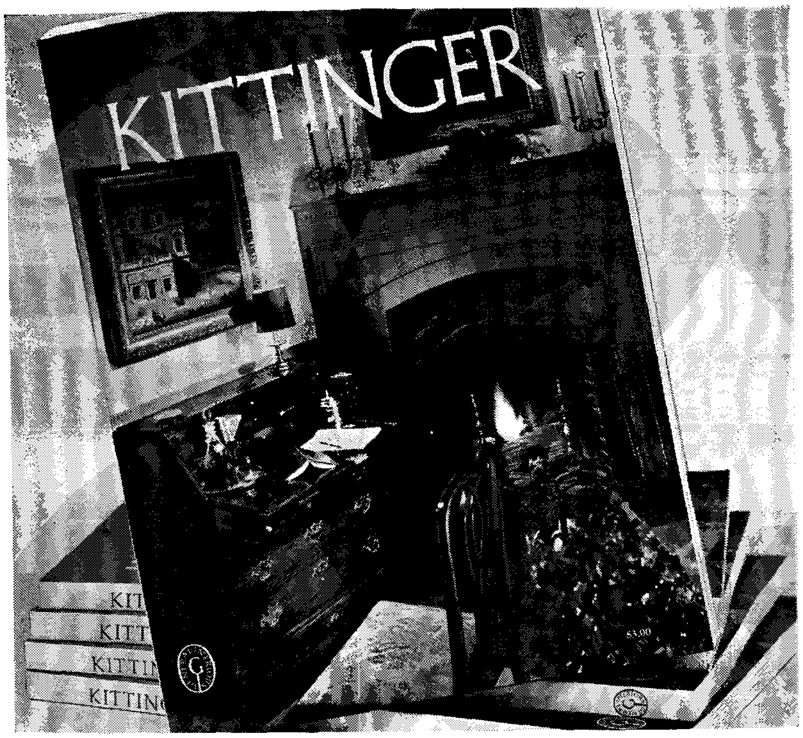


"The Good Soldier," that Ford could turn out coherent, mature novels. Only then was he "in harmony with [his] own soul."

Thus what counts is Ford's role as witness, middleman, and impresario. We owe to him penetrating accounts of James and Conrad at work. He saw D. H. Lawrence and Hemingway at close quarters when they were as yet untried. Ford was an editor of genius. He published Conrad, W. H. Hudson, Thomas Hardy, and a score of younger writers in the prewar *English Review*. After the war, he edited the *transatlantic review* in Paris, and gave vital opportunities to Gertrude Stein, Joyce, E. E. Cummings, and Hemingway. Ford's activities as discoverer and organizer of talent were tireless. He found buyers for indigent artists. He created circles of friends around poets, such as William Carlos Williams, whom he regarded as insufficiently honored or well known. At one end, Ford's life touched the world of Carlyle and Swinburne; at the other, it reached generously into the careers of Henry Miller, Marianne Moore, and Allen Tate. It is difficult to separate his animating presence from the essential tone of modern English and American literature.

Because the life is more worth studying than all except a very small remnant of the work, there is a genuine case to be made for an anthology of Ford Madox Ford's memoirs. The original volumes, published between 1911 and 1938, are hard to come by, and the material is too detailed and diffuse to be presented as a whole. Mr. Killigrew is an enthusiast and has selected a good many important excerpts. There are generous bits from Ford's recollections of his Pre-Raphaelite childhood. Henry James, Conrad, and the Crane ménage are allowed their due. We are given the brilliant vignette, first included in "Portraits from Life" (1937), of Ford's editorial adventures with the young Lawrence. There are notable sketches of Galsworthy and H. G. Wells. But though it is much shorter, Graham Greene's Bodley Head anthology seems more satisfactory (at obvious points, Mr. Killigrew's choice, as he himself acknowledges, follows on Greene's). Mr. Killigrew's preface is overwritten and slapdash. It is all very well to be told that this "free-wheeling tribute" was not intended or edited "for scholars." Scholars have no need of it. It is precisely the general reader who requires a lucid chronology, a bibliography of the main texts, and something beyond an impres-



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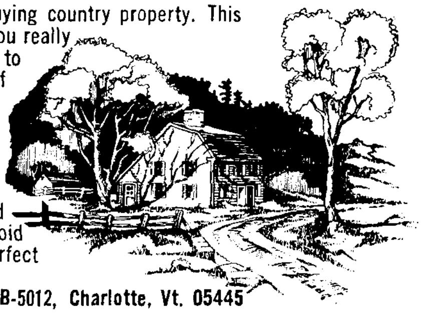

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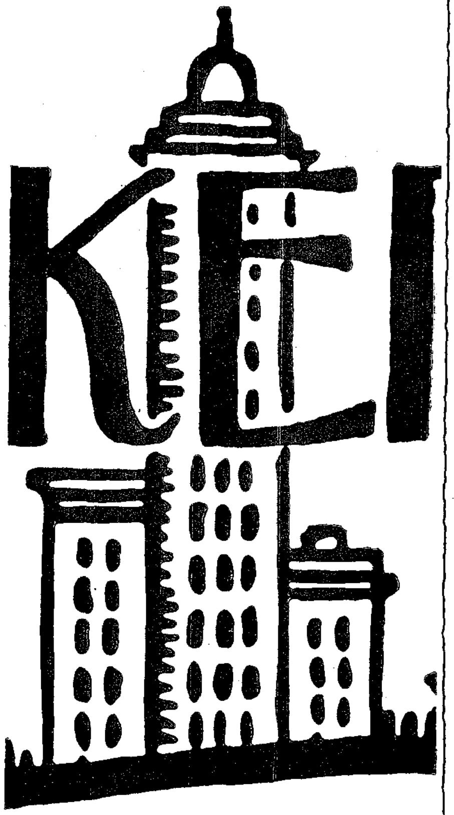

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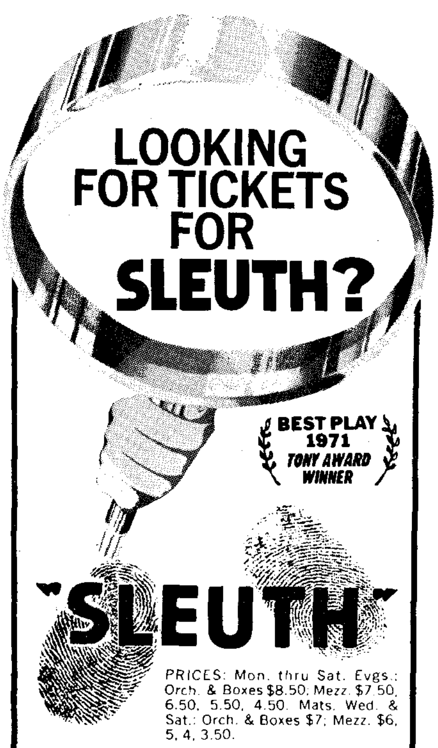
sionistic, oblique sketch of Ford's life. It is not the scholar but the layman, coming new to Ford, who wants to be given help with the numerous literary and historical allusions in the autobiographies, and who needs to be told where his author's highly personal testimony is unreliable. Nothing of this is provided. An opportunity has been missed, and the irony of Ford Madox Ford's career persists. He emerges from these pages more shambling, more self-indulgent, more put upon than he was. He would, one supposes, be the last to complain. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GOSHAWK SQUADRON, by Derek Robinson (Viking). Major Woolley, Royal Flying Corps, tries to bully the young fighter pilots in his command into a condition of murderous toughness that will offer their only hope for survival in the bloody shooting matches to come. France, 1918. Silk scarves, Immelmanns, brandy, death. SE5a biplanes vs. Fokker triplanes, Pfalzes, Albatroses. Drunken parties back in Montigny, and the new replacements have had only eight hours' training aloft. Keep the sun at your back and watch out for the damned flak—no, something wrong there. Wasn't it ack-ack or Archie back in 1918? No matter. We have all been here before, of course, and it is Mr. Robinson's achievement to transform this "Dawn Patrol" stuff into cold irony. His descriptions of flying—technical, and simultaneously exhilarating and terrifying—are nearly perfect. Only some minor lapses, such as the obligatory love scenes with obligatory sad, brave nurses, remind us that this is an adventure novel (of a high order) about a war now just far enough removed in time to seem adventurous.

AN ACCIDENTAL MAN, by Iris Murdoch (Viking). A long, complicated morality tale, in which the lives of twenty-seven middle-class Londoners are knotted together and then untangled. In the main plot, an American student with an opportunity to stay in England tries to decide whether he should return to America to face the draft. The student is engaged to an English girl, and one subplot is concerned with the consequences to this girl's family of her inheriting the whole of a large fortune. Another subplot involves the scrapes and accidents of a mid-



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dle-aged wastrel in another family, who repeatedly has to be bailed out of trouble by his successful older brother. All the actions in the book tend to be either unreasonable sacrifices or selfish evasions—there is very little middle ground—and the more thoughtful characters generally choose sacrifice. A heavy air of paradox hangs over the book; the philosopher Kierkegaard is mentioned several times, and Miss Murdoch's conundrums recall some of his.

LYING WOMAN, by Jean Giraudoux, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Winter House). Giraudoux (1882-1944) first became known as a novelist, and did not turn to the stage until 1928. On the basis of this novel, which he wrote in 1936 but never sent to the publishers, one would say that the stage was just what his writing needed. His witty, fanciful editorials become tiresome without the embodiment of vivid, engaging actors. His book has a comic situation, but it does not explore this situation with pace or vigor. Nelly, a "rather mediocre" young Parisienne of indeterminate livelihood, inadvertently acquires two unsuspecting lovers, and thus finds herself drawn into one innocent fiction, and then another, and then another, and then another. And that's it.

GENERAL

THE ARNHEITER AFFAIR, by Neil Sheehan (Random House). In May of 1968, Lieutenant Commander Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter, U.S.N., appeared before a congressional committee to state that he had been deprived of command of his ship as a result of a conspiracy, tantamount to mutiny, hatched by slack, cowardly, incompetent officers whose misdoings had been concealed by the Navy's rigid, fearful bureaucracy. He pleaded for an extensive public investigation, which the Navy refused. This book, by a *Times* reporter who covered the hearing, is as absorbing as any novel, including the one it recalls, "The Caine Mutiny." Mr. Sheehan discovered that Arnheiter was a disobedient subordinate and a disastrous commander, and his account of the lives of officers and men on a small vessel under Arnheiter's authority echoes several earthly hells: the constriction of prison, the erosion of self-esteem that accompanies unhappy marriages, and—perhaps hardest to bear—the moral uncertainty that the officers felt about

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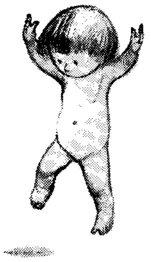

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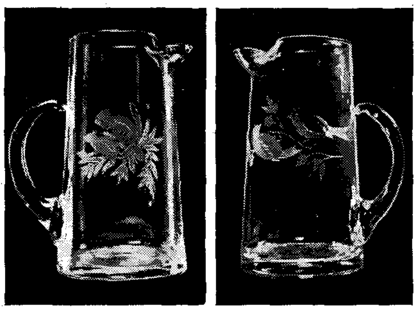

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where their duty lay. Mr. Sheehan offers suggestions for improving the ways the Navy selects its ships' captains, but his narrative is absolutely compelling, whether or not it has any practical outcome.

Abelard and Heloise, by D. W. Robertson, Jr. (Dial). The author sets out first to tell us, in the light of the best modern scholarship, what really took place in the celebrated love affair between the famous twelfth-century philosopher and dialectician and the seventeen-year-old girl he seduced, and what the story of their lives (after Abelard's castration at the hands of Heloise's uncle, and after the two had become the founders of the religious order of the Paraclete) came to mean to the people of the Middle Ages. Professor Robertson, of Princeton, then goes on to follow the legend through its many mutations down the centuries, showing that each age recast the story in its own image, so that what in medieval times was looked upon quite unsentimentally as an exemplary—and slightly comic—tale of lust and pride's fall became a naughty story of sex and mischief in the hands of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century writers, and was transformed into a tragedy of grand passion and unrequited love by the romantics of the era just before ours. A highly instructive and brilliantly written study.

Cole, edited by Robert Kimball and designed by Bea Feitler (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Letters, clippings, and photographs; a scattering of reminiscences by innumerable hands; guest lists for innumerable functions; and, above all, an anthology of those nimble Porter lyrics and a sampling of his music. But listing the contents simply will not do. The book is, in its way, perfection—and for the reader even more than for the memorabiliast. You needn't have been at Yale in 1912 or on the Riviera in the nineteen-thirties or at any of the Broadway shows in the forties and fifties, because this book brings its own world with it. Brendan Gill's introduction originally appeared in this magazine as a Profile of Cole Porter. Twenty-five dollars.

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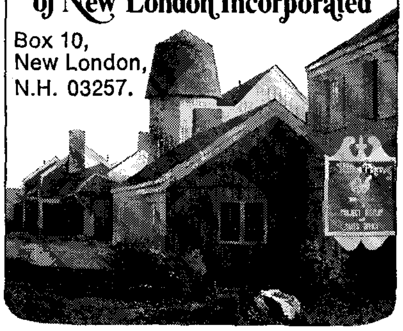

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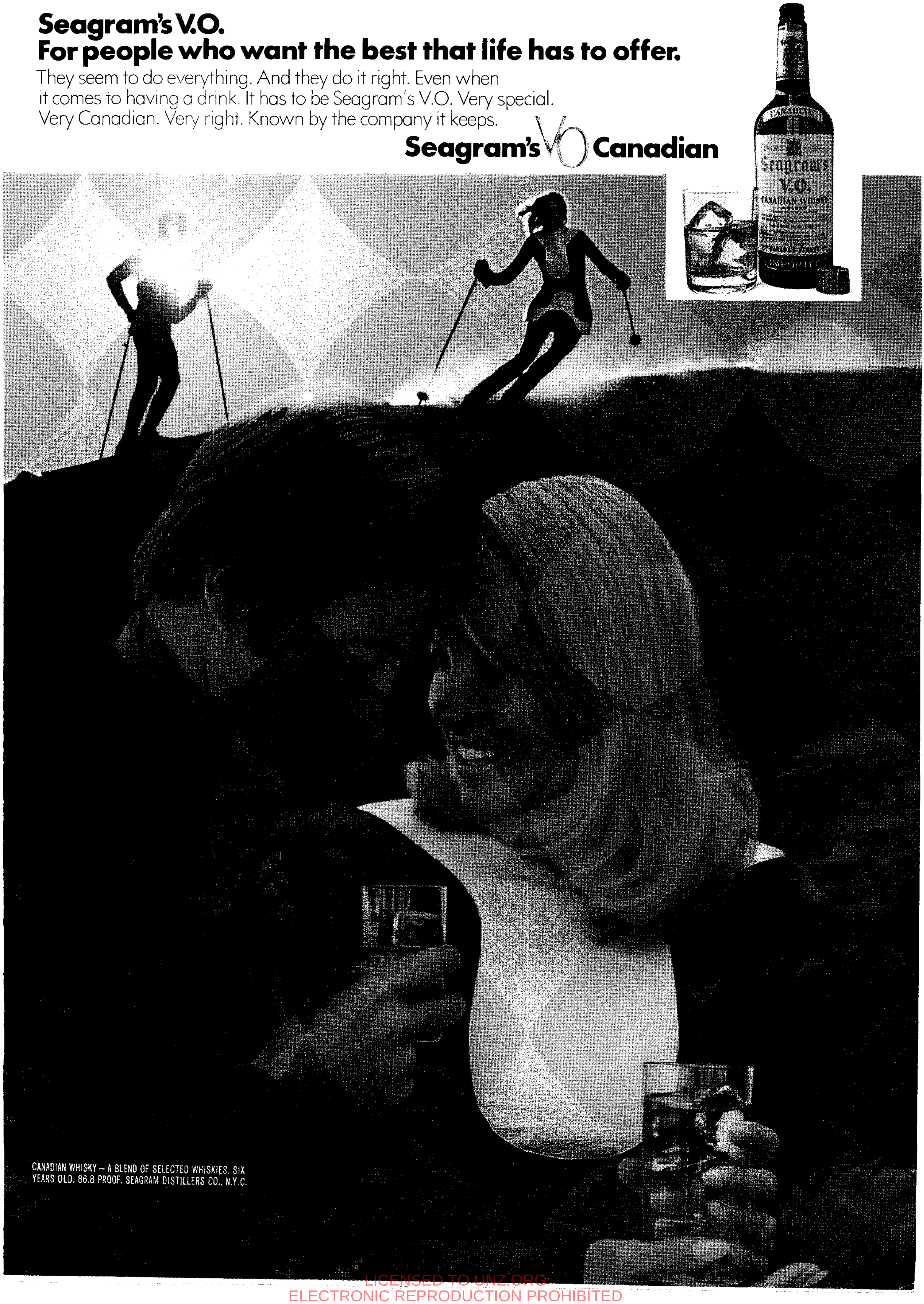

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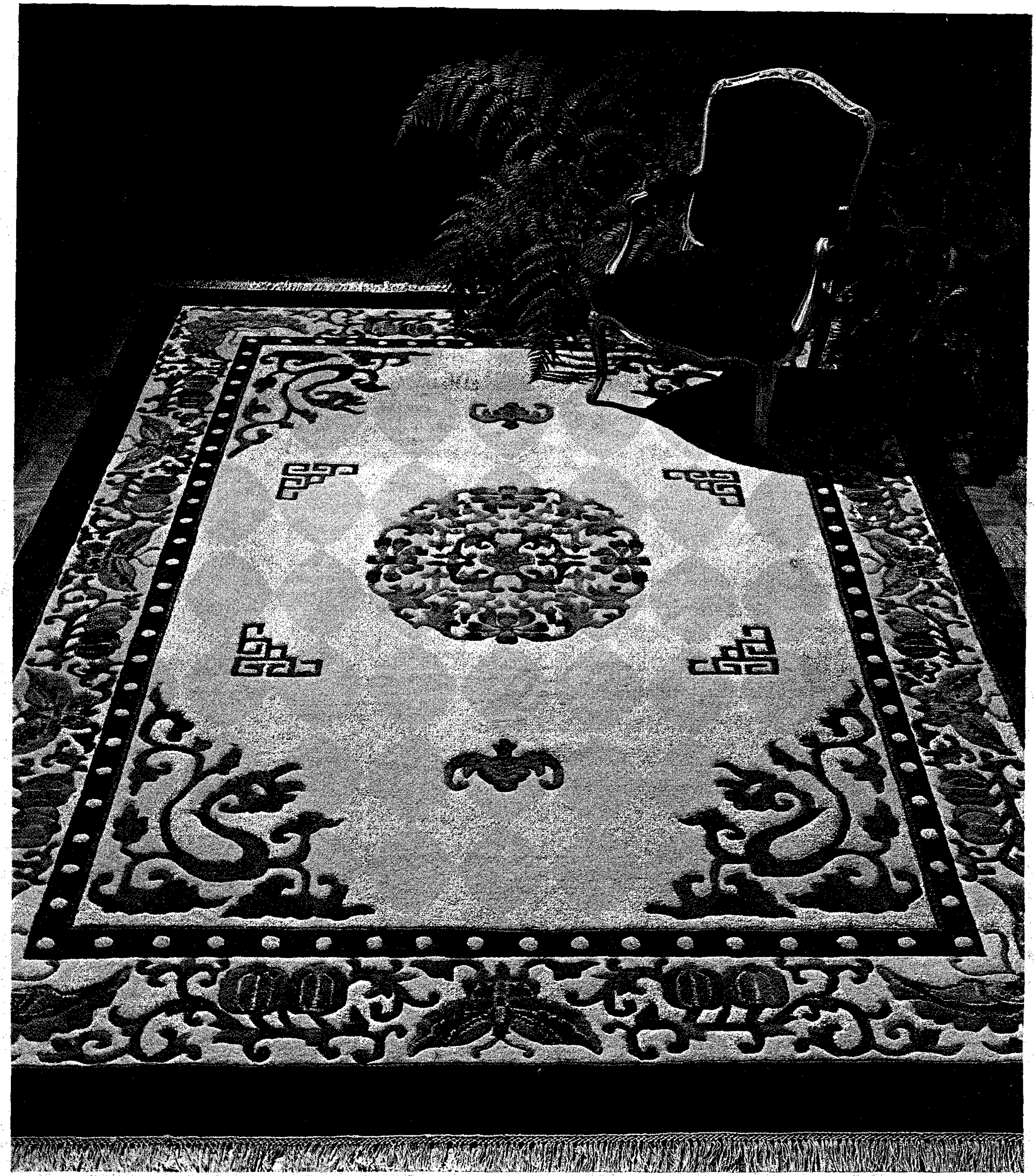

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